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THE TWO LETTERS.

Letter writ in 1635-36 to Mistress Alice Lovell.

"WHY dost thou go?" that was thy question, dear Alice, when I parted with thee. "Why dost thou go?" saidst thou; the same words have sounded in my ears all the way hither. Ah, why? It was too late before I found that I could not well answer the question. And yet—and yet do I wish that I had stayed behind? Thou seest it is still a question; and so, for mine own good, I will try and write thee down an answer.

As to these others that are around me, it is easy to see for what they came. Methinks I ought to hide my face in shame, that I came hither with so little purpose, and they with such high meaning. Many women are here from homes as comfortable, as luxurious, as that I left behind; many who left fathers, mothers, dear sisters, brothers, and all because they heard God call them, because they would find a land of freedom in which to worship Him. I think they look at me to ask what led me hither, what called me to cross the wide sea; and I have no answer to

make to them, as I had no answer for thee. "Why dost thou go?"

Alas! why was my father taken away, and I still so young? Yet let me not go back into the depths of old sorrows. Surely if ever a girl was left fatherless and motherless, yet in the midst of many friends, with much cause for gratitude, 't was I. On the one side all my father's family; I might have had with them a home among great people, have even tasted the pleasures of the court. For my uncle, Sir Hugh, hath always been truly kind to me, and, though a Papist, has never urged his worship on me. And thou knowest what a happy Christmas-tide I passed there a year ago, only a year ago! Well, but my father would never love to have me consort much with this high folk. He could himself remember the tales of the terrible days of Popedom, and never recovered from his sadness when Sir Hugh was led by a Popish wife back into heathenish ways. Yes, it was this that made me seek a home with my Cousin Wetherell and his dear wife Ursula, my cousin too, and so like my own mother that often she has put me to sleep by the soft sound of her

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voice. And with them I might be living now if not — Ah well, why did I leave them?

Thou hast been often enough with us to have heard the jokes and the jibes — and often coarse enough they were — of my Cousin Wetherell with regard to Geoffrey Patteson. Long ago he would insist that Patteson had a liking for me. And, foolish virgin that I was, it was not displeasing to me to have it said, that among my followers was one of the richest landholders of Nottinghamshire; and when Cousin Wetherell would point with his whip to the old stone-walls that looked down the hill-side, and say, "Well, Cousin Rose, thy domain looks lordly and well," I but laughed, and asked him when would he visit me, and would I serve the pasty that he liked best, and would he counsel the repairing of the break in the old walls. So it answered well enow for pastime; but if Geoffrey himself came, the talk was not wont to be so lively. Spite of a play of words between my cousin and me, the converse was like to move slow. I might ask for Patteson's hounds or the game; but glad were we womenkind to leave the men to their bottles.

But then came a serious time. Geoffrey did come to my cousin for me, with offer of his hand. I laughed in Cousin Wetherell's face when he brought it me. "'T is very well for a sport," said I, "but none of your heavy farmers for me." We had many words, and it was hard to make my cousin perceive that I was in earnest, truly meant what I said. When at length he fathomed my real meaning, he became wroth, and swore he would take Geoffrey no such answer. Again he sent Cousin Ursula to me, and her pleadings, I can say, 't was hard to listen to. I will not tell you all the scenes that passed. My Cousin Wetherell reproached me that my head was turned by thoughts of lords and ladies, that I pined for the court, and threatened to send me back to Sir Hugh, would I not listen to Geoffrey Patteson. My blood was up. I had no leaning, said I, to be sent back

to Sir Hugh, hither and thither like a poor shuttlecock, a bird that has no resting-place.

And then he turned upon me, to ask, How did I differ, what home had I, and what claim had I upon his home? — words that I think he sorrowed for when he had uttered them; yet they held a sharp edge, that wounded even when he would have healed. I sat a while buried in my thoughts. Were not the words true? Did I go to Sir Hugh, could I hope that he would treat me more kindly than Cousin Wetherell? He might too favor some court dangler to force him upon me in marriage; there were many such around him, indeed, at Christmas-time. I looked across the court-yard, and saw a milk-maid bearing her brimming pails towards the dairy.

"Ah! why am I not such as she?" cried I; "then I might have only the labor of mine own hands to thank for sustenance!"

"Thy hands, thy little hands," cried Cousin Wetherell, "they could not dig for thee a grave!" He had been walking up and down; then, seeming to feel sorrowful for his distempered words, he came to me, and spake to me caressingly. I should always have a home with him and Ursula; but then — did I think never to marry? and Geoffrey Patteson! It was all over again, — the same words, the same threats and reproaches. Why had I let a worthy man believe himself to be encouraged? In short, I gave way; I promised I would see Patteson that same afternoon.

And yet, in my own room, as I arrayed myself to receive him, — Of what shall I speak to him? I thought; already I know he hath his turnips set in his field for the spring crop, and the brown mare Bess is like to recover from the jaundice, and John Hardon will not sell his hounds for any price!

Were I to live inside those walls on the brown hills there, and have no other words to offer to him, — my mate for life! — and he never to know what other thoughts are passing through my mind, and all because I must have bread

to eat, and a soft pillow, and a shelter from the wind! And then I thought again of the milkmaid; and thou canst think in what mood I went down to meet my suitor. Awkward enough he came to greet me, and my Cousin Wetherell was there with his rude jokes, in which my man was willing enough to join. Happily he was to leave the country for a few days, and the meeting was soon over.

It was in these days came Cousin Patience, own sister to Ursula, like her, and so different. Ursula is soft and gentle: it soothes and sets one to sleep to listen to her words; it is like the softness of a down pillow on which one might gladly rest a weary head. Dear Patience, too, is soft and gentle; but hers is the softness of a breath of wind. It comes with a sweet strength to it, bringing freshness and healthy wood savors. She came to say farewell, just betrothed to Gabriel Sharpe, about to go in the Puritan company to the New England.

Now, Cousin Wetherell had set down his foot that Gabriel Sharpe should not enter his house; but out of kindness to Ursula, he sent for Patience, that she should come and abide for a few days with us ere she left forever. Yet he never let her rest. He would have her give up her purpose, and called upon Ursula to help him with his urgings. Poor, soft Ursula, she was torn both ways; for Patience, though younger, had always much sway with her. In a gentle voice Patience said, "I follow my chosen husband: man cannot set us asunder."

Then as I looked admiring on the quiet steadfastness that Patience showed, of a sudden I bethought me, I too might break away. On the day before she was to leave us, I brake to her my purpose. She doubted; for what she seeks always is the right. For her to go, she doubted not; but for me? I painted the hopeless marriage that waited for me did I stay; and I think my words moved her to a yearning of love, and a longing to protect me. She sent a message to Gabriel, who was

not far away, to ask for his decision. Had he then known how unstable and timid a maid he was adding to his company, I think he had hardly counselled as he did. But he saw only another convert to the Lord he follows, another planter in his kingdom. And thou knowest all the hurry of that last day at Stacy: of my intemperate parting with Wetherell; and how I stood by the side of Patience at her bridal; and of my farewell to thee; and of thy words, "Why dost thou go?"

And thy words echoed through my heart all through that long passage across the monstrous sea, a little plank alone shielding us from those savage waves, into which at times, indeed, I would fain have plunged to flee my misery.

And long have I been in bringing my mind to write to thee. I cannot tell whether it was sickness of body or of soul that most prevailed with me, and fain would I have tarried longer with the kind friends that greeted us in the town of Boston, which was the first port we reached. But my cousins were fixed to come to this place, which once bore the heathenish name of Naumkeag, but happily is now more peaceably styled Salem.

In respect to my woful sickness of the sea, my cousins strove to come hither by land, but we met with a great river that barred our way along the shore. And here I incurred severe displeasure from my Cousin Sharpe, by fainting quite away, in a fancy that we had met with a band of heathen Indians, which proved, indeed, to be our friends, — among them a youth whom I have since seen here, and who is wont to rally me, in somewhat uncomely manner, for my too feminine weakness.

Indeed, often Cousin Sharpe reproacheth me for my feebleness, and fondness for things of the world, of which, indeed, but little show can be seen here, where are no tapestries, nor velvet hangings, nor rich arras, but where all must be of the simplest. A poor knot of cherry satin ribbon of mine slipping from a broken hamper,

he seized and flung it from him, then stamped upon it, saying, "Methinks such foolery doth not become a new world. Here we have set aside the idle vanities of the old. May we never see such gewgaws flaunting here!"

"Nay," said I, "I fear thou wilt be letting some tears drop at loss of this one bit of gay color. Thou mayst find it hard to cage the butterflies."

.... Yet I strive to give some help to these my friends; for here all must labor with the hands, and I sorrow much that I am so useless a thing. Here each man helps his neighbor. Now it is to work in getting in the harvest, now in building a house. Handicraftsmen are few; gentlemen and all must work. All came to our aid, as we left the ship to bear our few household wares. The hinges for the doors were lacking, that were to have accompanied us from Boston; so one here and another there, with kindly cheer and some laughter, we hung up our mantles in place of doors. One service I find I can offer: all are so busy with their labor in house-building,—each house of hewn planks, daubing in with clay, to make them close for the winter, and setting up stockades of planks—thou wilt shudder to hear it!—for defence against the heathen foe. A score or more of houses are as yet built. In all these labors, women come, too, with their help; and that I can spin, is held happily as some amends for my weak spirits and body. I sit me in a sunny nook in quiet, while the rest are going hither and thither, hasting busily ere the winter shall come. Happily the harvest has been more plentiful than in the last years, when there was great suffering for want of food, and much sickness, and many pined and died. And often I think it cause for gratitude that times are more hopeful; for how much might I have to reproach myself had I been thrown here even worse than a burden on the shoulders of dear friends, had I brought them only another mouth to fill, another creature needing food, had I brought but a poor, weary body, going up and down.

Yet there assemble about Cousin Ga-

bril many men whose converse is moving and strange. When I sit at my spinning, and list to the words of these men, I wonder at what manner of people I have come among. I hear a new word uttered that at court would have been deemed treason, but here it is spoke out into the full air: the word is liberty. Thou couldst not understand the discourse, even did I strive to write it thee; methinks it needs this wide region to speak it in, where are no battlemented walls or hushing tapestry to keep its echo.

.... For a while their talks lift me above my little self. I would be willing to let my little day pass on, without cumbering myself if it be light or dark, if only this great free air might blow and prevail. But mostly it all hangs upon me to oppress me, and I feel myself too little for such great work, and would fain sink back into the whirl of the thoughtless life of pleasure out of which I have so strangely fallen. Not fallen,—I will say risen,—who knows or can tell?

For these men come to talk with my Cousin Sharpe, not of cattle nor fat beef, as friend Patteson would like to dwell upon. In sooth, the tale of cattle is here soon told; and for fields—I smile when I fancy Geoffrey Patteson or Cousin Wetherell looking out upon these rocky pastures. Something of this sort I said one day to Cousin Sharpe. He had been talking high of the great, numerous people that should in time inhabit this vast country.

"But how wilt thou gather corn for so great a people?" said I, somewhat sorrowfully. He turned upon me with words from Scripture. "'Where shall we find food for so many?' Don't ask." Then, shaking his head, he said, "I say to thee, one day we shall be sending corn back to the folk in the old land." "Nay, now I must needs doubt," said I, laughing, "unless the rocks can bring forth corn."

.... We hear much spoken of one Roger Williams, but have not seen him yet, though he returns hither shortly. There are various and strong opinions

with regard to him. Some make it, that there are none like him in persuasiveness of speaking, and in all goodly things. Others will have it that he thinks only to stir up discord in the settlement, and set one against another. For my part, I could hardly like him, in that he has used such distempered words against the Prayer-Book, and all who commune with the Church of England. My cousins Sharpe, indeed, and all of our little company, hold themselves separated from the mother Church, yet this Williams goeth further still, and will not have to do with those who have not made public repentance of former communion with the Church of England. He hath refused even to join in family prayers or grace at table with his wife, because she hath continued to frequent their communion. Thou wilt scarce understand this, or believe that some have already been sent back to England for setting up worship according to the Common Prayer.

I think it is to do me a pleasure that my cousins have bidden a niece of Gabriel's to abide with us for a while. Perhaps they thought 't would cure my moping habits, if I had one of my own age to consort with. Yet, at first, I do not take a liking to her. She scarce ventures to say a word in my cousins' presence, yet prattles freely behind their backs, oft in jest of Cousin Gabriel. This I like not, though he fain would have me take pattern of Rachel's meekness, for never does she show she hath a mind of her own. She is handy with her work, and helpful to Cousin Patience, and I might mayhap take lesson of her. But truth to tell, dear Alice, it but maketh my sickness at heart the greater to find it so hard to make companionship with her, as she is of those who love to intrigue. I, as thou knowest, am of the other sort, and often come out with words for which I am sorrowful afterwards, and I like not underhand ways. I have a small room apportioned to me for mine own, to which I come, and pour out my weariness and disconsolateness to thee. Winds and tempests out of doors also,

that make the heart moody and desponding.

.... Christmas Day, and I have had a storm with my cousins. So fresh and bright yesterday, I ventured out alone. A hot sun had caused a light snow almost to disappear, and I pulled my hood about my ears, and ran on joyously. If this is all the embrace of the cold winter they speak of, thought I, I can only laugh at it. I made my way towards some green shrubs I had marked before; yes, they were green, still fresh as Christmas holly. I seized and plucked many branches, then sought among the snow till I found a trailing vine still green. I filled my arms with my prize, and would fain break out into a song of gladness. It brought me back to the thoughts of Christmas-time, of gay berries, of Christmas songs, of rich, plentiful dinners, with wassail-bowl and smoking pudding, of the crackling of the Yule log, of cheer and laughter. I would run back with my gay bundle, and make joyful the first Christmas Eve of the new home. I was startled by a voice behind me, and turned me round. "What art doing, young mistress?" A comely looking man, scarcely young, yet with fresh cheeks and a kindly smile, accosted me. But the smile passed away as he beheld my bundle. "Greens, Christmas greens, young lass!" he said reprovingly, and then waxed more wroth; "an abomination — an abomination of Popedom! Cast them from thee!" And more would he have said, when he looked up into my astonished face and smiled at my affright. "Nay," said he, "here are Christmas roses; why not Christmas greens?" So he passed on, turning round more than once, and shaking his stick at me, but smilingly. This discomposed me, so that I flung away a part of my load, and made my way to the house secretly, and hid my poor greens in my own room. I did not venture to bring them forth that night; my Cousin Sharpe held a meeting of elders with him. But before the morning sun, I awaked me early, and stole down ere the household had stirred,

and planted some of my greens above the fireplace, and hung the trailing vine across the small casement. I had scarce done so when the door opened, and Cousin Gabriel came in. 'T was but a moment ere he saw it all. "How! dost thou make a Popish day of this?" he cried; and in another moment he had dashed my vines to the ground, and then, in quicker time than ere I thought a flame could be lit with the flint lock of his fowling-piece, he had raised a blaze in the fireplace, and thrust in the poor, crackling greens, treading them in the roaring fire, and burning every leaf and twig; then set on more wood and logs, as though even the ashes might be pagan and spread mischief. In all this so quick were his motions, so intemperate his speech, his eyes glared with such fierceness, I thought some savage beast had entered him, and moved him with its spirit. He turned then upon me, and so terrified was I with his bearing that I cowered before him; methought I, too, were to be laid upon the flames as sacrifice for wantonness. He did indeed glare at me for some moments as I stood with crossed hands; then bethought himself, and put a strong bridle upon his passion, and was then rueful and moved with repentance: "I had nigh killed thee, Cousin Rose." I would have burst into tears at his softness, and have pleaded that mine was but a thoughtless act, a mere happy remembrance of old home customs that clung to me, but at that moment I saw Rachel standing at the entrance of the room, holding up her hands, as in wonder at my guiltiness, with expression of a sanctified amaze. Then I broke out, and know not what I said, not only against Rachel, but Gabriel and Patience, taunting them with hypocrisy that set themselves above others in religion, but were as the Pharisees of old, but whited sepulchres. My words were for Rachel, for it was only yesterday she had talked with me regretfully of the gay Christmas in Old England, and how gladly would she join even in its dances, and in many other merry makings more

rude, which even I have been taught to despise. But Patience was sorely wounded, and would lead me from the room. "Nay, nay," cried Gabriel, "let her not go shut herself up in her closet and write treason and heresy to her fellows at home. Better she should pass her Feast day in some godly work, and in the company of reasonable beings." Yet even his anger passed off somewhat, though he himself set me a task at spinning; and at dinner he smiled grimly as he gave me my share of the only dish,—naught but fish, as 't were a Fast day,—a poor food, salted; and I was forced to eat a dinner the most sorry we have yet partaken. And this is merry Christmas!

It seems the stranger who met me with the Christmas greens is no other than this famous Roger Williams! He hath the gift of prophecy; and a few evenings since, he came to cousins' house, where had assembled the elders and many women to listen to his instructions. I started when I saw him, and could scarce believe that he who has been so strict with the practices of the Church of England could have smiled upon me then. He shook his head at me, indeed, on seeing me; but it was not till after his discourse that he addressed some words to me. And then, so moved was I with these, I fain would almost fall down to worship him. Something of this I let out, when he had left us, and Cousin Sharpe reproved me. "Worship is for God," said he. So I scarcely dare say to paper all that his wondrous sayings wrought in me. Methought whatever road he should point out to be the path of life, must be the way. His words persuasive, his manner gentle, while he blamed many yet he would have freedom of thought for all. All petty thoughts and desires in life seemed low and mean; what were they all before the great thirsts of the soul? Methought I could have listened all night; and indeed, long after all had left, and ere I slept, and in dreams, I seemed to hear the words, winning me, beseeching me, calling me, even me.

What stirring converse now, in these long evenings! I am forced often to let my wheel stay a little, as I sit, hands in my lap, casting my glances from one to another of the speakers, as the pine-knots blaze upon their faces. The young man of whom I spoke is often among the company; I mean he who met us as we were lost in our wanderings on the way hither, Roger Ashley by name. I am not yet gotten over the feeling I had against him at that first sight of him, when he seemed inclined to mock at my distress and make game of my terror. Nay, he himself seemeth not to have forgotten it; for oft he asks, do I faint still at sight of friends? and telleth how he came into the town with two squaws yestereve, and how he hopeth the stockade is well manned. I do not take upon myself to answer him, nor give him many words in any way. Yet when he will he can be more serious, and, in converse with cousin and the men, he hath much to say to which I gladly listen. He hath but lately returned from a perilous journey into the wilderness, by land, with one John Oldham, a bold adventure, all say, for many hundreds of miles, — a small party of men, passing through many savage tribes. He told of a sight that suddenly came upon them one eve, after long travel, when a broad river broke upon them, green meadows on either side, and here and there the wigwams, the homes of the savage tribes.

"A river!" I cried, — for I could not keep my silence, — "I had thought it had been a sea." "Nay, young mistress," — and he turned to me of a sudden, — "we live on no such small island as that thou camest from. Here we have a broad continent that cannot be trod over in one season. Here will be homes for all who seek liberty from the Old World. Thy little isle has scarce air enough for liberal souls to breathe, or soil for them to tread." "For soil," I put in angrily, "hadst thou been there, thou mightest have known that, besides its fair homesteads and comfortable fields, it holds forests wide and uninhabited

as any in this land, and wild beasts enow, didst thou covet their companionship." But here Cousin Patience looked upon me mournful and reproving, and Cousin Sharpe spoke on, not heeding me, as though my words had been but the buzzing of an importunate fly that he would brush away. And some one asked of the advantage of this new land Oldham hath discovered, for tilling. It seemeth the fields are more wide and fruitful, the soil more rich, than are these rock-bound shores, and many counsel the forming a settlement there as being more hopeful for harvests, seeing these regions may be approached by less dangerous ways, by ship, as the river is a comely one, and hath water for anchorage.

.... My cousin saith this John Oldham is a restless character; he doubteth if he betokeneth much good; yet his boldness and adventure are of profit, and lead to much discovery. I said I thought this young man Ashley bore some of his companion's boldness. But Cousin Sharpe defendeth him. He saith he hath great courage and purpose of mind; then he fell to chiding me for my too great forwardness in speaking.

Roger Ashley, this eve, came to my side to ask me to pardon the seeming words of disrespect towards the mother country. "It is our mother country indeed," said he, "yet oft I am led to forget it, since I was weaned early from her care, and have little cause to treasure kindness towards her."

"Nay, none of us love her too well," broke in Rachel; "and what, indeed, hath England e'er done for us?" Rachel's voice is wont to set my soul on edge, and drop some acid into the current of my thoughts. "'Tis only our home," said I; "some love to speak lightly of their homes." And I turned myself away.

.... We hear more and more the teaching of Roger Williams. There is not a day but we meet together in one or another house to listen to his goodly words. No snow too deep, no wind too bleak, to keep us from meeting upon

the Sabbath. Indeed, there is much stir with regard to him; for the magistrates would fain banish him from among us, for having published certain matter tending to bring disquiet upon all titles to estates, and displeasure at the English court. To hear him speak, one could but think it were impossible for one so gentle in words, so benevolent in look, so wise and penetrating in judgment, to bring compulsion among us. Rather would I believe that the elders and magistrates in the other towns are envious of his influence, and would fain bring him to discredit by unjust means.

Rachel and I have been much brought together of late; the preaching of Roger Williams hath awakened in us a kindred feeling, and I have been much touched by her fervency and zeal. Yesterday we accomplished a secret expedition together. I had cherished a volume of the Common Prayer, to which I was wont to resort, in my little closet. I had hardly ventured to take it forth openly; since Cousin Sharpe is so zealous a Separatist, he had fain burned down his house and all within, rather than have such token of papacy, as he would deem it, beneath its roof. Yet at times I have sought consolation in it, when cast down and depressed with drear homesickness, and I longed for words that sounded of the dear old church. But on last Sabbath Roger Williams gave us a searching discourse upon the using of such books. "T is such that we have come away from," he saith; and he declareth that thence arise many simple corruptions, and a leading to other abominable, even papal gear. But from this he passed to glorifying the prayer that is not *read out from the book*, but cometh from the soul of the sinner, from the heart of the child of God. And then, indeed, he poured forth words that it seemed as if mine own soul were pleading, and I alone were standing in the presence of the Lord God. . . . So it was when we returned home I spake to Rachel of my purpose to put away all signs of Babylon, as Mr. Williams is

wont to call the Romish Church,— nay, even the Church of England and all its belongings. And we plotted to go out at eventide, and leave my book in its purple velvet and its clasps of gold in the deep sea. Rachel took me to a steep rock upon the shore, not far from the stockade. We passed out easily, for of late there has been little fear of attack from outward foe. The short afternoon had glided away, and the evening shadows were beginning to grow heavy; yet along the smooth beach, had any hostile step approached us, we had detected it afar off. We climbed the high cliff and looked hither and thither: no one to behold us. The sea moaned heavily, and the high wave struck the hard rock. "Thou art a cruel sea," I cried, "thou dividest, thou wouldst destroy. Is thy master the Evil One? Then take to him his own." And I flung far from me the poor gilded book, into the embrace of the deep ocean.

. . . . My letter to you still lingers. Goodman Phillips, who thinketh to take this to you with his own hands, goeth first to Boston, then to Plymouth, then returneth hither.

Mr. Williams telleth us much of the savages, the Indians. He hath dwelt in their rude houses, and sat by their barbarous fires, and in part speaketh their language.

A question hath come forward of much moment to us women, regarding the duty of wearing veils in public assemblies. In Boston there hath been much said against it. Methinks Mr. Williams must needs have the right of it, when he saith, "Judge in yourselves; is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?" He useth the very words of the Apostle Paul. One Mr. Cotton will discourse to us next Sabbath, in the place of Mr. Williams. 'T is said he will preach upon this subject. Shall we then wear our veils next Sabbath? I have not hesitated to say openly, "I will not be hindered in the wearing of my veil by any man," cometh he from new Boston or old. I will not forsake the teaching of Elder Williams." But Cousin Patience chid-

eth me for my quick speech. "Nay," said I, "doth not our own pastor teach us 'tis more comely for a woman to appear in public in her veil, and that it is a shamefacedness if she cometh only to show the plaiting of her hair and the tiring of her head?" Said Patience, "Thou art too quick, Cousin Rose. A woman showeth her weakness by her submission to authority; and there may be more vanity in the broidery of the veil than in simple tiring of the head." I had many words in answer, but there were others to take up my side. 'Tis thought by all we should not lay aside our veils. Seeing that Mr. Williams hath enjoined upon us the wearing them, 'tis a foolish yielding to the prejudices of another community, do we forsake them, especially in his absence. Nay, where indeed are those principles of liberty that have been so much discussed among us, if men and women are to be restricted in following out their consciences?

Methinks there was not one woman absent of our whole community, and not one but had worn her veil. Even poor Eunice Smith, who liveth nigh to us in much poverty, and who hath suffered much in the death of husband and mother, and who hath met with losses by sea, came to Cousin Patience, the eve of the Lord's day, begging some scrap she might wear as a veil. I be-thought myself of a strip of lace I had broidered in my childhood, and fetched it her. "We women," said I, "must show we can wear colors in the cause of liberty as well as the men." "Yea, I will take my stand with Pastor Williams," said she, "even though it must be on the very steps of the block." Alone in my room, the words returned to me and gave me a shudder. Tales my old Elspeth used to tell me as a child came back, of days when men, women, yea children, were dragged to the flames for conscience' sake, and gave their lives gladly. Would such days come again, and among righteous men, in this peaceful land, planted in the fear of the Lord? Let them come, I said. So we walked to the church as 't were to the

fires of Smithfield. Mr. Cotton did indeed preach to us on the much-vexed subject, and in sooth, I must say, with much earnestness and vigor, and many felt touched, and many convinced. He speaketh like one led by conscience, not as though he would impose a rule upon all men, but as though men should be a rule unto themselves. I saw many women weeping, nay, shed some tears myself. Coming out, there was much whispering and talking, and I heard some women — wives of the elders, indeed — declare they should leave their veils at home in the afternoon, calling on all others to do the same. I declared to Rachel I would not be so easily moved, and she stoutly agreed with me. On reaching home, much talk and discussion. Patience meekly folded her veil and laid it aside without words, till Gabriel said, "Come, maidens, Patience is right; 'tis no day for little things. Lay aside with the rest of the congregation such worldly gear; it is the day of the Lord!" "What," cried I, all flushing, "can we so soon forget the words of our dear teacher? Let the rest of the congregation do what they will, let us be among the few willing to suffer for conscience' sake." Gabriel smiled, and this heated me the more. But Patience put in, in her quiet way, "Hath not the Scripture bade us take no thought what we shall put on? Is not life more than meat, the body than raiment? To array our souls in meekness and purity, this is the dress fit for the Lord's day. And to question if one or another hath a veil, or to cause another to wander in thought, as Mr. Cotton hath said, because of our arraying, is a sin. God looketh at the heart." A moment I was silent, yet the name of Mr. Williams was on my lips.

But Gabriel called us to table, and said grace. I would then again bring up the subject. "Let us hear no more," said Gabriel; "Mr. Cotton and the elders have requested that the veils be laid aside; 'tis fitting that the women should comply."

"Nay, if it had been men," murmured I, "the question of obedience had not

been so smoothly answered." Rachel plucked my garment, and I was silent. When the meal was over, she drew me aside. "Why waste words?" she asked; "Gabriel and Patience will leave us to care for the house and follow them, and we will do our own pleasure with regard to wearing our veils."

This is ever Rachel's way, — to gain by intrigue what she ventureth not to reach by courage. This time I yielded to her; thou wilt see, with indifferent success in the result. We tied on our veils, indeed, with some heart, and followed Gabriel and Patience at a distance. We had not gone far, before we could see that the whole assembly of women had yielded to Mr. Cotton's request; nay, more, that they looked askance at us who wore our veils, avoiding us, and passing to the other side. For my part, I walked on more bold, and turned to give courage to Rachel, but found her silently folding up her veil and tucking it in her pocket. Still, I held my head high, my cheeks flushed: what matter if I alone held to the truth? and I recalled Smithfield fires. But Gabriel came back to find us, at the very door of the place of meeting.

"Off with thy mummerly!" he said to me. "'Tis the Lord's day; set thy soul to prayer." The quickness of his words surprised me: I must needs obey.

There was not one veil worn in the assembly.

.... More and greater trials. Our Mr. Williams is to leave us, — a sentence of banishment against him from the General Court. At first, he must leave in six weeks. Now he may stay until spring, yet some say a ship will come to take him to England. So good a man to be punished for his very goodness! Yet he goeth about to hold up our hearts.

.... He hath gone. He had notice that indeed there was a plot of conveying him to England, and in midwinter hath betaken himself to the woods. He hath left with his family and a few companions, among them Roger Ash-

ley. They will steer their course to the Narragansett, where I know not, where Mr. Williams thinketh to plant a colony.

Naught but parting in this world. I feel that our number is sadly diminished, yet am I not so sad as some months back. The days bring much occupation.

Cousin Patience down with fever. For many weeks I have been by her bedside, fearing for her life; but God hath raised her up again to be our stay. Cousin Sharpe sore put about by this great sorrow.

Cousin Gabriel is wont to call me Rhoda; he thinketh it hath a sound more suited to a Christian woman. Just now he came to me: "Cousin Rhoda, 'tis thy care has saved my dear wife's life. God be praised that he led thee to come forth with us." He could not say more; 'tis much for Cousin Gabriel to have said, — and to me of whom he has been wont to think so lightly.

.... Roger Ashley back again, and Cousin Patience sitting with us once more, and methinks the airs blow milder as though heralding the spring. Ashley went not far with Mr. Williams, of whom we speak much. Cousin Gabriel thinketh to join Mr. Williams in the summer, for he hopeth to found a new colony in the Narragansett region, where the rights of all may be more considered. It is for questioning of politics and of the government, for which the Court has pronounced his banishment. Patience thinketh he could never lead a quiet life. Yet in his strife he hath a friendliness that wins.

.... At my spinning-wheel, this evening, Ashley sat watching me. Methought he was observing my motions, and I studied some answer, in case he allowed himself a mere idle compliment. At last, "It might be done," said he, turning to Gabriel: "why not set one of our numerous streams to wind such a wheel? 'Tis only required that the stream should flow even and uniform. It needeth an even hand to hold the thread; why not a hand me-

chanically contrived? Methinks I could plan a wheel." I grew impatient at his utilities, and some sudden motion broke my thread. "Thou seest," said Cousin Gabriel, "thy machine must not have his humors, else the thread were often broke." I let my spindle fall in some anger. "Indeed," said Ashley, as he rose to give it to me again, "I had not thought to discompose thee. Why should I seek to take the slender thread from hands as white and slender? 'T were dull music to list but to the spinning of mere machines."

.... 'T is heard of Mr. Williams that he was sorely tossed many weeks, in the bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed doth mean. O, how much have his persecutors to answer for! And Roger Ashley regretteth that he consented to Mr. Williams's advice to await and join him with John Oldham. He would fain have shared Mr. Williams's discomforts.

Patience's sore sickness has discovered to us many friends who had stood aloof from us, because we so readily listened to the teachings of Mr. Williams.

It is pleasing to have again the counsel of the elder women, to see the motherly face of Mistress Endicott within our walls, and to have the kindly ministrations of many others. Cousin Patience, her face doth light up marvelously, if good old Mistress Sharpe, a kinswoman of Gabriel's, cometh in to gossip with her by the hour or more, bringing more than one cure for divers pains.

.... 'T is amazing how much learning this Roger Ashley hath stored up. He cometh night after night, and by the light of the pine-torch, with Gabriel, pondereth over sundry charts he hath drawn up portraying the coast, the islands, even marking out the wilderness. I had taken him for a bold adventurer, — one who might by his courage found new lands, and hold heathen savages in subjection; but I had not thought to hear him talk of books ancient and new, as might Master Eaton or his own namesake, Roger Ascham. This giveth

Cousin Gabriel much comfort; for, in sooth, he hath passed his days more among books than in the planting of fields, and it pleaseth him to linger still among them. Yet Ashley is fond of spicing his words with poesy, and brought upon himself yesternight some chiding from Cousin Gabriel, in that he used the words of the playwright Will Shakespeare. Dost thou not remember how wont Cousin Everard was to resort to the playhouse for the mere purpose of witnessing this man's plays? and thou and I were not sorry to list to every word he would vouchsafe us concerning them. The matter yesternight went thus: the fire was low, and I rose from my wheel to seek some logs to plenish it, but Ashley would forestall me. I would not have his help. "Nay, precious creature," — so he began and spoke forth, — "I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, than you should such dishonor undergo, while I sit lazy by." Whereat I looked amazed, the more that he accosted me as Fair Miranda. But when he had set down his logs, he related to us the wonderful imagery of the poet who painteth the assembling of a princely party on a desert shore, mayhap such as our fathers lighted on in planting this land. Ask Cousin Everard to tell thee of one play called "The Tempest."

.... 'T is said that the airs round Narragansett are soft and healthful, and Gabriel purposeth to join with some others in concert with Roger Williams to erect a plantation on the bay. Some say that country is filled with Indians; but Roger Ashley telleth us they are friendly. Thou seest, then, there is here no abiding city for us.

.... I am sore disturbed at words of Rachel's. She has summoned me aside to impart to me a secret. She saith that Ashley stayed behind from joining Roger Williams, wishing to plot a marriage with her, with Rachel; but that I must not say one word to Gabriel of this. I could scarce believe her tale. But why such secrecy? I cried. And she saith that of late Gabriel has showed

her an unkindly feeling, and that it is Roger Ashley's wish to delay asking his consent. I am not to speak of it. I had, indeed, seen, of late some whisperings between these two, but had thought they were of Rachel's seeking; but now she explaineth to me many things.

.... I know not why I am so moved. I had come to esteem this Roger Ashley, and there was that in his straightforward manner that I had deemed would have been displeased with the bearing of Rachel. It is this love of intrigue in her that hath disturbed Cousin Gabriel, since he hath found she holds not to plain speaking. Yet why should I marvel? There are many who love the fair outside; and why should not Roger Ashley be one of these? Why not? — except, indeed, certain words and looks of his.

But ah! I had been bringing myself to think I had fallen among a higher race of men than those I had ever wot of before. How different these from Geoffrey Patteson, treading only in furrows of the plough! Indeed, let Roger Ashley love Rachel; but why should he have ever feigned to think slightly of her? For his bearing hath always borne that meaning, though he hath never uttered it in words.

.... Chill days, snow deep outside, all shut in to one small house. 'T was happy when all were of one mind, when we greeted the presence of Patience among us once more after her sore illness. The busy, crackling sound of the flame among the logs, the broad sunlight striving to pierce the windows, or better even, the flickering torchlight of an evening gave us all a warmth that shut out the thought of ice and snow. We had within a happy, cordial gayety, a witty talk, a joyous friendliness. But now there has come among us a restraint. Gabriel and Patience suspect not its cause, but the rest among us are ill at ease with each other; for there are tempests without, so I cannot go forth to spend my ill-humors in the air or breathe in a fresh element. I leave Rachel much to Roger Ashley.

.... Gloomy, chill days, winds beating against the casement. Roger Ashley comes each eve, as has been his wont, readeth to us much, discourseth much; but the converse falls into his hands and Cousin Gabriel's. They speak of governments; we sit silent. This question of cutting the red cross from the flag is truly a weighty one. Ashley thinketh it hath not to do with the question of Papistry merely, — though the red cross savors, indeed, of idolatry, — but he asketh if a free people need borrow their colors even from their mother country. Fancy Geoffrey Patteson and his stolid look at such a question!

.... Yester eve, Ashley summoned us to the porch. He would have us see how the stars shone in the clear, cold sky, and pointed out the constellations of Orion and the Pleiades, that have stood there since the days of Job. "They have followed us to another continent," said I; and then bethought myself how wide a home is this that God hath built for us beneath this same ceiling studded over with such golden lamps; when my thoughts were roused by Ashley's voice near my shoulder, asking would I let him speak with me. I looked round. Gabriel had gone in to shield Patience, lest a chill draught of air should reach her. I saw Rachel just within the doorway. I turned me suddenly, and hastened in. "'T is very cold," said I. Ashley followed close. "Yes, 't is cold," he said; "cold without, but more cold within, methinks." But I had spoken falsely: there was a flaming heat raging within me. I felt my cheeks glow, my heart throb in fever. When he took a hasty leave, glad was I to hurry to my room. He would speak to me of his love for Rachel; they would make me their confidante! Not I! I am not wont to hold my feelings under cover, and know not how to gloss over a secret. Let them love in their way, let them marry: what have I to do with it? Gabriel is Rachel's appointed guardian; yet she telleth me he is the last person to whom she will speak of her proposed marriage with

Ashley. Why so? Hath Gabriel not alway proved himself her best friend? I love not these underhand dealings.

Ashley hath not been here to-day. Was I too hasty in refusing to listen to him? Might I not have acquainted him openly with my disapproval of his secrecy? I might have told him how noble is Gabriel's nature; that he could have, indeed, no reason to thwart Rachel's wishes; how could he throw an obstacle to such a marriage? But ah! I am ever too quick. All through the long sea-sick and home-sick days and nights on shipboard, I bemoaned my too great hastiness in venturing into perils I knew not of. God hath kindly turned that mourning into joy, and given me peace where there seemed little hope. But now again, by my jealous thoughts of self and hasty temper, I have turned from me a kind friend. Perhaps 'tis not too late to amend when he cometh again.

But he cometh not again; perhaps, he cometh never. He hath gone forth alone into the wilderness, no one knoweth why or wherefore. Even Rachel telleth me no reason for his sudden departure; none of his nearest friends can say. He left early in the morning. It seemeth now, an Indian came to speak to him,—I mean, to Roger Ashley,—telling of the sore danger of his former companion, John Oldham, who hath ventured, it is feared too boldly, among the Indians on the shore of Connecticut and he hath set forth alone to seek for him,—alone in these winter days, without guide; for even the Indian refused to accompany him. Cousin Gabriel hath spoken with the man.

Now am I sorely punished for my hastiness. I might have said some words of cheer to this brave man; but now have let him go to meet danger, starvation, death,—who knows? Poor Rachel! I am ever thinking of myself, but should most pity her.

.... General Fast proclaimed on account of distractions in the churches. The snow heavy, alas! for all travellers.

.... The days pass but tediously; the evenings, indeed, by calendar grow shorter, yet methinks I count every sand that falleth. Mr. Peter, preaching at Boston, requesteth earnestly that order be taken for the employment of women and children, especially in the winter time; and I, in sooth, would say amen heartily, and would pray Mr. Peter fetch something for hands and head to busy themselves with; heart is already full. I weary of the sound of my wheel, of the converse of the men, of questionings concerning the magistrates,—shall they be chosen for life, or no. Methinks 'twere well indeed to find some business for women and children. I have no mind to seek it for myself.

.... The Rebecka from Bermuda, with thirty thousand weight of potatoes, and store of oranges and limes. It remindeth me of Roger Ashley. He was wont to call those isles the "vexed Bermoothes" from his favorite poet. As I look each night upon Orion and the Pleiades, I ask, Can he also look up to them? finds he shelter still beneath this wide roof?

.... A scene with Rachel. I scarce can write it down, I am so stirred with passion and with anger; yet methinks I must impart my wrath to thee, for I could not trust myself to speak to Gabriel or Patience. One Simon Wither hath been sojourning the last week in our neighborhood, fresh from Virginia, where he hath been the last twelve months, and proposeth to return thither,—a bold man, quick in speech, well known to Rachel, and hath alway seemed to admire her, and she to smile on him, to whom I did not give much attention. Yet this very day, not many hours ago, I was about to leave the house to wander to the seashore, whence came a soft, wooing wind,—the first time for many days that I have broke out from doors, full weary of my long imprisonment. At the door met Cousin Gabriel, and told him my intent. "Hadst been a little sooner," said he, smiling, "thou hadst witnessed a tender parting. Simon Wither puts

off in his boat, he leaveth for Plymouth for a few days. Rachel was there, saying farewell. If you hasten you will find her weeping his loss, adding a few more salt drops to the brine." I lingered, looking at him wonderingly. "What hath Rachel to do with Simon Wither?" questioned I. "It cannot be," said he, "that Rachel hath kept her secrets from thee! What else could women-folk discourse upon, but such like affairs?" I grew impatient. "But I pray thee, do not fume, dear Cousin Rhoda," continued he. "Thou surely must know that Simon goeth to Plymouth to set his house in order for his young wife, for Rachel." I stood with open mouth. "Is it true, is it possible?" I cried. "Nay, go and find her." And I hurried to the shore.

Yes; I saw a white sail fast disappearing behind the point. O, the blue sea! and the blue sky, calm and still! But in my tossed soul came rushing a tempest of wild thoughts. Over the broad sand came moving towards me a solitary figure; it was Rachel. Far away I could see how she drooped sadly, then that she saw me, and hastened to meet me. I had hurried on, so that my breath choked me; so I stood waiting her, and my anger grew and flamed, and struggled for utterance. She did not heed my panting, but cried out, with her eyes filled with tears, and hands raised, "O Cousin Rose, dost thou think he will reach there safely?" Then I burst out: "*Which* he?" I cried; "whom dost thou mean?"

She gazed at me, then fell to laughing. O, how suddenly can such as Rachel pass from tears to laughter! Is it that all her feelings lie so near the surface that they can swiftly shift their colors? I cannot say her former grief was heartless, but surely now her mirth was so; nay, more; 't was cruel.

"Nay, simple cousin," she broke out, at last, "could I believe you would give credence to my tale? Could I think that you would trust my secret words more than the public acts of your Ashley he showed to you? I

thought to stir a little breeze between you, that might only fan your flame. I had much to ask about Simon Wither of Roger, who knows him well, therefore held some secret counsel with him. To tell the truth, Cousin Rose, methought you knew Roger Ashley better than to believe me, and that you knew me too well!"

What answer could I give as I stood blazing? Could I ever learn to know her wholly? Could she ever know me? Indeed, she knew not what she had done,—she who knew not what truth was, or faith in friendship. Of what avail, indeed, to upbraid her! She stood, half sad, half penitent for the mischief she had worked, alas! too shallow of heart even to know what mischief, or how great. Anger of mine only led her to marvel. Her malice had been the malice of the moment, and her easy confession showed that her repentance was no deeper. . . .

I broke away,—the smooth sand beneath my feet, my broad pathway hemmed here by the ebbing tide, then by the pebbly bank. Dizzy and wild, I ran on, wrapping my cloak about me that the rising breeze strove to wring from me. Yet I saw all,—the yeasty waves far out in the distance, low clouds catching the red light of the set sun, the rose and blue of the clear sky above, the gray golden of the sand; and all moved and tossed and swayed with my changing passions.

First came a bitter anger. It was Rachel that had thrust Roger Ashley into the wilderness. Could I have seen him but once, but once before he ventured forth, I might have prevailed with him, I might have stayed him from going! All together,—anger, contempt, bitterness, regret,—it was a seething and a whirl of passions, dark, gloomy, sad; yet strange to say, through them all gleamed a wondrous ray of joy, a sudden lightness about my heart, a radiance and a glow like that of the past sunset on the blue waves. Ah, then, he did love me, he loved me! and ah, he had gone,—gone, perhaps, forever! These two passions swayed and

throbbed in my heart, now one gaining the mastery, now another, along with them both a pang of remorse, an agony of regret. 'T was I that sent him from me!

Newtown, June.

Long time since I have written thee, and yet methinks I must send thee this, thinking thy love for me will make my tale less tedious. Since I wrote last, we have set forth on one long journey towards the new plantations to join Mr. Williams and his party. We now are tarrying many days at Newtown, whence a large company will go with us, and much cattle. Mr. Williams had first planted himself in another spot, but having been reproached by them of Plymouth that he had placed himself within their bounds, he hath moved farther on towards the Narragansetts.

Mr. Hooker, formerly pastor of the church here, hath left with most of his congregation not many weeks ago, for Connecticut, still farther on. This land, indeed, offereth wide space; there is room for all those who will dissent to live apart, and none to crowd another with his opinion. As Mr. Hooker's wife was borne on a horse litter, Gabriel thinketh that Patience may journey the same way, for her strength hath wasted much lately. They too drove one hundred and sixty cattle, and fed of their milk by the way. These latter months have been filled with care and sorrow, so that I could think I might never smile again. Yet, strange to say, my heart and courage grow stronger as the days go on. These days look more solemn, yet so more valued, and I take them up more cordially. I find we cannot live out our sorrow; yet we can take it along with us, perhaps, at times, as support, defence.

Since Rachel's marriage, Gabriel, Patience, and I are drawn more closely together. With the little band who accompany us, we had felt shut out from the community of Salem, on account of our attachment to Roger Williams and his teaching. All this brings us more

nigh together, and we cling to each other with a brotherly love. Thou wouldst smile at hearing me ever called Rhoda, and I think the name would not be as sweet to thee as that of Rose. Yet on Gabriel's tongue and that of Patience it hath a pleasing sound. Yea, indeed, before he left us, Roger Ashley had once or twice addressed me by that name. It hath a more formal sound, perhaps, and he might venture it when he had not dared speak a more familiar name. Yet I would have liked to have heard him once call me Rose.

We find here at Newtown the certain tidings that Mr. John Oldham was murdered by the Indians at Block Island, two companions with him, their bodies found in a boat, — Roger Ashley one. He did indeed pass through here in the winter months to join Oldham. The sachems of the Narragansett were the contrivers of Mr. Oldham's death, and the governor has written back to Mr. Williams to let the Narragansetts know that they are expected to take revenge upon the islanders, and they profess they will do so. For Block Island is under the Narragansetts, and Canonicus, their chief, is even under suspicion, and he must clear himself.

Revenge! 'T is but a poor word. I shudder when I take it on my lips; then bow my head when I think that it may have been my own jealous passions working my coldness that sent this man to the wilderness and death. Ah! what a fight indeed is this life; not merely with heathen foes, but with the untamed passions of our own hearts, beleaguered without and within.

I long to leave here, — to plunge into the wilderness. Let the savage Indians howl about us, let that terrible silence of the night encompass us; yet naught surpasseth the sorrow and the agony of the soul, however housed.

He would, indeed, have gone to meet his friend, — I mean Roger Ashley, — whatever words I might have said; yet the thought ever comes back to me, — I sent him forth alone!

I find certain words often come back to me that Roger Ashley was wont to repeat from his favorite poet,

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens,"

and more of such meaning.

Could I but keep these words in my heart, the wilderness might not seem lone. And in truth I almost feel I am going towards that haven to which Heaven leadeth me.

I was born the year Shakespeare died. So I have never breathed that same air he breathed, and came into another world than he.

We call this the New World on which we colonists have entered. Nay, will that world the other side of death differ more than this from our old home? Nay, will not that be more our home? God here, there, everywhere; but there the dear friends we have parted with. Here in this New World we find old things, — things that we knew in the Old World, — the oaks, the pines, the green grass, along with trees and leaves and flowers hitherto unknown. Will it not be so there? The dear old friends, and the new loveliness, like, yet different.

Writing once more! The lonely, desolate wilderness is passed, and the blue bay of the Narragansett before my eyes! A ship, the Blessing, comes up the bay; 't will bring us letters from thee, and I will close this long journal of a winter's life to send thee in exchange for thine.

Didst thou remember thee of my birthday? Didst thou recall a year ago, how we drank syllabub at the farm, when Geoffrey Patteson ambled about us, and strove to make merry with his antics? Merry we were, but sorely at his expense, and Cousin Wetherell joined in our laughter at the foolish clown. Yet afterwards he could bid me take this boor for my husband!

Ah well! that day came again. A year had passed. I was again beneath green trees, but how different the

scene! Not the blithe party of a summer's day, but serious men and women journeying through the wilderness, and I among them, my heart saddened nigh to breaking with grief and regret. I was roused by some strange cries, then friendly voices, as of new-comers to our camp, and glad greetings. I looked out from my nightly tent, and saw a group, among them savage Indians, I knew not how many, for my eyes were fixed on one, — on one, — no wonder, for he stood high, lofty above all the rest. Was he truly there? Was I still dreaming? I rubbed my eyes, and heard them call Roger Ashley by name, and heard a noisy clamor, then heard them summon him to tell whence he came, what had saved him, what led him among us, why he came there! Let the rest murmur and ask and question: it was enough for me that he stood there among the living. Were it a miracle of God that brought him I could not ask, nor think of aught but gazing on him!

How he came there? What, indeed, was that to me? God forgive me that I thought little of the cruel, murderous death of poor John Oldham, which all reported, in the storm of thankfulness that was flooding my heart. I had wept Roger Ashley dead, had thought I could never meet him but in the heavenly fields, had thought the green earth forever saddened by his loss. Yet, strange to say, at that first bound of joy that throbbed in my heart I felt no question nor wonder of how or whence he came! Think you that when we meet in that other world it will be so? That we shall so readily claim our joy, accept our happiness, and pass so easily from the body's agony into the soul's bliss?

The meeting here was indeed an earthly one! So many times I have pictured such a meeting; but how different! Ah! we quick souls that jump so readily at conclusions, we gain time to press down our eager words, to smooth our anxious faces, careful lest we over-speak! With all the rest so noisy in their greeting, so earnest with

their questions, so clamorous for answer, what could I do but stay silent, and offer my hand as coldly as at our parting!

A day of rest followed, to listen to this long story of adventure, to give our weary cattle time for repose. Before it was over, after he had satisfied all questions, Ashley, who knew the region well, summoned us to show us what he esteemed an enchanted spot. All the young people made ready to follow.

It was all familiar to him, he said, and, drawing near to me, he said he would show me namesakes of mine that hid themselves in the moist swamps. Then he led the way, and all followed. I have not told you of the summer flowers we have been meeting, — of the roses, of the white flowering shrubs, blue violets, that smell, indeed, not so sweet as thine beneath the hedge, the trailing virgin's bower, gay field-lilies, — ah, how little I tell thee of this beautiful land! Our way led over briars and stones into a wet morass, where one must leap from mound to mound, or make a bridge of some fallen tree. Roger's hand was ever ready, his eyes to guide, and point where was a safe footing. Many lagged behind. At last we came into an open space, the ground still wet, and the soft earth moist, but covered with long, rich grass, all the copse filled with high reeds, trailing vines, large leaves and lilies; but over all drooped down upon us, or towered above us, tall sprays of rich, rose-colored flowers. "Trees of roses!" exclaimed I, as I stood in amaze, and thought myself in some scene of the tropics, out of this cold Northern land. So large and gorgeous in color, the rich flowers flashed in hue, and they seemed to light up the space as though it were a hall for banqueting. Nay, one branch of these glowing blossoms would have made gay the boudoir of any princess.

"Trees of roses, thou dost call them," said Roger Ashley, by my side; "'t is well to baptize them with thy name. The learned must needs more reverent-

ly call them rhododendrons." Rhoda or Rose, he lingered over the name, then called me to look up into his face.

I looked as I had not yet ventured to look, and saw how sorrow and anxiety had set lines there; then saw a meaning in his eyes that his words, too, began to interpret. I cast down mine, then looked up once more, but to give forth a scream of terror; for lo! upon the bank above I saw a crouching, savage form, axe in hand, at that moment reaching towards my Roger Ashley!

Dost thou remember, one day, sitting in the oriel corridor, when Cousin Everard first came out from Italy, how he gave us account of a painting of one of the new masters there, — where the archangel was casting the Evil One, Satan, down from the courts of heaven? He told us of the blue, glittering armor of the angel; how, light in form, he planted his foot upon the shoulder of the dark, powerful demon, thrusting him into the abodes of hell. The picture oft has haunted me, as though I had looked upon it myself; and now, in all my agony, strange to say, it flashed before me, as a scene acting before my eyes. Here again was the fair, glorious, glittering angel, and here the strong, dark-browed Satan! But it was all *reversed*. My angel, Roger, lay below; and above, trampling upon his shoulder, a wild, savage being, with hate and anger in his eye, and Satanic power in his lifted arm!

A moment, when reality seemed a terrible dream, and when all horrid dreams seemed to mingle in one reality, — a moment of senseless agony, when I was flinging myself forward to come between him and the blow. There were shouts and cries and savage yells, blows given and returned, voices of our friends, wild whoops of our enemies, quiet again, — and we were safe. Roger was safe, stunned by that first blow, but recovered again; his treacherous enemy, who had been stealthily pursuing him many days, all for the sake of some fierce words he had ut-

tered against the murderers of John Oldham, — his enemy lay in his death agony at his side. Some of our people had been aware of his intent, had followed him, and stayed him ere it was too late.

And this was our betrothal! For, ah yes, my Alice! this is, indeed, a man, — a man with heart and strength, with firm body and firm soul. And he would have me for his wife, — even me, weak, foolish, passionate!

And so thy question with which I began this long epistle finds its answer at its close. I, too, asked myself, Why didst thou go? It is Roger who answereth for me. I, who had no home, have found a home even in the wilderness. God hath led us all with his hand from sorrow into light. I left behind a tedious life of little things, and there openeth before me a glorious future with the man I have chosen, who hath chosen me to lead me henceforth. He speaketh often of a great nation that some time is to arise from this small colony of men.

Ah! he is not like him to whom they would fain have married me, — poor, stolid Geoffrey, with eyes upon the ground, like his own oxen, thinking of naught but meat and drink, of cattle and barns, of hounds and fattening swine! Let him find a partner after his own kind: there are such who can drowse with him in the comfort of the chimney-corner. Glad am I, I came hither, and cast my lot with those who will live, nay, die, for the soul's freedom, and will plant a nation where they set their homes!

The Second Letter for Mistress Alice Lovell and that was sent.

MANTIC, August, 1636.

MISTRESS ALICE LOVELL: Cousin, thy letter is received by the Blessing, which will bear this to thee. Gabriel sendeth many thanks to thy father for the oatmeal; the beef, too, cometh sweet and good.

These letters will scarce reach thee ere thy marriage with Geoffrey Patteson, of which thine inform us. May he prove a good husband to thee.

Thy Cousin Rose biddeth me say she writeth not at this time.

God has surely graciously preserved and blessed us. We are refreshed by the goods and provisions brought by the Blessing, though much received damage by wet. Of eight cows but four are living. With love to thee and all of our good friends, I desire the Lord to bless thee, and rest thy loving cousin,

PATIENCE SHARPE.

Let Brother Sharpe send, as he purposeth, store of pitch, tallow, and wick, also some small axes. Rose desireth to be remembered to thee. Roger Ashley, whom she will shortly marry, is a godly man, of good estate. The Lord hath brought us all through great trials. His mercies are great.

Gabriel biddeth me say that he hath appointed money to be paid to Brother Sharpe, by one Mr. Stone, who goeth with this. He is to discount for two mares and a horse that died by the way. Let the cheese be brought loose, or packed in very dry malt.

Lucretia P. Hale.

A LEGEND.

"Projece te in eum, non se subtrahet ut cadas."

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THERE 's a legend, old and quaint,
 Of a painter and a saint,
 Told at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, where the swift river flies;
 Where the berg with snowy crown
 Hangs darkling o'er the town,
 And, circling all, the green-domed hills and castled Alps arise.

In a church, at set of sun
 (Thus doth the story run),
 Some children watched the cupola, where, propped on dizzy frames,
 Daniel Asam, calm and grand,
 With a heaven-directed hand,
 Stood painting a colossal figure of the great Saint James.

And one there, whispering, praised
 The painter, as they gazed,
 Telling how he had pondered o'er each text of Holy Word
 That helps the story on
 Of the brother of Saint John,
 Of the first apostle who was martyred for the martyred Lord.

Every dawn of day, 't was said,
 He ate the Holy Bread;
 And every night the knotted lash wounded his shoulders bare.
 Silent he came and went,
 Like one whom God has sent
 On a high and solemn mission, that brooks no speech but prayer.

For 't was meet that he should pray,
 Who fitly would portray
 The form that walked with Christ, and feasted at the mystic board.
 And much he needed grace,
 Who would picture forth the face
 That had shone back in the glory of the transfigured Lord!

Thus whispered they below;
 While above, within the glow
 Of an isolating sunshine, the unconscious artist stood.
 And, where the rays did fall
 Full clearly on the wall,
 Leaned the Apostle, half revealed, in dawning saintlihood.

Daniel Asam paused in doubt,
 As he traced the nimbus out:
 Would the face show dimmer should he add one crowning raylet more,—
 With a single pointed spire
 Tip the auroral fire,
 Whose curved and clustered radiance that awful forehead wore?

Hesitating, back he drew,
 For a more commanding view.
 The children trembled where they stood, and whitened, and grew faint;
 And still he backward stept,
 And still, forgetful, kept
 His studious eyes fixed earnestly upon the bending saint.

One plank remained alone,
 And then the cruel stone
 That paved the chancel and the nave, two hundred feet below.
 The man, enwrapped in God,
 Still slowly backward trod,
 And stepped beyond the platform's dizzy edge, and fell,—when, lo!

Swift as a startled thought,
 The saint his hands had wrought
 Lived, and flashed downward from the dome with outstretched, saving arm;
 One dazzling instant, one,
 The heavenly meteor shone,
 And Daniel Asam stood before the altar, free from harm!

Like mist around him hung,
 The ling'ring glory clung;
 He felt the pictured holy ones grow still within their frames;
 He knew the light that shone
 Through eyes of carven stone;
 And, fading up within the dome, his savior, great Saint James!

Thus shall thy rescue be
 (My soul said unto me),
 If thou but cast thyself on God, and trust to him thine all.
 For he, who, with his might,
 Labors with God aright,
 Hath angel hands about him ever, and he cannot fall!

M. A. T.

CHILD-LIFE AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

I WELL remember my first sight of White Island, where we took up our abode on leaving the mainland. I was scarcely five years old; but from the upper windows of our dwelling in Portsmouth, I had been shown the clustered masts of ships lying at the wharves along the Piscataqua River, faintly outlined against the sky, and, baby as I was, even then I was drawn, with a vague longing, seaward. How

delightful was that long, first sail to the Isles of Shoals! How pleasant the unaccustomed sound of the incessant ripple against the boat-side, the sight of the wide water and limitless sky, the warmth of the broad sunshine that made us blink like young sandpipers as we sat in triumph, perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden! It was at sunset that we were set ashore on that loneliest,

lovely rock, where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant, and filled me with awe and wonder. At its base a few goats were grouped on the rock, standing out dark against the red sky as I looked up at them. The stars were beginning to twinkle; the wind blew cold, charged with the sea's sweetness; the sound of many waters half bewildered me. Some one began to light the lamps in the tower. Rich red and golden, they swung round in mid-air; everything was strange and fascinating and new. We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling and deep window-seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we soon grew acquainted! A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy; and we never wearied of our few resources. True, the winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless. Into the deep window-seats we climbed, and with pennies (for which we had no other use) made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea, all "feather-white" where the short waves broke hissing in the cold, and the sea-fowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water; or, in calmer days, we saw how the stealthy Star-Islander paddled among the ledges, or lay for hours stretched on the wet sea-weed, watching for wild-fowl with his gun. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the kelp-covered rocks. A few are seen every winter, and are occasionally shot; but they are shyer and more alert even than the birds.

We were forced to lay in stores of all sorts in the autumn, as if we were fitting out a ship for an Arctic expedition. The lower story of the lighthouse was hung with mutton and beef, and the store-room packed with provisions.

In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house we played in stormy days, and every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and think how far the lighthouse sent its rays, and how many hearts it gladdened with assurance of safety. As I grew older I was allowed to kindle the lamps sometimes myself. That was indeed a pleasure. So little a creature as I might do that much for the great world! But by the fireside our best pleasure lay, — with plants and singing birds and books and playthings and loving care and kindness the cold and stormy season wore itself at last away, and died into the summer calm. We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter; but with the spring came manifold life to our lonely dwelling, — human life among other forms. Our neighbors from Star paddled across; the pilot-boat from Portsmouth steered over, and brought us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months. The faint echoes from the far-off world hardly touched us little ones. We listened to the talk of our elders. "Winfield Scott and Santa Anna!" "The war in Mexico;" "The famine in Ireland!" It all meant nothing to us. We heard the reading aloud of details of the famine, and saw tears in the eyes of the reader, and were vaguely sorry; but the fate of Red Riding-Hood was much more near and dreadful to us. We waited for the spring with an eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds, the everlasting beauty of the thousand tender tints that clothed the world, — these things brought us unspeakable bliss. To the heart of Nature one must needs be drawn in such a life; and very soon I learned how richly she repays in deep

refreshment the reverent love of her worshipper. With the first warm days we built our little mountains of wet gravel on the beach, and danced after the sandpipers at the edge of the foam, shouted to the gossiping kittiwakes that fluttered above, or watched the pranks of the burgomaster gull, or cried to the crying loons. The gannet's long white wings stretched overhead, perhaps, or the dusky shag made a sudden shadow in mid-air, or we startled on some lonely ledge the great blue heron that flew off, trailing legs and wings, stork-like, against the clouds. Or, in the sunshine on the bare rocks, we cut from the broad, brown leaves of the slippery, varnished kelps, grotesque shapes of man and bird and beast, that withered in the wind and blew away; or we fashioned rude boats from bits of driftwood, manned them with a weird crew of kelpies, and set them adrift on the great deep, to float we cared not whither.

We played with the empty limpet-shells; they were mottled gray and brown, like the song-sparrow's breast. We launched fleets of purple mussel-shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide, — pools that were like bits of fallen rainbow with the wealth of the sea, with tints of delicate seaweeds, crimson and green and ruddy brown and violet; where wandered the pearly eolis with rosy spines and fairy horns, and the large round sea-urchins, like a boss upon a shield, were fastened here and there on the rock at the bottom, putting out from their green, prickly spikes transparent tentacles to seek their invisible food. Rosy and lilac star-fish clung to the sides; in some dark nook perhaps a holothuria unfolded its perfect ferns, a lovely, warm buff color, delicate as frost-work; little forests of coralline moss grew up in stillness, gold-colored shells crept about, and now and then flashed the silver-darting fins of slender minnows. The dimmest recesses were haunts of sea-anemones that opened wide their starry flowers to the flowing tide, or drew themselves together, and hung in large,

half-transparent drops, like clusters of some strange, amber-colored fruit, along the crevices as the water ebbed away. Sometimes we were cruel enough to capture a female lobster hiding in a deep cleft, with her millions of mottled eggs; or we laughed to see the hermit-crabs challenge each other, and come out and fight a deadly battle till the stronger overcame, and, turning the weaker topsy-turvy, possessed himself of his ampler cockle-shell, and scuttled off with it triumphant. Or, pulling all together, we dragged up the long kelps, or devil's-aprons; their roots were almost always fastened about large, living mussels; these we unclasped, carrying the mussels home to be cooked; fried in crumbs or batter, they were as good as oysters. We picked out from the kelp-roots a kind of star-fish which we called sea-spider; the moment we touched it an extraordinary process began. One by one it disjointed all its sections, — whether from fear or anger we knew not; but it threw itself away, bit by bit, until nothing was left of it save the little, round body whence the legs had sprung!

With crab and limpet, with grasshopper and cricket, we were friends and neighbors, and we were never tired of watching the land-spiders that possessed the place. Their webs covered every window-pane to the lighthouse top, and they rebuilt them as fast as they were swept down. One variety lived among the round gray stones on the beach, just above high-water mark, and spun no webs at all. Large and black, they speckled the light stones, swarming in the hot sun; at the first footfall they vanished beneath the pebbles.

All the cracks in the rocks were draped with swinging veils like the window-panes. How often have we marvelled at them, after a fog or a heavy fall of dew, in the early morning, when every slender thread was strung with glittering drops, — the whole symmetrical web a wonder of shining jewels trembling in the breeze! Tennyson's lines,

"The cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more,"

always bring back to my mind the memory of those delicate, spangled draperies, more beautiful than any mortal loom could weave, that curtained the rocks at White Island and "shook their threaded tears" in every wind.

Sometimes we saw the bats wheel through the summer dusk, and in profoundly silent evenings heard, from the lighthouse top, their shrill, small cries, their voices sharper and finer than needle-points. One day I found one clinging to the under side of a shutter,—a soft, dun-colored, downy lump. I took it in my hand, and in an instant it changed to a hideous little demon, and its fierce white teeth met in the palm of my hand. So much fury in so small a beast I never encountered, and I was glad enough to give him his liberty without more ado.

A kind of sandhopper about an inch long, that infested the beach, was a great source of amusement. Lifting the stranded sea-weed that marked the high-water line, we always startled a gray and brown cloud of them from beneath it, leaping away, like tiny kangaroos, out of sight. In storms these were driven into the house, forcing their way through every crack and cranny till they strewed the floors,—the sea so encircled us! Dying immediately upon leaving the water from which they fled, they turned from a clear brown, or what Mr. Kingsley would call a "pellucid gray," to bright brick-color, like a boiled lobster, and many a time I have swept them up in ruddy heaps; they looked like bits of coral.

I remember in the spring kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shop full of toys they were to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet, refreshing tint from the brown earth, or the limpid air, or the white light? Chemistry was not at hand to answer me, and all her wisdom would not have dispelled the

wonder. Later the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower; it was like a human thing. I knew it by its homely name of poor-man's weather-glass. It was so much wiser than I, for, when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its little red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come! How could it know so much? Here is a question science cannot answer. The pimpernel grows everywhere about the islands, in every cleft and cranny where a suspicion of sustenance for its slender root can lodge; and it is one of the most exquisite of flowers, so rich in color, so quaint and dainty in its method of growth. I never knew its silent warning fail. I wondered much how every flower knew what to do and to be: why the morning-glory did n't forget sometimes, and bear a cluster of elder-bloom, or the elder hang out pennons of gold and purple like the iris, or the golden-rod suddenly blaze out a scarlet plume, the color of the pimpernel, was a mystery to my childish thought. And why did the sweet wild primrose wait till after sunset to uncloset its pale yellow buds; why did it unlock its treasure of rich perfume to the night alone? Few flowers bloomed for me upon the lonesome rock; but I made the most of all I had, and neither knew of nor desired more. Ah, how beautiful they were! Tiny stars of crimson sorrel threaded on their long brown stems; the black-berry blossoms in bridal white; the surprise of the blue-eyed grass; the crowfoot flowers, like drops of yellow gold spilt about among the short grass and over the moss; the rich, blue-purple beach-pea, the sweet, spiked germander, and the homely, delightful yarrow that grows thickly on all the islands. Sometimes its broad clusters of dull white bloom are stained a lovely reddish-purple, as if with the light of sunset. I never saw it colored so elsewhere. Quantities of slender, wide-spreading mustard-bushes grew about the house; their delicate flowers were like fragrant

golden clouds. Dandelions, buttercups, and clover were not denied to us; though we had no daisies nor violets nor wild roses, no asters, but gorgeous spikes of golden-rod, and wonderful wild morning-glories, whose long, pale, ivory buds I used to find in the twilight, glimmering among the dark leaves, waiting for the touch of dawn to unfold and become each an exquisite incarnate blush, — the perfect color of a South Sea shell. They ran wild, knotting and twisting about the rocks, and smothering the loose boulders in the gorges with lush green leaves and pink blossoms.

Many a summer morning have I crept out of the still house before any one was awake, and, wrapping myself closely from the chill wind of dawn, climbed to the top of the high cliff called the Head to watch the sunrise. Pale grew the lighthouse flame before the broadening day as, nestled in a crevice at the cliff's edge, I watched the shadows draw away and morning break. Facing the east and south, with all the Atlantic before me, what happiness was mine as the deepening rose-color flushed the delicate cloud-flocks that dappled the sky, where the gulls soared, rosy too, while the calm sea blushed beneath. Or perhaps it was a cloudless sunrise with a sky of orange-red, and the sea-line silver-blue against it, peaceful as heaven. Infinite variety of beauty always awaited me, and filled me with an absorbing, unreasoning joy such as makes the song-sparrow sing, — a sense of perfect bliss. Coming back in the sunshine, the morning-glories would lift up their faces, all awake, to my adoring gaze. Like countless rosy trumpets sometimes I thought they were, tossed everywhere about the rocks, turned up to the sky, or drooping toward the ground, or looking east, west, north, south, in silent loveliness. It seemed as if they had gathered the peace of the golden morning in their still depths even as my heart had gathered it.

In some of those matchless summer mornings when I went out to milk the little dun cow, it was hardly possible to go

farther than the doorstep, for pure wonder, as I looked abroad at the sea lying still, like a vast, round mirror, the tide drawn away from the rich brown rocks, a sail or two asleep in the calm, not a sound abroad except a few bird voices; dew lying like jewel-dust sifted over everything, — diamond and ruby, sapphire, topaz, and amethyst, flashing out of the emerald deeps of the tufted grass or from the bending tops. Looking over to the mainland, I could dimly discern in the level sunshine the depths of glowing green woods faintly revealed in the distance, fold beyond fold of hill and valley thickly clothed with the summer's splendor. But my handful of grass was more precious to me than miles of green fields, and I was led to consider every blade where there were so few. Not long ago I had watched them piercing the ground toward the light; now, how strong in their slender grace were these stems, how perfect the poise of the heavy heads that waved with such harmony of movement in the faintest breeze! And I noticed at mid-day when the dew was dry, where the tall, blossoming spears stood in graceful companies, that, before they grew purple, brown, and ripe, when they began to blossom, they put out first a downy ring of pollen in tiny, yellow rays, held by an almost invisible thread, which stood out like an aureole from each slow-waving head, — a fairy-like effect. On Seavey's Island (united to ours by a narrow beach covered at high tide with contending waves) grew one single root of fern, the only one within the circle of my little world. It was safe in a deep cleft, but I was in perpetual anxiety lest my little cow, going there daily to pasture, should leave her cropping of the grass and eat it up some day. Poor little cow! One night she did not come home to be milked as usual, and on going to seek her we found she had caught one foot in a crevice and twisted her hoof entirely off! That was a calamity; for we were forced to summon our neighbors and have her killed on the spot.

I had a scrap of garden, literally not more than a yard square, wherein grew only African marigolds, rich in color as barbaric gold. I knew nothing of John Keats at that time, — poor Keats, "who told Severn that he thought his intensest pleasure in life had been to watch the growth of flowers," — but I am sure he never felt their beauty more devoutly than the little, half-savage being who knelt like a fire-worshipper to watch the unfolding of those golden disks. When, later, the "brave new world" of poets was opened to me, with what power those glowing lines of his went straight to my heart,

"Open afresh your rounds of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!"

All flowers had for me such human interest, they were so dear and precious, I hardly liked to gather them, and when they were withered, I carried them all to one place and laid them tenderly together, and never liked to pass the spot where they were hidden.

Once or twice every year came the black, lumbering old "oil-schooner" that brought supplies for the light-house, and the inspector, who gravely examined everything, to see if all was in order. He left stacks of clear red and white glass chimneys for the lamps, and several doe-skins for polishing the great, silver-lined copper reflectors, large bundles of wicks, and various pairs of scissors for trimming them, heavy black casks of ill-perfumed whale-oil, and other things, which were all stowed in the round, dimly-lighted rooms of the tower. Very awe-struck, we children always crept into corners, and whispered and watched the intruders till they embarked in their ancient, clumsy vessel, and, hoisting their dark, weather-stained sails, bore slowly away again. About ten years ago that old white light-house was taken away, and a new, perpendicular brick tower built in its place. The lantern, with its fifteen lamps, ten golden and five red, gave place to Fresnel's powerful single burner, or, rather, three burners in one, enclosed in its case of prisms. The old light-

house was by far the most picturesque; but perhaps the new one is more effective, the light being, undoubtedly, more powerful.

Often, in pleasant days, the head of the family sailed away to visit the other islands, sometimes taking the children with him, oftener going alone, frequently not returning till after dark. The landing at White Island is so dangerous that the greatest care is requisite, if there is any sea running, to get ashore in safety. Two long and very solid timbers about three feet apart are laid from the boat-house to low-water mark, and between those timbers the boat's bow must be accurately steered; if she goes to the right or the left, woe to her crew unless the sea is calm! Safely lodged in the slip, as it is called, she is drawn up into the boat-house by a capstan, and fastened securely. The lighthouse gave no ray to the dark rock below it; sending its beams far out to sea, it left us at its foot in greater darkness for its lofty light. So when the boat was out late, in soft, moonless summer nights, I used to light a lantern, and, going down to the water's edge, take my station between the timbers of the slip, and, with the lantern at my feet, sit waiting in the darkness, quite content, knowing my little star was watched for, and that the safety of the boat depended in a great measure upon it. How sweet the summer wind blew, how softly plashed the water round me, how refreshing was the odor of the sparkling brine! High above the lighthouse rays streamed out into the humid dark, and the cottage windows were ruddy from the glow within. I felt so much a part of the Lord's universe, I was no more afraid of the dark than the waves or winds; but I was glad to hear at last the creaking of the mast and the rattling of the rowlocks as the boat approached; and, while yet she was far off, the lighthouse touched her one large sail into sight, so that I knew she was nearing me, and shouted, listening for the reply that came so blithely back to me over the water.

Unafraid, too, we watched the summer tempests and listened to the deep, melodious thunder rolling away over the rain-calmed ocean. The lightning played over the iron rods that ran from the lighthouse-top down into the sea. Where it lay on the sharp ridge-pole of the long, covered walk that spanned the gorge, the strange fire ran up the spikes that were set at equal distances, and burnt like pale flame from their tips. It was fine indeed from the lighthouse itself to watch the storm come rushing over the sea and engulf us in our helplessness. How the rain weltered down over the great panes of plate glass, — floods of sweet fresh water that poured off the rocks and mingled with the bitter brine. I wondered why the fresh floods never made the salt sea any sweeter. Those pale flames that we beheld burning from the spikes of the lightning-rod I suppose were identical with the St. Elmo's fire that I have since seen described as haunting the spars of ships in thunder-storms. And here I am reminded of a story told by some gentlemen visiting Appledore sixteen or eighteen years ago. They started from Portsmouth for the Shoals in a whale-boat, one evening in summer, with a native Star-Islander, one of the Haley family, to manage the boat. They had sailed about half the distance, when they were surprised at seeing a large ball of fire, like a rising moon, rolling toward them over the sea from the south. They watched it eagerly as it bore down upon them, and, veering off, went east of them at some little distance, and then passed astern, and there of course they expected to lose sight of it; but while they were marvelling and speculating, it altered its course and suddenly began to near them, coming back upon its track against the wind and steadily following in their wake. This was too much for the native Shoaler. He took off his jacket and turned it inside out to exorcise the fiend, and lo, the apparition most certainly disappeared! We heard the excited account of the strange gen-

tlemen and witnessed the holy horror of the boatmen, on the occasion; but no one could imagine what had set the globe of fire rolling across the sea. Some one suggested that it might be an exhalation, a phosphorescent light, from the decaying body of some dead fish; but in that case it must have been taken in tow by some living finny creature, else how could it have sailed straight "into the teeth of the wind"? It was never satisfactorily accounted for, and must remain a mystery.

One autumn at White Island our little boat had been to Portsmouth for provisions, etc. With the spy-glass we watched her returning, beating against the head wind. The day was bright, but there had been a storm at sea, and the breakers rolled and roared about us. The process of "beating" is so tedious that, though the boat had started in the morning, the sun was sending long yellow light from the west before it reached the island. There was no cessation in those resistless billows that rolled from the Devil's Rock upon the slip; but still the little craft sailed on, striving to reach the landing. The hand at the tiller was firm, but a huge wave swept suddenly in, swerving the boat to the left of the slip, and in a moment she was overturned and flung upon the rocks, and her only occupant tossed high upon the beach, safe except for a few bruises; but what a moment of terror it was for us all, who saw and could not save! All the freight was lost except a roll of iron wire and a barrel of walnuts. These were spread on the floor of an unoccupied eastern chamber in the cottage to dry. And they did dry, but before they were gathered up came a terrible storm from the southeast. It raved and tore at lighthouse and cottage; the sea broke into the windows of that eastern chamber where the walnuts lay, and washed them out till they came dancing down the stairs in briny foam! The sea broke the windows of the house several times during our stay at the lighthouse. Everything shook so violently from the concussion of the

breakers, that dishes on the closet shelves fell to the floor, and one member of the family was at first always made sea-sick in storms, by the tremor and deafening confusion. One night when, from the southeast, the very soul of chaos seemed to have been let loose upon the world, the whole ponderous "walk" (the covered bridge that connected the house and lighthouse) was carried thundering down the gorge and dragged out into the raging sea.

It was a distressing situation for us, — cut off from the precious light that must be kept alive; for the breakers were tearing through the gorge so that no living thing could climb across. But the tide could not resist the mighty impulse that drew it down; it was forced to obey the still voice that bade it ebb; all swollen and raging and towering as it was, slowly and surely, at the appointed time, it sank away from our rock, so that, between the billows that still strove to clutch at the white, silent, golden-crowned tower, one could creep across, and scale the height, and wind up the machinery that kept the great clustered light revolving till the gray daylight broke to extinguish it.

I often wondered how it was possible for the sea-birds to live through such storms as these. But, when one could see at all, the gulls were always soaring, in the wildest tumult, and the stormy petrels half flying, half swimming in the hollows of the waves.

Would it were possible to describe the beauty of the calm that followed such tempests! The long lines of silver foam that streaked the tranquil blue, the "tender curving lines of creamy spray" along the shore, the clear-washed sky, the peaceful yellow light, the mellow breakers murmuring slumberously!

Of all the storms our childish eyes

watched with delighted awe, one thunder-storm remains fixed in my memory. Late in an August afternoon it rolled its awful clouds to the zenith, and, after the tumult had subsided, spread its lightened vapors in an under-roof of gray over all the sky. Presently this solemn gray lid was lifted at its western edge, and an insufferable splendor streamed across the world from the sinking sun. The whole heaven was in a blaze of scarlet, across which sprang a rainbow unbroken to the topmost clouds, "with its seven perfect colors chorded in a triumph" against the flaming background; the sea answered the sky's rich blush, and the gray rocks lay drowned in melancholy purple. I hid my face from the glory, — it was too much to bear. Ever I longed to *spea*k these things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur. A vain longing! I might as well have sighed for the mighty pencil of Michael Angelo to wield in my impotent child's hand. Better to "hush and bless one's self with silence"; but ever the wish grew. Facing the July sunsets, deep red and golden through and through, or watching the summer northern lights, — battalions of brilliant streamers advancing and retreating, shooting upward to the zenith, and glowing like fiery veils before the stars; or when the fog-bow spanned the silver mist of morning, or the earth and sea lay shimmering in a golden haze of noon, in storm or calm, by day or night, the manifold aspects of Nature held me and swayed all my thoughts until it was impossible to be silent any longer, and I was fain to mingle my voice with her myriad voices, only aspiring to be in accord with the Infinite harmony, however feeble and broken the notes might be.

Celia Thaxter.

THE TRODDEN PATH.

GO to bed? Not yet, for I want to think:
When one is in sorrow, one longs for peace;
And you know, since Sunday, the house has rung
With weary whispers that would not cease.

Good night, Amy dear . . . How good it feels
To be freed from the watch of those loving eyes!
O kind, good friends, you would help me more
If you did not all try so to sympathize!

Let me turn the lamp,—so; now the light shines
Far down the hall, on the carpet old,
On the white path measured from east to west,
Over faded glories of brown and gold.

Fifteen years since he brought me home!
Choosing this carpet was first of my cares;
And he teased me merrily all that spring
About my “treasures of tables and chairs.”

“Your heart is set on your spoons,” he said;
“I shall steal them; in truth, I do well to be vexed.
I wedded Minerva: lo, I find
Her soul in the tea-urn! What change next?”

So he teased through the day; but when twilight came,
His arm around me, we paced the hall,
And I heard the schemes about rods and wheels,
Acids and alkalies, each and all,

Till I won some share of my husband's skill,—
Love makes apt pupils, you understand;
For his tests and reckonings, an eager will
Made a ready brain and a dextrous hand.

Ah, the path was the way to Fortune then!
The brown and the gold were gay and bright;
Our footsteps fell on no faded tints;
The road to ruin was out of sight.

Things changed in time; science kept us poor;
What was the matter, 't were hard to say;
No one bought the books; the lectures were dull;
And the rich men wavered; “Would that scheme pay?”

“*Practical* science is all we want;
It is worth what it brings, sir, not one whit more!

Prove the risk nothing; or some of your friends
Might try," — with a restless glance at the door.

Years were going and money was gone;
And the keen, quick ardor too had paled;
With the hopeful heart went the ready brain,
But I loved him better because he failed!

No complaint, no murmuring, even to me, —
Only the hall's length measured alone
After each rebuff; while my heart knew well
That every footfall stifled a moan.

I was his comfort, his blessing, he said;
The truest helper, his own dear wife.
I knew he meant it; and I knew too
No woman could fill the whole of his life.

His work would have rounded it out complete,
Could he have done it — Well, God knows best;
Our bitter is often His rarest sweet:
I thank Him for sending His servant rest.

For he kept Faith's anchor firm and true;
His hand took a closer hold than mine
On the chain that the microscope would not show
Between things earthly and things divine.

So the restless feet went up and down,
Summer and winter, morn and eve,
Where I pace to-night, till last week he fell
Where I am standing — I will not grieve,

It is too selfish! There, that shall do!
Am I not glad he has found release —
That pain passed by him? thank God for that!
In the path of failure he met Heaven's peace.

Yes, I am glad, or I shall be soon.
This loss makes changes; one thing I know,
No change comes hither; sacred I keep
The path where his heart broke, years ago.

B. W.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1796.

EIGHT bushels of wheat to the acre is not brilliant agriculture; nor could the production of eighteen bushels of Indian corn to the acre, at the present time, be thrown in the face of a rival farmer with any reasonable hope of abasing his pride. But, in 1796, when Mr. Jefferson had been two years at home after retiring from the office of Secretary of State, and was showing his home farm to an old French friend, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, these were the figures he gave as the utmost he could then extract from his lands in the garden of Virginia. The land was cheap enough, however,—four or five dollars an acre; and wheat sold in Richmond at two dollars and a half a bushel. Mr. Jefferson boasted that the wheat grown upon his mountain slopes was whiter than the low-country wheat, and averaged five or six pounds heavier to the bushel.

Overseers, during his ten years' absence in the public service, had ravaged his farms in the fine old fashion of old Virginia. The usual routine was this: When the forest was first cleared, laying bare the rich, deep, black virgin soil, the slow accumulation of ages of growth and decay, tobacco was grown for five successive years. That broke the heart of the land, and it was allowed to rest awhile. Then tobacco was raised again, until the crop ceased to be remunerative; and then the fields were abandoned to the crops sown by the methods of Nature; and she made haste to cover up with a growth of evergreens the outraged nakedness of the soil. But Jefferson had, long before, abandoned the culture of the exacting weed on his Albemarle estate. His overseers, therefore, had another rotation, which exhausted the soil more completely, if less rapidly. They sowed wheat in the virgin soil among the stumps; next year, corn; then wheat again; then corn again; and main-

tained this rotation as long as they could gather a harvest of five bushels of wheat or ten bushels of corn to the acre; after which Nature was permitted to have her way with the soil again, and new lands were cleared for spoliation. There was then no lack of land for the application of this method of exhaustion. Out of Mr. Jefferson's five thousand five hundred and ninety-one acres and two thirds in Albemarle, less than twelve hundred were under cultivation. His estate of Poplar Forest was nearly as large, but only eight hundred acres were cleared. The land upon which the Natural Bridge was situated, one hundred and fifty-seven acres in extent, was a wilderness; though he always hoped to build a hut there for retirement and repose, amid a scene which awoke all his enthusiasm.

This system of agriculture wasted something more costly than Virginia land, namely, African muscle. One hundred and fifty-four persons called Thomas Jefferson master; equivalent, perhaps, to a working force of eighty efficient field-hands. Give an Illinois or Ohio farmer of ability the command of such a force, on the simple condition of maintaining it in the style of old Virginia, and in fifteen years he could be a millionaire. But, on the system practised in Albemarle in 1795, the slaves had two years' work to do in one. No sooner was the wretched crop of the summer gathered in, and the grain trodden out with horses, and the pitiful result set afloat in barges bound for Richmond, than the slaves were formed into chopping-gangs, who made the woods melodious with the music of the axe during the long fall and winter. All the arts by which the good farmer contrives to give back to his fields a little more than he takes from them were of necessity neglected, and the strenuous force of the eighty

hands was squandered in an endless endeavor to make good the ravage of the fields by the ravage of the woods. Mr. Jefferson's eight bushels of wheat, his eighteen of corn, and his scant ton of clover to the acre, was the beginning of victory, instead of the continuation of defeat.

It was on the 16th of January, 1794, that he surveyed once more his Albemarle estate from the summit of Monticello. Every object upon which he looked betrayed the ten years' absence of the master: the house unfinished, and its incompleteness made conspicuous by the rude way in which it was covered up; the grounds and gardens not advanced beyond their condition when he had last rambled over them by the side of the mother of his children; his fields, all lying distinct before him like a map, irregular in shape, separated by zigzag fences and a dense growth of bushes; outhouses dilapidated; roads in ill repair; the whole scene demanding the intelligent regard which he was burning to bestow upon it. Never was there a Yankee in whom the instinct to improve was more insatiable; and seldom, out of old Ireland, has there been an estate that furnished such an opportunity for its gratification as this one in old Virginia. "Ten years' abandonment of my lands," he wrote to General Washington, "has brought on them a degree of degradation far beyond what I had expected."

After the lapse of two years and a half, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld saw a different prospect from the portico of Monticello. The summit, indeed, was disfigured with the litter of building; for, as the exile informs us, Mr. Jefferson, who had formerly studied architecture and landscape-gardening in books only, had since seen in Europe the noblest triumphs of both, and was endeavoring now to improve upon his original designs. Monticello, the Duke remarks, had been infinitely superior before to all other homes in America; but, in the course of another year, he thought, when the central dome would

be finished, and the new designs happily blended with the old, the house would rank with the most pleasant mansions in France and England. And how enchanting the panorama! Nothing to break the view to the ocean, from which, though it was a hundred and fifty miles distant, the cooling breeze reached the mountain on a summer day about two in the afternoon. The traveller thought the prospect faultless except in two particulars, — too much forest and too little water. His European eye craved a cultivated expanse, — craved castle-crowned heights, the spire piercing the distant grove, the farm-house, the cottage, and the village clustering in the vale; and without a mass of water, he thought, the grandest view lacks the last charm.

In the whole world it had been difficult to find men who had more in common than these two, — the exile from distracted France, and the American who never loved France so much as when the banded despotisms of Europe had driven her mad. Jefferson had last seen the Duke when, as President of the National Assembly of 1789, he was striving, with Jefferson's cordial sympathy, to save kingship and establish liberty. It was La Rochefoucauld who sought the King's presence at Versailles on a memorable occasion in July, 1789, and laid before that bewildered locksmith the real state of things at Paris. "But this is a revolt, then!" said the King. "Sire," replied the Duke, "it is a revolution!" Two days after the Bastille was in the hands of the people. Besides the political accord between Jefferson and his guest, they were both improvers by nature, and both most zealous agriculturists. For years the French nobleman had had upon his estate a model farm for the purpose of introducing into his neighborhood English methods of tillage and improved utensils. He had maintained also an industrial school, and endeavored to plant in France the cotton manufacture which was beginning to make the world tributary to England. In a word, he was a citizen

after the best American pattern, which is another way of saying that he was a man after Jefferson's own heart.

We can easily imagine the family group as they would gather on the portico to see the master of the house and his guest mount for a morning's ride over the farms. Jefferson was now approaching fifty-three, and his light hair was touched with gray; but his face was as ruddy, his tall form as erect, his tread as elastic, his seat in the saddle as easy, as when at twenty-one he had galloped from Shadwell with Dabney Carr. From his youth temperate and chaste, keeping faith with man and woman, occupied always with pursuits worthy of a man, neither narrowed by a small ambition, nor perverted by malignant passions, nor degraded by vulgar appetites, equable, cheery, and affectionate, he only reached his prime at sixty, and shone with mellowing lustre twenty years longer, giving the world assurance of an unwasted manhood. The noble exile was forty-nine, with thirty-one years of vigorous life before him. The eldest daughter of the house, at home now because her father was at home, the mother of three fine children, had assumed something of matronly dignity during her six years of married life; and her husband had become a perfect Randolph, — tall, gaunt, restless, difficult to manage, and not very capable of managing himself. He vented superfluous energy, Mr. Randall tells us, in riding eighty miles a day through Virginia mud, and, rather than take the trouble of riding another mile or two to a bridge, would swim his foaming steed across a river in full flood. If making cavalry charges were the chief end of man, he had been an admirable specimen of our race; but, for life as it is in piping times of peace, he was not always a desirable inmate, despite his hereditary love of botany, and his genuine regard for his father-in-law.

Maria Jefferson, now seventeen years of age, attracted the French traveller; and he easily read the open secret of her young life. "Miss Maria," he ob-

serves, "constantly resides with her father; but, as she is seventeen years old, and is remarkably handsome, she will doubtless soon find that there are duties which it is sweeter to perform than those of a daughter." "Jack Eppes" may have been one of the Monticello circle during those pleasant June days of 1796, when the Duke de la Rochefoucauld surprised Mr. Jefferson in the harvest-field under a scorching sun. Perhaps the guest of the house may have said to the young college student what he recorded in his narrative. He may even have accompanied the remark with the nearest thing to a wink which the politeness of the *ancien régime* permitted. "Mr. Jefferson's philosophic mind," observes the exile, "his love of study, his excellent library, which supplies him with the means of satisfying it, and his friends will undoubtedly help him to endure this loss; which, moreover, is not likely to become an absolute privation, as the second son-in-law of Mr. Jefferson may, like Mr. Randolph, reside in the vicinity of Monticello, and, if he be worthy of Miss Maria, will not be able to find any company more desirable than that of Mr. Jefferson."

But the horses await their riders. We may be sure that both gentlemen were well mounted. Virginia took the lead of all the thirteen Colonies in breeding horses; and Jefferson, though he differed from his countrymen in things more important, surpassed them in his love of fine horses. And, curiously enough, it was only in dealing with horses that he was ever known to show anything of that spirit of domination which marks some varieties of common men. With a pilfering negro, an uncomfortable neighbor, a refractory child, or a perverse colleague, his patience seemed inexhaustible; but let a horse rebel, and the lash instantly descended, and the battle never ceased until the animal had discovered which of the two held the reins. He always loved the exhilaration of a race, and did not permit false ideas of official decorum to prevent his at-

tending races near the seat of government, no matter what office he may have held. The saddle alone was his test of the quality of a horse, the trotting-wagon being unknown in the land of corduroy roads. Jefferson and the horsemen of that age liked to share the labor and peril of the ride with the horse, seeking no vantage-ground of a vehicle from which to exercise mastery over him. He liked a horse, fiery and sure-footed, that could gallop down his mountain on a dark night, and carry him through flood and mire safe to the next village, while a negro would be fumbling over the broken bridle of his mule.

On this occasion, however, there was no need of haste, and the two gentlemen descended at their ease the winding road to the country below. The French agriculturist was too polite to hint that his American brother's methods were defective; and yet he appears to have thought so. Mr. Jefferson, he intimates, was a book farmer. "Knowledge thus acquired often misleads," the exile remarks, and "yet it is preferable to mere practical knowledge." In arranging his new system, Mr. Jefferson had betrayed a mathematical taste. All the old, unsightly fences, with their masses of bushes and brambles, having been swept away, he had divided his cultivated land into four farms of two hundred and eighty acres each, and divided each farm into seven fields of forty acres, marking the boundaries by a row of peach-trees, of which he set out eleven hundred and fifty-one during his first year at home. The seven fields indicated his new system of rotation, which embraced seven years: first year, wheat; second, corn; third, peas or potatoes; fourth, vetches; fifth, wheat again; sixth and seventh, clover. Each of the four farms, under its own overseer, was cultivated by four negroes, four negresses, four horses, and four oxen; but at harvest and other busy times the whole working force was concentrated. Upon each farm, Mr. Jefferson had caused to be built a great log-barn, at little cost except the labor of the slaves.

He did not fail to show his guest the new threshing-machine imported from Scotland, where it was invented,—the first specimen ever seen in Virginia. It answered its purpose so well that several planters of the State had sent for machines, or were trying to get them made at home. "This machine," records the traveller, "the whole of which does not weigh two thousand pounds, is conveyed from one farm to another in a wagon, and threshes from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels a day." Mr. Jefferson showed him, also, a drilling-machine for sowing seed in rows, invented in the neighborhood, with the performance of which the master of Monticello was well pleased. Doubtless, the two farmers discussed again that plough of Mr. Jefferson's invention for which he had received, in 1790, a gold medal from France. During his European tours he had been struck with the waste of power caused by the bad construction of the ploughs in common use. The part of the plough, called then the mould-board, which is above the share, and turns over the earth, seemed to him the chief seat of error; and he spent many of the leisure hours of his last two years in France in evolving from Euclid the mould-board which should offer the minimum of resistance. Nothing is more likely than that he had discussed the subject many a time in Paris with so ardent an agriculturist as the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Satisfied, at length, that he had discovered precisely the best form of mould-board, he sent a plough provided with one to the Royal Agricultural Society of the Seine, of which the Duke was a member. The medal which they awarded it followed the inventor to New York, and, eighteen years after, the society sent President Jefferson a superb plough containing his improvement.

An agreeable incident in connection with that plough-invention has been reported. Among the many young Virginians who were educated under the direction of Mr. Jefferson was the late

William C. Rives, born almost in the shadow of Monticello. In 1853, when, for the second time, Mr. Rives was American Minister at Paris, he was elected a member of the Agricultural Society, then temporarily dishonored by the prefix "Imperial" to its name. In his address at his public reception, Mr. Rives alluded to the prize bestowed by the society, half a century before, upon one of his predecessors. "Yes," said the president, "we still have, and will show you, the prize plough of Thomas Jefferson."

The French traveller was interested in seeing at Monticello a principality of two hundred inhabitants almost independent of the world without; for Mr. Jefferson showed him a cluster of little shops wherein his own negroes carried on all the necessary trades, such as carpentry, cabinet-making, shoe-making, tailoring, weaving. The masonry of the rising mansion was also executed by slaves. There was a mill upon the estate for the accommodation of the neighborhood. For many years the making of nails had been one of the winter industries of American farmers, all nails being then of the wrought description; and Mr. Jefferson, too, had his nail forge, wherein a foreman and half a dozen men and boys hammered out nails for the country roundabout. When James Monroe built his house near by, it was from his former instructor that he bought his nails. At times Jefferson had as many as ten nailers at work, — two fires and five hands at each fire, — and he supplied the country stores far and near with nails, at an excellent rate of profit. His weaving-house grew, also, into a little factory of sixty spindles, producing cotton cloth enough for all his plantations, as well as a redundancy for the village stores. Some of the black mechanics whom the exile saw on his friend's estate were among the best workmen in Virginia. One man is spoken of as being a universal genius in handiwork. He painted the mansion, made some of its best furniture, repaired the mill, and lent a hand in that pro-

digious structure of the olden time, a family coach, planned by the master.

The Duke bears testimony to the kind, considerate way in which the slaves were treated. They had not only substantial justice, he tells us, but received special reward for special excellence. In the distribution of clothes, Mr. Randall adds, it was a system at Monticello to give better and handsomer garments to those who lived decently together in families than to the unmarried, — an expedient which had obvious good results. This was not freedom; but, in the Virginia of that period, there was room and chance of welfare for every kind of creature, excepting a free negro.

The exile remained a week at Monticello in June, 1796, and then left his brother farmer to pursue his labors. "On several occasions," the Duke records, "I heard him speak with great respect of the virtues of the President, and in terms of esteem of his sound and unerring judgment." He adds these remarks: "In private life, Mr. Jefferson displays a mild, easy, and obliging temper, though he is somewhat cold and reserved. His conversation is of the most agreeable kind, and he possesses a stock of information not inferior to that of any other man. In Europe he would hold a distinguished rank among men of letters, and as such he has already appeared there; at present he is employed with activity and perseverance in the management of his farms and buildings; and he orders, directs, and pursues, in the minutest detail, every branch of business relative to them. I found him in the midst of the harvest, from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance."

At present! Had he, then, really accepted this plantation life as a career for the remainder of his days?

In the first exultation at his recovered ease and liberty, in 1794, he thought he had. "I return to farming," he wrote to his old friend and colleague, John Adams in the midst of the joyous April work of that year, "with an ardor

which I scarcely knew in my youth, and which has got the better entirely of my love of study. Instead of writing ten or twelve letters a day, — which I have been in the habit of doing as a thing in course, — I put off answering my letters now, farmer-like, till a rainy day, and then find them sometimes postponed by other necessary occupations." At first, too, he was even indifferent to the newspapers. Young Buonaparte (he had not yet dropped the *u* from his Italian name) had cannonaded the English out of Toulon Harbor a few weeks before; and though his name was still unknown, his genius was making itself felt in the organization of the French armies. The great Toulon news, which reached Monticello by private letters a month after the master's return, recalled him to his old self for a moment. He even indulged in a little sanguine prophecy. "Over the foreign powers," he wrote in April, 1794, "I am convinced the French will triumph completely." The French, led by Napoleone di Buonaparte, a general of alien race, *did* triumph over the foreign powers; but the rest of Mr. Jefferson's anticipation, happily, was not realized: "I cannot but hope that that triumph, and the consequent disgrace of the invading tyrants, is destined, in the order of events, to kindle the wrath of the people of Europe against those who have dared to embroil them in such wickedness, and to bring, at length, kings, nobles, and priests to the scaffolds which they have been so long deluging with human blood. I am still warm whenever I think of these scoundrels, though I do it as seldom as I can, preferring infinitely to contemplate the tranquil growth of my lucerne and potatoes."

Nor did the lapse of a long summer change his mind. General Washington naturally concluded, that the coming retirement of Hamilton from the Cabinet would remove the cause of Jefferson's aversion to a Cabinet office; but it did not. In September, 1794, when an express from Philadelphia dismounted at his door, bearing an in-

itation from the President to resume the office of Secretary of State, he replied that *no* circumstances would ever more tempt him to engage in anything public. . . . "I thought myself perfectly fixed in this determination when I left Philadelphia; but every day and hour since has added to its inflexibility." The President was sorely embarrassed. The aristocratical sentiment which had fixed the salaries of the higher offices at such a point that only rich men could accept them with safety to their affairs and their honor, made it always difficult to fill them aright, and sometimes impossible. Jefferson sympathized with him, but felt himself justified in refusing. "After twenty-five years' continual employment in the service of our country," he wrote to a friend, "I trust it will be thought I have fulfilled my tour, like a punctual soldier, and may claim my discharge."

These words were written in November, 1795. In June, 1796, when the Duke de la Rochefoucauld discovered him in the scorching harvest-field, he was the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. It was the year of the Presidential election, and the noise of that quadrennial uproar was beginning to resound in every village. General Washington was going out of office in March, 1797. Where was the American citizen indifferent to the mighty question, Who should succeed him? In 1796, for the first time, there was a contest for the first office, — for Washington never had a competitor; and we can all imagine — we who are familiar with such scenes — with what ardor a young Republic, in peril between two such powerful belligerents as France and England, would spring to a contest so novel, so interesting, so momentous.

How are we to reconcile the habitual language of Jefferson in 1794 and 1795 with his position before the country in 1796? It is not necessary to reconcile it, since it is permitted to every man to change his mind; and considering the limits and defects of that portion

of our organization, what can we do better with our minds than change them? But the discrepancy was much more apparent than real. In predicting the future, Jefferson's hopeful disposition frequently led him astray; but his judgment concerning the issue of a contested election was remarkably sound. His conviction was, that the time had not yet come for a national triumph of the Republicans. The bloody lapse of the French Revolution was too recent, the tide of reaction too strong, the *vis inertiae* of ancient habit too general, Hamilton too active, Bonaparte too young (he was in Italy now, and *had* dropped the Italian *u* from his name), the French Directory was too touchy, and the French marine too indiscriminate in the matter of prize-taking on the ocean, to afford a Republican calculator ground for expecting an immediate triumph of his half-organized party in the United States. Nor had the Federalists yet filled up the measure of their errors, nor attained that advanced degree of madness which *immediately* precedes destruction. The country, too, was getting rich by supplying the belligerents with flour, beef, pork, fish, fruit, potatoes, and rum. Those square, spacious, handsome houses, which still give an air of mingled comfort and grandeur to the old towns on the New England coast—Newburyport, Portsmouth, Salem, Portland—and others, were beginning to be built. As President Washington remarked in March, 1796, in a letter to Gouverneur Morris, "No city, town, village, or even farm, but what exhibits evidence of increasing wealth and prosperity, while taxes are hardly known but in name."

Jefferson, therefore, felt that he was in small danger of being torn from Monticello by an election to the Presidency. Vice-President, indeed, he might be, through that absurd relic of Hamilton's mischievous ingenuity, the electoral college, which, even now, in 1873, waits to be swept into oblivion. By the system as then established, the candidate receiving the next to the

highest number of electoral votes was declared to be Vice-President; so that there was always a probability that the Presidential candidate of the party defeated would be elected to the second office. That office, however, happened to be the only one, in the gift of the people or of the President, which Jefferson thought desirable *in itself*: first, because the salary paid the cost of four months' residence at the seat of government; secondly, because it gave the occupant eight months' leisure; and thirdly, because it enhanced a man's power to disseminate and recommend principles, without his joining in the conflict of parties.

Behold him, then, in a new character, one of the most trying to human virtue, digestion, nerve, and dignity ever contrived by mortals for a mortal,—candidate for the Presidency! To him, partly because he was a Democrat, partly because he was Jefferson, it was less trying than to any other man that ever was subjected to it. At once, without effort, without a precedent to guide him, without consultation with friends, he comprehended the morality of the situation, and assumed the proper attitude toward it. His tone, his demeanor, his feelings, his conduct, were all simply right; and, since a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the United States expect one day to stand in the same bewildering relation to the universe, it may be useful to some of them to know how he comforted himself.

His grand advantage was, that he did not want the office. He was in the position of a belle who is wooed, not in that of the pale and anxious lover who trembles with desire and fear. It is an immense thing, if you have property to dispose of, to be able to stand serene in the market, not caring whether you sell it this year or next, or never. Nor was this anything so very meritorious in such a man. All men, it is true, love power, who are capable of wielding power; but there are grades and kinds of power. All men love; but each man's love takes the quality of

his nature. The noble love nobly; the base, basely; the common, commonly. The feeling that bound together in sweet and sublime accord Goethe and Schiller, the noblest pair of lovers since Socrates and Plato, was only called love; and the instinct that originally drew Bill Sikes to the side of Nancy was also love, of the Sikes quality, the best he had to bestow. In like manner, power is of as many grades as there are grades of men. Rude physical strength is power in the dawn of civilization. In a commercial city, to possess five million dollars is power. A refinement upon this crude form was that mystical device of former ages, now no longer potent, styled Rank. Great ministers, like Richelieu, were an advance upon the men of mere pedigree, as the Leader of the House of Commons is an advance upon them. Latest and highest is that power which Jefferson craved,—that of governing men and moulding institutions by the promulgation of heartfelt truth.

Valuing power, but not place, he found it easy to adhere to the rule which he adopted: To avoid writing or conversing on politics during the contest, except with two or three confidential friends. According to Mr. Adams, it was in 1793, soon after the publication of Jefferson's correspondence with Genet and Hammond, that the movement began which ended in his nomination. Boston, of all places in the world, originated it! Boston, too, enjoys the credit of having originated the method by which it was done, as well as the word which describes that method,—CAUCUS. "The Republican party," says Mr. Adams, "had a caucus in 1793, and wrote to Mr. Jefferson, upon his resignation of the office of Secretary of State, that, if he would place himself at their head, they would choose him at the next election; and they organized their party by their correspondences through the States." Whatever civil reply the candidate may have made to these gentlemen, he did *not* place himself at their head, but remained passive and silent from that

time until the question had been decided.

These Jeffersonian rules will guide any man with safety and dignity through the thousand snares of such a contest: 1. Don't want the office; 2. Utter no syllable concerning it beyond the narrowest circle of tried confidants.

It was the Jay treaty of 1794, ratified in 1795, and executed in 1796, which embittered politics during this strife for the control of the administration, and nearly gave it to Jefferson. Who shall now presume to judge between the able and honest men of that day who so widely differed concerning this treaty? Having sent Mr. Jay to England to negotiate, we can easily admit that the President did well to ratify the treaty which resulted; but the difficult question is, Was it becoming in the United States to send a special envoy, the chief judge of its highest court, to negotiate with a country from which it had received and was hourly receiving indignity and wrong? It was no more becoming than it is becoming in a man, creation's lord, to make terms with a lion that has got his hand in its mouth, or with a bull which has obtained prior possession of a field. It was not becoming in Galileo to kneel submissive before the herd of infuriate Inquisitors who had power to roast him. But it was right. He had been a traitor to his class and to his vocation, to science and to man, if he had allowed those tonsured savages to rack and burn an aged philosopher. His lie was a wiser fidelity to truth. There is sometimes an accidental and extreme inequality of force between a spoiler and his victim which suspends the operation of some moral laws in favor of the victim, and makes a device justifiable which, in ordinary circumstances, would be dastardly.

It is difficult for us to realize the weakness of the country over which George Washington presided. If its four millions of people had all been cast in the heroic mould, capable of Spartan discipline, like-minded, demanding for their country, with unani-

mous voice, only untarnished honor, with or without prosperity; even in that case it had been a doubtful question; for there would still have been a hand in the lion's mouth,—Detroit and the chain of lake-posts occupied by British garrisons, the mouth of the Mississippi held by the Spanish, and no single port of the coast capable of keeping out an armed sloop. But the people of the United States only had their fair share of heroic souls; and there was the most honest and irreconcilable difference of opinion among them as to which of the belligerents was really fighting the battle of mankind and civilization. President Washington was as right in sending Mr. Jay to London as the Republicans were right in opposing it. The President, surveying the whole scene from the watch-tower of his office, weighing all the circumstances, hearing all opinions, considering all interests, felt it admissible to court a power he could not crush. Republicans, considering only the obvious facts of the situation, longing to see their country joining heart and hand with France in her unequal strife, yet willing to be neutral, could not but lament a policy which looked like abasement to a powerful foe, and abandonment of a prostrate friend. The modern student of those mad times finds himself at this conclusion: "If I had been Washington, I should have made the treaty: if I had been Jefferson, I should have held it in execration."

What a struggle it cost the President to choke down this huge bolus of humiliation is revealed in his letters. If he had put off the departure of the envoy a few weeks, he would, perhaps, have put it off forever, and the course of events in the United States had gone otherwise. While Mr. Jay was upon the ocean, Colonel Simcoe, the Governor of Upper Canada, published a protest which claimed jurisdiction over a wide expanse of *territory* of the United States which the posts commanded. The President, during the whole of his administration, never wrote an official letter showing such warmth

of indignation as the one which he instantly penned to Mr. Jay, hoping to send it by a vessel on the point of sailing from New York. The best of Washington's letters are those which we know he must have written with his own hand; and this is one of them. It is the letter of a man, not of a secretary. Smooth and polished it is not; but it has the eloquence of deep emotion struggling in vain for adequate expression. He begins by saying, that, on this irregular and high-handed proceeding, he would rather hear what the ministry of Great Britain will say than pronounce his own sentiments. Nevertheless, he does tell Mr. Jay, that, although this amazing claim of Colonel Simcoe is the most audacious thing yet done by British agents in America, it is by no means the most cruel. To this the President adds a paragraph which contains ten years of bloody history:—

"There does not remain a doubt in the mind of any well-informed person in this country, not shut against conviction, that all the difficulties we encounter with the Indians, their hostilities, the murders of helpless women and innocent children along our frontiers, result from the conduct of the agents of Great Britain in this country. In vain is it, then, for its administration in Britain to disavow having given orders which will warrant such conduct, whilst their agents go unpunished; whilst we have a thousand corroborating circumstances, and, indeed, almost as many evidences, some of which cannot be brought forward, to prove that they are seducing from our alliance, and endeavoring to remove over the line, tribes that have hitherto been kept in peace and friendship with us at a heavy expense, and who have no causes of complaint, except pretended ones of their creating; whilst they keep in a state of irritation the tribes who are hostile to us, and are instigating those who know little of us or we of them, to unite in the war against us; and whilst it is an undeniable fact that they are furnishing the whole with arms, ammu-

nition, clothing, and even provisions, to carry on the war; I might go further, and, if they are not much belied, add men, also, in disguise."

Thus, General Washington, in August, 1794. Mr. Wendell Phillips was much censured a few weeks ago for expressing a similar opinion on the platform. The President proceeded to declare that nothing short of a surrender of the posts could prevent war between the two countries; and Mr. Jay was to say to the Ministry, Give up the posts,—peace! Keep the posts, —war!

Contrary to expectation, the amiable and virtuous envoy found Court, Parliament, Ministry, people, king, all desirous of a better understanding. And who could have been better chosen for such an embassy to such a country than John Jay, a devoted member of the English Church, a friend of Wilberforce, a gentleman whose virtues, tastes, foibles, and limitations were as English as if he had been born and reared in a rural parish of Sussex? The king smiled benignantly upon him, and told him he *thought* he would succeed in his mission. After five months' negotiation, a treaty was concluded which Mr. Jay was willing to sign; not because he thought it good and sufficient, but because he knew it to be the least bad then possible, and, upon the whole, better than none,—better than drifting into war. The posts were to be surrendered. Commissioners were to be appointed—two by the king, two by the President, and one by these four—to award damages to the owners of American ships illegally captured. Other commissioners were to settle the claims of the English creditors of American merchants. American vessels of seventy tons' burden could trade between the West Indies and the United States, but not carry West India produce to any other country. American ships could trade with the East Indies and other distant British possessions, on possible terms. But whatever could feed a French soldier, or equip a French ship, was declared

contraband; and an American captain obtained from the treaty neither any limitation of the right of search, nor the slightest additional protection against the press-gang. No compensation was made for the loss of millions of dollars and many hundreds of lives through the eleven years' lawless retention of the posts, and none for the negroes carried off from New York and Virginia after the peace of 1783.

In the innocence of his heart, Mr. Jay supposed at first that the concessions of the treaty were due to a revival of friendly feeling on the part of the English people. On the eve of his departure for America, the merchants concerned in American commerce gave him a dinner, at which the leading Cabinet ministers and two hundred merchants assisted. When the health of the President was proposed, the company could not express all their enthusiasm in the "three cheers" prescribed by the chairman, but prolonged them to six. Every toast, Mr. Jay reports, which referred in a friendly manner to America, was received with "general and strong marks of approbation." At length, an incident occurred which threw light upon the unconscious motive of the cheerers. "Toward the conclusion of the feast," Mr. Jay relates, "I was asked for a toast. I gave a neutral one, namely, 'A safe and honorable peace to all the belligerent powers.' You cannot conceive how coldly it was received; and though civility induced them to give it three cheers, yet they were so faint and single, as most decidedly to show that peace was not the thing they wished. These were *merchants*." If Mr. Jay had desired to hear thunders of applause and see the glasses dance on the thumped mahogany, he should have given, War eternal, and British bottoms forever!

The treaty was received in the United States with what must have seemed, at the time, universal execration. Even Hamilton, though he favored ratification, pronounced it, and justly pronounced it, "execrable"; nor was he

entirely wrong in saying that Mr. Jay was "an old woman for making it." It *was* because Mr. Jay possessed some of the traits which we revere in our grandmothers, that he was able to make the treaty. Posterity's verdict on this matter is one in which each successive student of the period will finally acquiesce: That a President of the United States has seldom done an act more difficult, more wise, or more right than the ratification of the Jay treaty of 1794, which procured the surrender of the posts, inaugurated the policy that naturally issued in arbitration, made some slight beginnings of reciprocity and free-trade, and postponed inevitable war for eighteen years. If ever there was a case in which half a loaf was better than no bread, surely it was this.

But the agonizing want of the other half of the loaf justifies the opposition. That was the time when collections were still made in churches for the ransom of American mariners in captivity among the Algerines; when *the whole crew* of an American vessel was frequently impressed by a British man-of-war at out-of-the-way places, like the Barbadoes; when a neutral vessel had no rights which a "dashing" British captain would allow to stand between himself and his object; when a *suspicion* that a schooner containing provisions was bound for a French port often sufficed to condemn her. A search in the old garrets of Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport, New London, or any other old town on the coast, would discover hundred of letters like those given by Mrs. E. Vale Smith in her History of Newburyport. One captain of a schooner writes home, in 1794, from Martinico: "We are continually insulted and abused by the British. The Commodore says, 'All American property here will be confiscated.' My schooner is unloaded, stripped, and plundered of everything. Nineteen American sail here have been libelled; seven of them were lashed together, and drifted ashore, and stove to pieces." Worse outrages occurred in 1796, when

the Republicans were concentrating all their forces upon defeating the appropriation needful for the execution of the Jay treaty. How grand in Washington to ratify it! How pardonable the execrations that form a great part of the glory of the act!

It was in April, 1796, that the battle of the treaty was fought in the House of Representatives. The man that saved it was, as tradition reports, Fisher Ames of Massachusetts, whose speech in its defence, delivered to a concourse of people, lived in the memory of that generation as the greatest achievement of eloquence which the American Parliament had yet exhibited. He was just the man to plead for such a treaty; for he was a conservative by the nature of his mind, and the pulmonary disease which was to terminate his existence twelve years after had already overspread his face with pallor and tinged his mind with gloom. A man so gifted as he was, if in robust and joyous health, might have been brought to vote for the treaty, but he could not have defended it with such warmth and pathos. His appearance, as he rose to speak, was that of a man with one foot in the grave, and his first words gave the impression to the audience that they were assisting at a scene like those in which Chatham, swathed in flannel, had risen in the House of Lords to speak for the rights of Englishmen violated in America, or to rebuke the employment of savages in a war upon brethren. "I entertain the hope," he faltered, "perhaps a rash one, that my strength will hold me out to speak a few minutes." He was not, however, as near death as he looked; and as he went on, speaking in a peculiar reserved tone, low but solemn, weighty, and penetrating, he gathered strength, and spoke for an hour in a manner which enthralled every hearer. Toward the close occurred the famous tomahawk passage, in which he foretold the consequences to the frontiers of a longer retention of the posts by the English. On reaching this subject, the orator was no longer an inva-

lid. He was transfigured. His words seemed fraught with passionate apprehension, and drew tears from the eyes, not of women only, but of judges grown gray on the bench. Such poor sentences as these fell from his lips in tones that disguised their poverty and irrelevancy:—

"By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision may make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims, that, while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture; already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where the storm was raging, and afforded at the same time the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale; it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war."

When by such appeals as these he had wrought upon the feelings and the fears of his auditors, he again, by a stroke of the orator's art, drew attention to himself. "I have," said he, "as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should arise, as it will, with the public disorders to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and Constitution of my country."

The last stroke completed the subjugation of his audience. "My God!" exclaimed Irish Judge Iredell (of the

Supreme Court) to Vice-President Adams seated at his side, "how great he is! how great he has been!" "Noble!" cried Adams. "Bless my stars!" broke in the judge, after a pause, "I never heard anything so great since I was born!" "Divine!" chimed in the Vice-President. And so they continued their interchange of interjections while the tears rolled down their cheeks. "Not a dry eye in the house," Mr. Adams reports, "except some of the jackasses who had occasioned the oratory. These attempted to laugh, but their visages grinned horribly ghastly smiles." The ladies, he adds, wished the orator's soul had a better body. Forty-eight hours after, the treaty was carried by a vote of fifty-one to forty-eight.

It is not unlikely that Fisher Ames's appeal to the apprehensions and sympathies of the House, supported by his artful allusion to the *interests* involved, may have added the needful votes to the side of the administration. He did not disdain to remind his auditors on this occasion that "profit was every hour becoming capital," and that "the vast crop of our neutrality was all seed wheat and was sown again to swell almost beyond calculation the future harvest of our prosperity." He was right there. Seldom has there been a treaty that brought in a larger return of profit, and never one that yielded less honor. Many interests united in the demand for the treaty. It was only the honor and dignity of the nation that could be sacrificed by accepting it; and they were only saved by the hard necessity of the case. A hand was in the lion's mouth which it was a thing of necessity to get out; and on the 1st of June, 1796, when the posts were surrendered, that indispensable preliminary to a fair fight was accomplished.

From the airy height of Monticello Jefferson surveyed this troubled scene with the deepest interest. He held the treaty in abhorrence. He thought the honest part of its friends were influenced by an excessive, unreasonable

dread of the power of Great Britain; and the dishonesty, by the vast pecuniary interests involved. He speaks of one person, high in office, who was possessed in turn by a mortal fear of two bugbears,—a British fleet and the Democratical societies. Years after the storm of this controversy had blown over, he still adhered to the opinion that, “by a firm yet just conduct in 1793, we might have obtained a respect for our neutral rights.” Not being a military man, having, indeed, no military instincts, the recovery of the posts did not strike his mind as a compensation for the defects of the treaty; and, inhabiting a part of the country which shared the perils of the situation, *but not its prosperity*; which bore the shame of a violated flag without deriving profit from the commerce that escaped interruption, he desired ardently the rejection of the treaty. Once, in the heat of the controversy, he declared that General Washington was the only honest man who favored it. Silence, however, became a candidate for the Presidency; and, though he lent the aid of his experience and knowledge to Madison in private conferences, he uttered not a word designed for the public ear or eye. After the final acceptance of the treaty in April, 1796, he passed a quiet, pleasant summer in the congenial labors of his farm and garden, and in building his house, never going seven miles from home.

To secure the influence of General Washington was one of the objects of both parties. The President could have decided this election by merely letting it be distinctly known which of the two candidates he preferred for his successor. Nor were attempts wanting to bias his mind. Only a few months after Jefferson's return home, in 1794, Governor Henry Lee of Virginia, a recent convert to Federalism, felt it to be his duty to do a dastardly act: he was constrained by his conscience to report to the President a question which Mr. Jefferson was said to have addressed to a guest at his own house. Lee was not present when

this awful question was asked; but he had received his information from the “very respectable gentleman” of whom Mr. Jefferson had made the inquiry: “Was it *possible* that the President had attached himself to England, and was governed by British influence?” General Washington, though he stooped to reply to this small infamy, marked his sense of it by immediately (two days after) sending an express to invite Jefferson back to his old place in the Cabinet. And now, in the summer of 1796, we find him writing to Jefferson in the most frank and friendly manner, as of old, though evidently smarting under the sharp attacks of the Republican press. People told him, he wrote, that Mr. Jefferson had represented the President as being too much under Hamilton's influence. “My answer,” said he, “has invariably been, that I had never discovered anything in the conduct of Mr. Jefferson to raise suspicions in my mind of his insincerity; that, if he would retrace my public conduct while he was in the administration, abundant proofs would occur to him, that truth and right decisions were the sole objects of my pursuit; that there were as many instances within his own knowledge of my having decided *against* as *in favor* of the opinions of the person evidently alluded to; and, moreover, that I was no believer in the infallibility of the politics or measures of any man living.” At the same time, he bitterly complained that he should be rewarded for an honest attempt to avert a desolating war, by being assailed “in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket.” Mrs. Washington, who is said to have hated “filthy Democrats” with all the ardor of a lady of the old school, sent her “best wishes” to the chief Democrat on this occasion. Indeed, nothing like a breach ever occurred between the two families or the two men; and Jefferson never failed, on any occasion, to the last day of his life, to do justice, not alone to the

integrity of Washington, — which was never questioned, — but to his mind and judgment, which Hamilton underrated, if he did not despise. To Jefferson's pen we owe the best characterization of Washington which comes down to us from his contemporaries.

The strife of parties continued during the summer and autumn of 1796. The contest was unexpectedly close. The Jay treaty, though the remoter commerce of the young nation was almost created by it, seemed, at first, to the great damage of its friends, only to give new audacity to the dashing British captain. "Three hundred American vessels seized, and one thousand American sailors impressed," during the year following its ratification! Such was the statement of the Republican press of the period. Long lists of seizures lie before me, — not three hundred, it is true, nor one hundred, but enough to stir the indignation of those who read the particulars, even at this late day. Nor was the news from France reassuring. Republicans, in 1796, could point to France, after exhibiting the catalogue of British impressments and captures, and say, with alarming appearance of truth: The Jay treaty, which has not conciliated our most dangerous enemy, has alienated our only friend.

James Monroe replaced in Paris the brilliant aristocrat, Gouverneur Morris, a few days after the execution of Robespierre had broken the spell of terror. The National Convention received the young Republican with every honor which enthusiasm could suggest. Reiterated plaudits greeted his entrance, and followed the reading of a translation of his address. The chairman of the Convention replied in a style of rhetorical flourish that made Monroe's plain speech seem a model of Roman simplicity. "Why," said the President, at length, "should I delay to confirm the friendship of our republics by the fraternal embrace I am directed to give you in the name of the French people? Come and receive it in the name of the American people; and

may this scene destroy the last hope of the impious band of tyrants!" Mr. Monroe was then conducted to the President, who, as the *Moniteur* of the next day reports, "gave the kiss and embrace in the midst of universal acclamations of joy, delight, and admiration." Republican Paris smiled upon the new minister. He found it not difficult to procure the release of Thomas Paine from the Luxembourg. He wrote consolingly to Paine in his prison, claiming him as an American citizen concerning whose welfare Americans could not be indifferent, and for whom the President cherished a grateful regard. He received the sick and forlorn captive into his house, and entertained him for a year and a half. All went well with Mr. Monroe until the rumor of Jay's mission reached Paris. From that hour to the Convention of 1800, the relations of the United States with France had but one course, from bad to worse; French captains, at length, surpassing the English in dashing exploits upon schooners hailing from the American coast.

It was for these reasons that the voters were so evenly divided in November, 1796, between the candidates of the two parties: Adams and Pinckney, Jefferson and Burr. Jefferson had the narrowest escape from being elected to the Presidency: Adams 71, Jefferson 68, Pinckney 59, Burr 30, Samuel Adams 15, Oliver Ellsworth 11, George Clinton 7, Jay 5, Iredell 2, George Washington 2, John Henry 2, Samuel Johnson 2, C. C. Pinckney 1. It was a geographical result. For Adams, the North; for Jefferson, the South, — except that Jefferson received every Pennsylvania vote but one, and Adams seven from Maryland, one from Virginia, and one from North Carolina. Hamilton might well say, that Mr. Adams was elected by a kind of "miracle"; for the three votes that elected him were, so to speak, unnatural, eccentric, contrary to all rational expectation, against the current of popular feeling in the States which gave them, namely, Pennsylvania, North Carolina,

and Virginia. According to the Constitution, not then amended, Mr. Jefferson, having received next to the highest number of electoral votes, was elected Vice-President.

December was well advanced before he knew the result. His feelings on learning it were fully expressed in a confidential letter to his other political self, James Madison. He said the vote had come much nearer an equality than he had expected, and that he was well content with his escape. "As to the first office," said he, "it was impossible that a more solid unwillingness, settled on full calculation, could have existed in any man's mind, short of the degree of absolute refusal. The only view on which I would have gone into it for a while was, to put our vessel on her republican tack, before she should be thrown too much to leeward of her true principles. As to the second, it is the only office in the world about which I am unable to decide in my own mind whether I had rather have it or not have it. Pride does not enter into the estimate; for I think with the Romans, that the general of to-day should be a soldier to-morrow if necessary. I can particularly have no feelings which would revolt at a secondary position to Mr. Adams. I am his junior in life, was his junior in Congress, his junior in the diplomatic line, his junior lately in our civil government." Nay, more: "If Mr. Adams can be induced to administer the government on its true principles, and to relinquish his bias to an English constitution, it is to be considered whether it would not be on the whole for the public good to come to a good understanding with him as to his future elections. He is, perhaps, the only sure barrier against Hamilton's getting in."

Having settled these affairs of state, he proceeds to discourse upon a parcel of books which Madison had lately sent him. In this letter to Madison he enclosed an open one to Mr. Adams, leaving it to Madison's discretion to forward or return it. Jefferson's doubt as to the propriety of sending this let-

ter arose from the awkwardness of professing indifference to public honors. Not one man in five could then believe such professions sincere; and we see, in all the campaign frenzy of those years, the most unquestioning assumption that Jefferson's every act and word had but one object,—the Presidency. He desired to say to Mr. Adams how satisfied he was, personally, with the result of the election, and to congratulate him upon the honor his country had done him. "I leave to others," he wrote, "the sublime delight of riding in the storm, better pleased with sound sleep and a warm berth below, with the society of neighbors, friends, and fellow-laborers of the earth, than of spies and sycophants. No one, then, will congratulate you with purer disinterestedness than myself. The share, indeed, which I may have had in the late vote, I shall still value highly, as an evidence of the share I have in the esteem of my fellow-citizens. But still, in this point of view, a few votes less would be little sensible; the difference in the effect of a few more would be very sensible and oppressive to me. I have no ambition to govern men. It is a painful and thankless office."

Upon reflection, Mr. Madison deemed it best not to send this letter. The "ticklish temper" of Mr. Adams, the consideration due to those who had so vehemently contested his election, and the probable future necessity of opposing his measures, induced him to keep the letter till Mr. Jefferson's arrival at the seat of government. At the same time, Mr. Madison admitted "the duty and policy of cultivating Mr. Adams's favorable disposition and giving a fair start to his executive career."

As soon as the result of this long contest was known, an imaginative paragraphist evolved the report, that Mr. Jefferson would not deign to accept the second office. The rumor rapidly spread itself over the country. Madison wrote to Monticello, suggesting that the best way to dispel so absurd an imputation was for Mr. Jeffer-

son to come to Philadelphia and be publicly sworn in on the 4th of March. It was one of the "cold winters" of the century. On the very day upon which Madison wrote this letter, the shivering lord of Monticello, in the course of a long meteorological letter to Volney (in exile at Philadelphia) used these words: "It is at this moment so cold, that the ink freezes in my pen, so that my letter will scarcely be legible." It is to be feared that the remodelled mansion was not yet weather-proof. For so healthy a man, Jefferson was curiously susceptible of cold, and he once wrote that he had suffered during his life more from cold than from all other physical causes put together. He resolved, however, as he told Madison, to appear in Philadelphia on the day of the inauguration, "as a mark of respect for the public, and to do away with the doubts which have spread that I should consider the second office as beneath my acceptance." The journey, however, he owned, was "a tremendous undertaking for one who had not been seven miles from home since his resettlement."

Jefferson's aversion to ceremonial was manifested on this occasion. It was an article of his political creed, that political office stood upon the same footing as any other respectable vocation, and entitled the holder to no special consideration; no respect except that which justly rewards fidelity to any important trust; no etiquette except such as that very fidelity necessitates; no privileges except those legally given to facilitate the discharge of public duty. Holding this opinion, he wrote to Mr. Tazewell of the Senate, asking him to prevent the sending of a costly and imposing embassy to notify him of his election, as had been done when General Washington and Mr. Adams were first elected. Better drop a letter into the post-office, said he in substance; it is the simplest, quickest, and surest way. He begged Madison, also, to discourage anything that might be proposed in the way of a public reception at Philadelphia. "If Gover-

nor Mifflin" (of Pennsylvania, a pronounced Republican) "should show any symptoms of ceremony, pray contrive to parry them."

When John Howard was appointed high-sheriff of his county, he conceived the novel idea of inquiring what duties were attached to the office. The duties of a high-sheriff, he was informed, were to ride into town on court days in a gilt coach, entertain the judges at dinner, and give an annual county ball. But Howard pushed his eccentricity so far as to look into the law-books, to see if there might not be something else required at the hands of a high-sheriff. There *was*: he was to inspect the jail! He inspected the jail; and his inspection had the unprecedented quality of being real. He looked; he felt; he smelt; he tasted; he weighed; he measured; he questioned. The reformation of the jails of Christendom dates from that incongruous act. So Jefferson, soon after his election to an office that made him chairman of the Senate, awoke to the fact that he was, from twelve years' disuse, "entirely rusty in the parliamentary rules of procedure." He had once been well versed in those rules. Among the many curious relics of his tireless, minute industry which have been preserved to this day, is a small, well-worn, leather-bound manuscript volume of one hundred and five pages, entitled *Parliamentary Pocket-Book*, begun by him when he was a young lawyer, expecting soon to be a member of the parliament of Virginia. This work, which contained the substance of ancient parliamentary law and usage, he now fished from its hiding-place, and upon it, as a basis, he gradually constructed his *Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, which still governs our deliberative bodies. After amending it and adding to it for four years, aided by the learning and experience of his ancient master in the law, George Wythe, he left it in manuscript to the Senate, as the standard by which he "had judged and was willing to be judged."

The opening paragraph betrays the habit of his mind and shows from what quarter he habitually expected danger: "Mr. Onslow, the ablest among the speakers of the House of Commons, used to say, 'It was a maxim he had often heard, when he was a young man, from old and experienced members, that nothing tended more to throw power into the hands of administration and those who acted with a majority of the House of Commons, than a neglect of or departure from the rules of proceeding; that these forms, as instituted by our ancestors, operated as a check and control on the actions of the majority; and that they were, in many instances, a shelter and protection to the minority against the attempts of power.'" This little Manual is really a wonderful piece of work, compact with the brief results of wide research. This sentence startles one who now turns over its pages: "WHEN THE PRIVATE INTERESTS OF A MEMBER ARE CONCERNED IN A BILL OR QUESTION, HE IS TO WITHDRAW!"

In 1797, it was still ten days' ride from Monticello to Philadelphia. When Mr. Jefferson's man, Jupiter, drove his chaise round to the door on the 20th of February, the master did not forget that a few weeks before he had been elected president of the Philosophical Society; and, accordingly, he placed in the carriage some bones of the mastodon, lately come into his possession, the size of which had filled him with special wonder. With the Parliamentary Pocket-Book in his trunk and these bones under the seat, he was well set up in both his characters. From Alexandria he took the public coach, and sent his own vehicle home; not omitting to record in his diary that the stage fare from Alexandria to Philadelphia was \$ 11.75, — no great charge for six days' ride in February mud. Mr. Madison did not succeed in parrying the symptoms of ceremony; for we read in a Philadelphia newspaper of the time, that, on Thursday, the 2d of March, "the company of artillery welcomed that tried patriot, Thomas

Jefferson, with a discharge of sixteen rounds from two twelve-pounders, and a flag was displayed from the *park* of artillery bearing the device, 'Jefferson, the Friend of the People.'"

The inauguration of a new President, like the accession of a young prince to a throne, is naturally a time of joyous excitement; but the present occasion was clouded with apprehension. Every newspaper of those early weeks of 1797, which contained news from abroad, had from one to a dozen items like this: "The ship *Eliza*, on her passage from Liverpool to New York, sprang a leak, and was obliged to bear away to the West Indies. In sight of Martinico she was taken by a *French* privateer and run ashore, where she was totally wrecked. The Captain was imprisoned thirty-two days, and then released without trial." This, from the only power in the world which could be regarded as the natural ally of the United States! This from the native land of Lafayette! And now the great character which had stood between contending parties, himself no partisan, was to withdraw from the scene, leaving the crisis to be dealt with by men untried in the responsibilities of government. Good citizens might well be anxious for their country.

On reaching Philadelphia, Jefferson went at once to pay his respects to Mr. Adams, who, the next morning, returned the call, and started immediately the topic that was upon every man's mind and tongue, — the danger of a rupture with France. The President elect said that he was impressed with the necessity of sending an embassy to that country. The first wish of his heart would have been to intrust the mission to Jefferson; but he supposed that was out of the question, as it did not seem justifiable for a President to send away the person destined to take his place in case of accident to himself, nor decent to remove from competition one who was a rival for the public favor. He had resolved, he said, to send an imposing embassy of three dis-

tinguished persons, — Elbridge Gerry from New England, from Virginia James Madison, from South Carolina C. C. Pinckney. The dignity of the mission, he thought, would satisfy France, and its selection from the three great divisions of the country would satisfy the people of the United States. Mr. Jefferson agreed with the President elect as to the impropriety of his leaving the post assigned him by the people, and consented to make known his wishes to Madison. Mr. Adams was all candor and cordiality on this occasion. In the elation of the hour, he evidently regarded Mr. Jefferson as a colleague with whom it was but natural for him to consult. In his swelling moments during these first days of his elevation, he liked to compare Jefferson's position in the country with that of prince royal or heir-apparent to a throne, — much too exalted a personage to be sent on any mission.

On the last day of Washington's term, Jefferson was one of the guests at the dinner given by the President to the conspicuous persons of the capital with whom he had been officially connected. It was a merry dinner; for, on this occasion, he who was to lay down the burden of power was happier than they who were to take it up. On Saturday, the 4th of March, occurred the memorable scenes of the inauguration so often described. At eleven, Mr. Jefferson, in the Senate chamber, was sworn into office, assumed the chair, and delivered the usual brief address. He concluded with a cordial tribute to Mr. Adams: "No one more sincerely prays that no accident may call me to the higher and more important functions which the Constitution eventually devolves on this office. These have been justly confided to the eminent character which has preceded me here, whose talents and integrity have been known and revered by me through a long course of years, and have been the foundation of a cordial and uninterrupted friendship between us; and I devoutly pray he may be long preserved for the gov-

ernment, the happiness, and prosperity of our common country."

The Senate, with Mr. Jefferson at their head, then proceeded to the Representatives' Hall, where Mr. Adams took the oath, and delivered his robust inaugural, so worthy of him and of the occasion, so little appreciated by the party leaders who were to deceive, mislead, and destroy him. General Washington's fine sense of propriety was shown on this occasion in a trifling incident that caught every eye and dwelt in many memories. After Mr. Adams had left the chamber, the General and Mr. Jefferson rose at the same moment to follow him, and Mr. Jefferson, of course, stood aside to let the ex-President take the lead in leaving the chamber. But the private citizen pointedly refused to accept the precedence over the Vice-President. Mr. Jefferson was obliged to go first.

That afternoon there was a mighty banquet given in honor of the retiring chief by the merchants of Philadelphia, which was attended by the President, the Vice-President, members of Congress, the Cabinet, the foreign ministers, and a great company of noted citizens. The circus was converted into a banqueting-hall, to which the company marched, two and two, from the great tavern of the day. The toast given by Jefferson was very significant to the men of that time, little as it conveys to us: "Eternal union of sentiment between the commerce and agriculture of our country." Benevolent readers will be pleased to learn that, in accordance with a kindly custom of the period, "the remains of this festival were given to the prisoners in the jail and the sick in the hospital, that the unfortunate and afflicted might also rejoice."

Sunday passed. If we may judge from the vituperation of after-years, Mr. Jefferson took the liberty of attending the Unitarian chapel, where Dr. Priestley might then be occasionally heard, instead of exhibiting himself at Christ Church, which had been more politic. On Monday, Mr. Adams and

himself again dined with General Washington. As they chanced to leave at the same moment, they walked together until their ways diverged, and Mr. Jefferson seized the opportunity to inform the President that Madison declined the French mission. The topic had evidently become an embarrassing one to the President. Objections, he said, in his honest, tactless manner, had been made to the nomination of Mr. Madison; and he continued to stammer excuses till the welcome corner of Market Street and Fifth Street gave him an undeniable excuse for breaking off the conversation.

Mr. Adams never again consulted the Vice-President on a political measure. They exchanged punctually the civilities which their situations and their ancient friendship demanded; but never again did they converse on a measure of the administration. Mr. Jefferson, as he strolled along Fifth Street in the silence and solitude of a Philadelphia evening, mused upon the

cause of the sudden change in the President's tone on the subject of the French mission. He arrived at a probable solution of the mystery: Mr. Adams had met the Cabinet that Monday morning for the first time. Madison to France! What a proposition to make to a knot of Federalists, sore and hot from the strife of 1796! Madison, the thorn in Hamilton's side for seven years, to be selected for the most conspicuous honor in the administration's gift by Hamilton's own satellites and *protégés*! Mr. Adams, as Jefferson conjectured, rose from the council-table in an altered mood; and "as he never acted on any system, but was always governed by the feeling of the moment," he gave up his dream of steering impartially between the two parties, and employing the talents of both, in the lofty style of Washington. It is not given to every man to bend the bow of Ulysses! The king and the heir-apparent seldom agree in politics while the king reigns!

James Parton.

THE GOAL OF SPRING.

WHEN the May showers are past
Which waked the meadows to their tender green,
And summer blooms have come and faded fast,
No longer to be seen;
Memory with tearful fondness looketh back
As age on childhood's flower-besprinkled track.

But from the first brown clod,
On through the rainbow-colored April mist,
Across broad clover-fields by mowers trod
And summer sunshine kissed,
Maturer thought — imagination's bond —
Leaps into autumn's radiant realms beyond.

Upon the joyous hills
Her festal multitudes stand grouped on high;
As where some city's population fills
Window and balcony,
When with loud welcoming and clarion strain
Its armies come, victorious, home again.

Along the river's brim
 The crimson-clad battalions of the trees, —
 The rustling music of their army-hymn.
 Borne on the exultant breeze, —
 Move through the valley in majestic march,
 Under the noontide heaven's triumphal arch.

And still — when Day hath set
 For dwellers in the hamlet by the bridge —
 In his last beams the ensanguined maples yet
 Shine on the upland ridge;
 And kindled larches flash like bonfire lights'
 From peak to peak, along the blazing heights.

In comradeship like this,
 I come — ere Winter violate her charms —
 To press on Nature's cheek a farewell kiss,
 Enfold her in my arms,
 And her consummate loveliness recall
 Ere my queen lies beneath her silver pall.

Amid the forest glades
 I track the hours of the receding year;
 Along October's curtained colonnades
 Their rustling steps I hear;
 And where the sunshine warms the mountain-side
 Their lingering shadows still awhile abide.

Beneath the mossy ledge,
 Which overhangs a bowl of amber-brown,
 I watch the streamlet brimming o'er the edge,
 And farther down
 Hear its impatient accents, and discern
 Its eager strugglings, tangled in the fern.

And as I lie reclined
 Against some trunk the husbandman hath felled,
 Old legendary poems fill my mind,
 And parables of eld.
 I wander with Orlando through the wood,
 Or muse with Jaques in his solitude.

The birch on yonder mound —
 With leafless ivory branches glimmering bare,
 Its yellow treasures heaped upon the ground —
 Seemeth Godiva fair,
 Standing, white-limbed, and naked as at birth,
 With all her golden raiment slid to earth.

But costlier far than all,
 All noble images in Fancy's sphere,
 Fair shapes descend from Memory's pictured hall, —
 Forms my fond heart holds dear;
 Visions of unreturning ones, who stand
 Beside me here and take me by the hand.

Ye sweet autumnal days !
Is there no spell to call your beauty back,
To re-illumine these divine delays
Upon your dusky track ?
To wake at will your dear delights, which steep
The soul in bliss till the tired senses sleep ?

Vainly, alas ! I cry ;
Vainly I strive to grasp your garments' hem :
Ye sweep, in your empurpled radiance, by,
With coronal and gem,
As earth's un pitying sovereigns those that grieve,
And stretch sad hands for pardon or reprieve.

Even as I gaze ye cease ;
Your palaces are empty in the land ;
And into ruin crumbles, piece by piece,
Your culmination grand ;
And the red embers darken on the sod
O'er which, unscathed, your saintlike footsteps trod.

O, for some poet-soul,
The subtle fervor of whose honeyed line
Might crush the hoarded harvest of the whole
Within one cup divine !
And all your dim-eyed dreams of joy be quaffed
When to our lips he held the precious draught.

So princely Ganymede,
Whose roseate cheek the downcast lashes sweep,
Serving the immortal revellers' thirsty need
In Jove's Olympian keep,
Pours in star-beaming beakers crystalline
The lusty life-blood of the fruited vine.

But be not we as they
Who, in the recurrent glow of bud and bloom,
See but fruition twin-born with decay,
And through your golden gloom
Grope on to winter, aimless, hopeless, blind,—
Beasts that but build the ladder of their kind,—

Dead to the noble thrill,
The rapture of the elemental strife,
The kingly pity, the heroic will,
The brotherhood of life,—
Parted companionships, which live again
Within the orbéd portals of the brain.

Yet were it sweet, perhaps,
To pillow in your arms a weary head,
And with yon rivulet's unhindered lapse
Pass to the earlier dead,
And closing thus our heavy-lidded eyes,
Wake to the glad contentment of the skies.

James F. Colman.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

X.

MR. ARBUTON SPEAKS.

MRS. ELLISON was almost well; she had already been shopping twice in the Rue Fabrique, and her recovery was now chiefly retarded by the dress-maker's delays in making up a silk too precious to be risked in the piece with the customs officers, at the frontier. Moreover, although the colonel was beginning to chafe, she was not loath to linger yet a few days for the sake of an affair to which her suffering had been a willing sacrifice. In return for her indefatigable self-devotion, Kitty had lately done very little. She ungratefully shrunk more and more from those confidences to which her cousin's speeches covertly invited; she openly resisted open attempts upon her knowledge of facts. If she was not prepared to confess everything to Fanny, it was perhaps because it was all so very little, or because a young girl has not, or ought not to have, a mind in certain matters, or else knows it not, till it is asked her by the one first authorized to learn it. The dream in which she lived was flattering and fair; and it wholly contented her imagination while it lulled her consciousness. It moved from phase to phase without the harshness of reality, and was apparently allied neither to the future nor to the past. She herself seemed to have no more fixity or responsibility in it than the heroine of a romance.

As their last week in Quebec drew to its close, only two or three things remained for them to do, as tourists; and chief among the few unvisited shrines of sentiment was the site of the old Jesuit mission at Sillery.

"It won't do not to see that, Kitty," said Mrs. Ellison, who, as usual, had arranged the details of the excursion, and now announced them. "It's

one of the principal things here, and your Uncle Jack would never be satisfied if you missed it. In fact, it's a shame to have left it so long. I can't go with you, for I'm saving up all my strength for our picnic at Château-Bigot to-morrow; and I want you, Kitty, to see that the colonel sees everything. I've had trouble enough, goodness knows, getting the facts together for him." This was as Kitty and Mr. Arbuton sat waiting in Mrs. Ellison's parlor for the delinquent colonel, who had just stepped round to the Hotel St. Louis and was to be back presently. But the moment of his return passed; a quarter-hour of grace; a half-hour of grim magnanimity, — and still no colonel. Mrs. Ellison began by saying that it was perfectly abominable, and left herself, in a greater extremity, with nothing more forcible to add than that it was too provoking. "It's getting so late now," she said at last, "that it's no use waiting any longer, if you mean to go at all, to-day; and to-day's the only day you *can* go. There, you'd better drive on without him. I can't bear to have you miss it." And, thus adjured, the younger people rose and went.

When the high-born Noël Brulart de Sillery, Knight of Malta and courtier of Marie de Medicis, turned from the vanities of this world and became a priest, Canada was the fashionable mission of the day, and the noble neophyte signalized his self-renunciation by giving of his great wealth for the conversion of the Indian heathen. He supplied the Jesuits with money to maintain a religious establishment near Quebec; and the settlement of red Christians took his musical name, which the region still keeps. It became famous at once as the first residence of the Jesuits and the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu, who wrought and suffered for religion there amidst the terrors of pestilence, Iroquois, and winter. It was the scene

of miracles and martyrdoms, and marvels of many kinds, and the centre of the missionary efforts among the Indians. Indeed, few events of the picturesque early history of Quebec left it untouched; and it is worthy to be seen, no less for the wild beauty of the spot than for its heroic memories. About a league from the city, where the irregular wall of rock on which Quebec is built recedes from the river, and a grassy space stretches between the tide and the foot of the woody steep, the old mission and the Indian village once stood; and to this day there yet stands the stalwart frame of the first Jesuit Residence, modernized, of course, and turned to secular uses, but firm as of old, and good for a century to come. All round is a world of lumber, and rafts of vast extent cover the face of the waters in the ample cove, — one of many that indent the shore of the St. Lawrence. A careless village straggles along the roadside and the river's margin; huge lumber-ships are loading for Europe in the stream; a town shines out of the woods on the opposite shore; nothing but a friendly climate is needed to make this one of the most charming scenes the heart could imagine.

Kitty and Mr. Arbuton drove out towards Sillery by the St. Louis Road, and already the jealous foliage that hides the pretty villas and stately places of that aristocratic suburb was tinged in here and there a bough with autumnal crimson or yellow; in the meadows here and there a vine ran red along the grass; the loath choke-cherries were ripening in the fence corners; the air was full of the pensive jargon-ing of the crickets and grasshoppers, and all the subtle sentiment of the fading summer. Their hearts were open to every dreamy influence of the time; their driver understood hardly any English, and their talk might safely be made up of those harmless egotisms which young people exchange, — those strains of psychological autobiography which mark advancing intimacy and in which they appear to each

other the most uncommon persons that ever lived, and their experiences and emotions and ideas are all the more surprisingly unique because exactly alike.

It seemed a very short league to Sillery when they left the St. Louis Road, and the driver turned his horses' heads towards the river, down the winding sylvan way that descended to the shore; and they had not so much desire, after all, to explore the site of the old mission. Nevertheless, they got out and visited the little space once occupied by the Jesuit chapel, where its foundations may yet be traced in the grass, and they read the inscription on the monument lately raised by the parish to the memory of the first Jesuit missionary to Canada, who died at Sillery. Then there seemed nothing more to do but admire the mighty rafts and piles of lumber; but their show of interest in the local celebrity had stirred the pride of Sillery, and a little French boy entered the chapel-yard, and gave Kitty a pamphlet history of the place, for which he would not suffer himself to be paid; and a sweet-faced young Englishwoman came out of the house across the way, and hesitatingly asked if they would not like to see the Jesuit Residence. She led them indoors, and showed them how the ancient edifice had been encased by the modern house, and bade them note, from the deep shelving window-seats, that the stone walls were three feet thick. The rooms were low-ceiled and quaintly shaped, but they borrowed a certain grandeur from this massiveness; and it was easy to figure the priests in black and the nuns in gray in those dim chambers, which now a life so different inhabited. Behind the house was a plot of grass, and thence the wooded hill rose steep.

"But come up stairs," said the ardent little hostess to Kitty, when her husband came in, and had civilly welcomed the strangers, "and I'll show you my own room, that's as old as any."

They left the two men below, and

mounted to a large room carpeted and furnished in modern taste. "We had to take down the old staircase," she continued, "to get our bedstead up,"—a magnificent structure which she plainly thought well worth the sacrifice; and then she pointed out divers remnants of the ancient building. "It's a queer place to live in; but we're only here for the summer"; and she went on to explain, with a pretty *naïveté*, how her husband's business brought him to Sillery from Quebec in that season. They were descending the stairs, Kitty foremost, as she added, "This is my first housekeeping, you know, and of course it would be strange anywhere; but you can't think how funny it is here. I suppose," she said, shyly, but as if all her confidences merited some return, while Kitty stepped from the stairway face to face with Mr. Arbuton, who was about to follow them, with the lady's husband,— "I suppose this is your wedding-journey."

A quick alarm flamed through the young girl, and burned out of her glowing cheeks. This pleasant masquerade of hers must look to others like the most intentional love-making between her and Mr. Arbuton,—no dreams either of them, nor figures in a play, nor characters in a romance; nay, on one spectator, at least, it had shed the soft lustre of a honeymoon. How could it be otherwise? Here on this fatal line of wedding-travel,—so common that she remembered Mrs. March half apologized for making it her first tour after marriage,—how could it happen but that two young people together as they were should be taken for bride and bridegroom? Moreover, and worst of all, he must have heard that fatal speech!

He was pale, if she was flushed, and looked grave, as she fancied; but he passed on up the stairs, and she sat down to wait for his return.

"I used to notice so many couples from the States when we lived in the city," continued the hospitable mistress of the house, "but I don't think they often came out to Sillery. In fact, you're

the only pair that's come this summer; and so, when you seemed interested about the mission, I thought you would n't mind if I spoke to you, and asked you in to see the house. Most of the Americans stay long enough to visit the citadel, and the Plains of Abraham, and the Falls at Montmorenci, and then they go away. I should think they'd be tired always doing the same things. To be sure, they're always different people."

It was unfair to let her entertainer go on talking for quantity in this way; and Kitty said how glad she was to see the old Residence, and that she should always be grateful to her for asking them in. She did not disabuse her of her error; it cost less to leave it alone; and when Mr. Arbuton reappeared, she took leave of those kind people with a sort of remote enjoyment of the wife's mistakenness concerning herself. Yet, as the young matron and her husband stood beside the carriage repeating their adieux, she would fain have prolonged the parting forever, so much she dreaded to be left alone with Mr. Arbuton. But, left alone with him, her spirits violently rose; and as they drove along under the shadow of the cliff, she descanted in her liveliest strain upon all the interests of the way; she dwelt on the beauty of the wide, still river, with the ships at anchor in it; she praised the lovely sunset-light on the other shore; she commented lightly on the village, through which they passed, with the open doors and the suppers frying on the great stoves set into the partition-walls of each cleanly home; she made him look at the two great stairways that climb the cliff from the lumber-yards to the Plains of Abraham, and the army of laborers, each with his empty dinner-pail in hand, scaling the once difficult heights on their way home to the suburb of St. Roch; she did all that she could to keep the talk to herself and yet away from herself. Part of the way the village was French and neat and pleasant, then it grovelled with Irish people, and ceased to be a tolerable theme for discourse;

and so at last the silence against which she had battled fell upon them and deepened like a spell that she could not break.

It would have been better for Mr. Arbuton's success just then if he had not broken it. But failure was not within his reckoning; for, complete as was his surrender to this fancy of his, he had not conceived that she could feel any doubt in accepting him. He had so long regarded this young girl *de haut en bas*, to say it brutally, that he could not but believe his preference must irresistibly flatter her. Moreover, a magnanimous sense of obligation mingled with his confident love. She must have known that he had overheard that speech at the Residence, and it was due to himself to speak now. Perhaps he let this feeling color his manner, however faintly. He lacked the last fine instinct; he could not forbear; and he spoke while all her nerves and fluttering pulses cried him mercy.

XI.

KITTY ANSWERS.

It was dimmest twilight when Kitty entered Mrs. Ellison's room and sat rigidly down on the chair before her sofa.

"The colonel met a friend at the St. Louis, and forgot all about the expedition, Kitty," said Fanny, "and he only came in half an hour ago. But it's just as well; I know you've had a splendid time. Where's Mr. Arbuton?"

Kitty burst into tears.

"Why, has anything happened to him?" cried Mrs. Ellison, springing towards her.

"To him? No! What should happen to *him*?" Kitty demanded with an indignant accent.

"Well, then, has anything happened to *you*?"

"I don't know if you can call it *happening*. But I suppose you'll be satisfied *now*, Fanny. He's offered himself to me." Kitty uttered the last

words with a sort of violence, as if since the fact must be stated, she wished it to appear in the sharpest relief.

"O dear!" said Mrs. Ellison, not so well satisfied as the successful match-maker ought to be. So long as it was a marriage in the abstract, she had never ceased to desire it; but as the actual union of Kitty and this Mr. Arbuton, of whom, after all, they knew so little, and of whom, if she searched her heart, she had as little liking as knowledge, it was another affair. Mrs. Ellison trembled at her triumph, and began to think that failure would have been easier to bear. Were they in the least suited to each other? Would she like to see poor Kitty chained for life to that impassive egotist, whose very merits were repellent, and whose modesty even seemed to convict and snub you? Mrs. Ellison was not able to put the matter to herself with moderation, either way; doubtless she did Mr. Arbuton injustice. "Did you accept him?" she whispered, feebly.

"Accept him?" repeated Kitty. "No!"

"O dear!" again sighed Mrs. Ellison, feeling that this was scarcely better, and not daring to ask further.

"I'm dreadfully perplexed, Fanny," said Kitty, after waiting for the questions which did not come, "and I wish you'd help me think."

"I will, darling. But I don't know that I'll be of much use. I begin to think I'm not very good at thinking."

Kitty, who longed chiefly to get the situation more distinctly before herself gave no heed to this confession, but went on to rehearse the whole affair. The twilight lent her its veil; and in the kindly obscurity she gathered courage to face all the facts, and even to find what was droll in them.

"It was very solemn, of course, and I was frightened; but I tried to keep my wits about me, and *not* to say yes, simply because that was the easiest thing. I told him that I did n't know, — and I don't; and that I must have time to think, — and I must. He was

very ungenerous, and said he had hoped I had already had time to think ; and he could n't seem to understand, or else I could n't very well explain, how it had been with me all along."

"He might certainly say you had encouraged him," Mrs. Ellison remarked, thoughtfully.

"Encouraged him, Fanny? How can you accuse me of such indelicacy?"

"Encouraging is n't indelicacy. The gentlemen *have* to be encouraged, or of course they'd never have any courage. They're so timid, naturally."

"I don't think Mr. Arbuton is very timid. He seemed to think that he had only to ask as a matter of form, and I had no business to say anything. What has he ever done for me? And has n't he often been intensely disagreeable? He ought n't to have spoken just after overhearing what he did. He ought to have had some confidence in my confidence in him. He was very obtuse, too, not to see that girls can't always be so certain of themselves as men, or, if they are, don't know they are as soon as they're asked."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Ellison, "that's the way with girls. I do believe that most of them — when they're young like you, Kitty — never think of marriage as the end of their flirtations. They'd just like the attentions and the romance to go on forever, and never turn into anything more serious ; and they're not to blame for that, though they *do* get blamed for it."

"Certainly," assented Kitty, eagerly, "that's it ; that's just what I was saying ; that's the very reason why girls must have time to make up their minds. *You* had, I suppose."

"Yes, two minutes. Poor Dick was going back to his regiment, and stood with his watch in his hand. I said no, and called after him to correct myself. But, Kitty, if the romance had happened to stop without his saying anything, you would n't have liked that either, would you?"

"No," faltered Kitty, "I suppose not."

"Well, then, don't you see? That's a great point in his favor. How much time did you want, or did he give you?"

"I said I should answer before we left Quebec," answered Kitty, with a heavy sigh.

"Don't you know, what to say now?"

"I can't tell. That's what I want you to help me think out."

Mrs. Ellison was silent for a moment before she said, "Well, then, I suppose we shall have to go back to the very beginning."

"Yes," assented Kitty, faintly.

"You did have a sort of fancy for him the first time you saw him, did n't you?" asked Mrs. Ellison, coaxingly, while forcing herself to be systematic and coherent, by a mental strain of which no idea can be given.

"Yes," said Kitty, yet more faintly, adding, "but I can't tell just what sort of a fancy it was. I suppose I admired him for being handsome and stylish, and for having such exquisite manners."

"Go on," said Mrs. Ellison. "And after you got acquainted with him?"

"Why, you know we've talked that over once already, Fanny."

"Yes, but we ought n't to skip anything now," replied Mrs. Ellison, in a tone of judicial accuracy which made Kitty smile.

But she quickly became serious again, and said, "Afterwards I could n't tell whether to like him or not, or whether he wanted me to. I think he acted very strangely for a person in — love. I used to feel so troubled and oppressed when I was with him. He seemed always to be making himself agreeable under protest."

"Perhaps that was just your imagination, Kitty."

"Perhaps it was ; but it troubled me all the same."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, and then after that day of the Montgomery expedition, he seemed to change altogether, and to try always to be pleasant, and to do everything he could to make me like him. I don't know how to account for it. Ever

since then he's been extremely careful of me, and behaved—of course without knowing it—as if I belonged to him already. Or maybe I've imagined that too. It's very hard to tell what has really happened the last two weeks."

Kitty was silent, and Mrs. Ellison did not speak at once. Presently she asked, "Was his acting as if you belonged to him disagreeable?"

"I can't tell. I think it was rather presuming. I don't know why he did it."

"Do you respect him?" demanded Mrs. Ellison.

"Why, Fanny, I've always told you that I did respect some things in him."

Mrs. Ellison had the facts before her, and it rested upon her to sum them up, and do something with them. She rose to a sitting posture, and confronted her task.

"Well, Kitty, I'll tell you: I don't really know what to think. But I can say this: if you liked him at first, and then did n't like him, and afterwards he made himself more agreeable, and you did n't mind his behaving as if you belonged to him, and you respected him, but after all did n't think him fascinating—"

"He is fascinating—in a kind of way. He was, from the beginning. In a story his cold, snubbing, putting-down ways would have been perfectly fascinating."

"Then why did n't you take him?"

"Because," answered Kitty, between laughing and crying, "it is n't a story, and I don't know whether I like him."

"But do you think you might get to like him?"

"I don't know. His asking brings back all the doubts I ever had of him, and that I have been forgetting the past two weeks. I can't tell whether I like him or not. If I did, should n't I trust him more?"

"Well, whether you are in love or not, I'll tell you what you *are*, Kitty," cried Mrs. Ellison, provoked with her indecision, and yet relieved that the worst, whatever it was, was postponed thereby for a day or two.

"What?"

But at this important juncture the colonel came lounging in, and Kitty ran out of the room.

"Richard," said Mrs. Ellison, seriously, and in a tone implying that it was all the colonel's fault, as usual, "you know what has happened, I suppose."

"No, my dear, I don't; but no matter: I will presently, I dare say."

"O, I wish for once you would n't be so flippant. Mr. Arbuton has offered himself to Kitty."

Colonel Ellison gave a quick, sharp whistle of amazement, but trusted himself to nothing more articulate.

"Yes," said his wife, responding to the whistle, "and it makes me perfectly wretched."

"Why, I thought you liked him."

"I did n't *like* him; but I thought it would be an excellent thing for Kitty."

"And won't it?"

"She does n't know."

"Does n't know?"

"No."

The colonel was silent, while Mrs. Ellison stated the case in full, and its pending uncertainty. Then he exclaimed vehemently, as if his amazement had been growing upon him, "This is the most astonishing thing in the world! Who would ever have dreamt of that young iceberg being in love?"

"Have n't I *told* you all along he was?"

"O yes, certainly; but that might be taken either way, you know. You could discover the tender passion in the eye of a potato."

"Colonel Ellison," said Fanny with sternness, "why do you suppose he's been hanging about us for the last four weeks? Why should he have stayed in Quebec? Do you think he pitied *me*, or found *you* so very agreeable?"

"Well, I thought he found us just tolerable, and was interested in the place."

Mrs. Ellison made no reply to this at once, but looked a scorn which, happily for the colonel, the darkness hid. Presently she said that bats did not express the blindness of men, for any

bat could have seen what was going on.

"Why," remarked the colonel, "I did have a momentary suspicion that day of the Montgomery business; they both looked very confused, when I saw them at the end of that street, and neither of them had anything to say; but that was accounted for by what you told me afterwards about his adventure. At the time I did n't pay much attention to the matter. The idea of his being in love seemed too ridiculous."

"Was it ridiculous for you to be in love with me?"

"No; and yet I can't praise my condition for its wisdom, Fanny."

"Yes! that's *like* men. As soon as one of them is safely married, he thinks all the love-making in the world has been done forever, and he can't conceive of two young people taking a fancy to each other."

"That's something so, Fanny. But granting—for the sake of argument merely—that Boston has been asking Kitty to marry him, and she does n't know whether she wants him, what are we to do about it? I don't like him well enough to plead his cause; do you? When does Kitty think she'll be able to make up her mind?"

"She's to let him know before we leave."

The colonel laughed. "And so he's to hang about here on uncertainties for two whole days! That *is* rather rough on him. Fanny, what made you so eager for this business?"

"Eager? I *was* n't eager."

"Well, then,—reluctantly acquiescent?"

"Why, she's so literary and that."

"And what?"

"How insulting!—Intellectual, and so on; and I thought she would be just fit to live in a place where everybody is literary and intellectual. That is, I thought that, if I thought anything."

"Well," said the colonel, "you may have been right on the whole, but I don't think Kitty is showing any par-

ticular force of mind, just now, that would fit her to live in Boston. My opinion is, that it's ridiculous for her to keep him in suspense. She might as well answer him first as last. She's putting herself under a kind of obligation by her delay. I'll talk to her—"

"If you do, you'll kill her. You don't know how she's wrought up about it."

"O well, I'll be careful of her sensibilities. It's my duty to speak with her. I'm here in the place of a parent. Besides, don't I know Kitty? I've almost brought her up."

"Maybe you're right. You're all so queer that perhaps you're right. Only, do be careful, Richard. You must approach the matter very delicately,—indirectly, you know. Girls are different, remember, from young men, and you must n't be blunt. Do manœuvre a little, for once in your life."

"All right, Fanny; you need n't be afraid of my doing anything awkward or sudden. I'll go to her room pretty soon, after she's quieted down, and have a good, calm old fatherly conversation with her."

The colonel was spared this errand; for Kitty had left some of her things on Fanny's table, and now came back for them with a lamp in her hand. Her averted face showed the marks of weeping; the corners of her firm-set lips were downward bent, as if some resolution which she had taken were very painful. This the anxious Fanny saw; and she made a gesture to the colonel which any woman would have understood to enjoin silence, or, at least, the utmost caution and tenderness of speech. The colonel summoned his *finesse* and said, cheerily, "Well, Kitty, what's Boston been saying to you?"

Mrs. Ellison fell back upon her sofa as if shot, and placed her hand over her face.

Kitty seemed not to hear her cousin. Having gathered up her things, she bent an unmoved face and an unseeing

gaze full upon him, and glided from the room without a word.

"Well, upon my soul," cried the colonel, "this is a pleasant, nightmarish, sleep-walking, Lady-Macbethish little transaction. Confound it, Fanny! this comes of your wanting me to manoeuvre. If you'd let me come straight at the subject,—like a *man*—"

"Please, Richard, don't say anything more now," pleaded Mrs. Ellison in a broken voice. "You can't help it, I know; and I must do the best I can, under the circumstances. Do go away for a little while, darling! O dear!"

As for Kitty, when she had got out of the room in that phantasmal fashion, she dimly recalled, through the mists of her own trouble, the colonel's dismay at her so glooming upon him, and began to think that she had used poor Dick more tragically than she need, and so began to laugh softly to herself; but while she stood there at the entry window a moment, laughing in the moonlight, that made her lamp-flame thin, and painted her face with its pale lustre, Mr. Arbuton came down the attic stairway. He was not a man of quick fancies; but to one of even slower imagination and of calmer mood, she might very well have seemed unreal, the creature of a dream, fantastic, intangible, insensible, arch, not wholly without some touch of the malign. In his heart he groaned over her beauty as if she were lost to him forever in this elfish transfiguration.

"Miss Ellison!" he scarcely more than whispered.

"You ought not to speak to me now," she answered, gravely.

"I know it; but I could not help it. For heaven's sake, do not let it tell against me. I wished to ask if I should not see you to-morrow; to beg that all might go on as had been planned, and as if nothing had been said to-day."

"It'll be very strange," said Kitty. "My cousins know everything now. How can we meet before them?"

"I'm not going away without my answer, and we can't remain here with-

out meeting. It will be less strange if we let everything take its course."

"Well."

"Thanks."

He looked strangely humbled, but even more bewildered than humbled.

She listened while he descended the steps, unbolted the street door, and closed it behind him. Then she passed out of the moonlight into her own room, whose close-curtained space the lamp filled with its ruddy glow, and revealed her again, no malicious sprite, but a very puzzled, conscientious, anxious young girl.

Of one thing, at least, she was clear. It had all come about through misunderstanding, through his taking her to be something that she was not; for she was resolute that Mr. Arbuton was of too worldly a spirit to choose, if he had known clearly, a girl of such an origin and lot as she was only too proud to own. The deception must have begun with dress; and she determined that her first stroke for truth and sincerity should be most sublimely made in the return of Fanny's things, and a rigid fidelity to her own dresses. "Besides," she could not help reflecting, "my travelling-suit will be just the thing for a picnic." And here, if the cynical reader of another sex is disposed to sneer at the method of her self-devotion, I am sure that women, at least, will allow it was most natural and highly proper that in this great moment she should first think of dress, upon which so great consequences hang in matters of the heart. Who—to be honest for once, O vain and conceited men!—can deny that the cut, the color, the texture, the stylish set of dresses has not had everything to do with the rapture of love's young dream? Are not certain bits of lace and knots of ribbon as much a part of it as any smile or sidelong glance of them all? And hath not the long experience of the fair taught them that artful dress is half the virtue of their spells? Full well they know it; and when Kitty resolved to profit no longer by Fanny's wardrobe, she had won the

hardest part of the battle in behalf of perfect truth towards Mr. Arbuton. She did not, indeed, stop with this, but lay awake, devising schemes by which she should disabuse him of his errors about her, and persuade him that she was no wife for him.

XII.

THE PICNIC AT CHÂTEAU-BIGOT.

"WELL," said Mrs. Ellison, who had slipped into Kitty's room, in the morning, to do her back hair with some advantages of light which her own chamber lacked, "it'll be no crazier than the rest of the performance; and if you and he can stand it, I'm sure that *we've* no reason to complain."

"Why, I don't see how it's to be helped, Fanny. He's asked it; and I'm rather glad he has, for I should have hated to have the conventional head-ache that keeps young ladies from being seen; and at any rate I don't understand how the day could be passed more sensibly than just as we originally planned to spend it. I can make up my mind a great deal better with him than away from him. But I think there never was a more ridiculous situation: now that the high tragedy has faded out of it, and the serious part is coming, it makes me laugh. Poor Mr. Arbuton will feel all day that he is under my mercilessly critical eye, and that he mustn't do this and he mustn't say that, for fear of me; and he can't run away, for he's promised to wait patiently for my decision. It's a most inglorious position for him, but I don't think of anything to do about it. I could say no at once, but he'd rather not."

"What have you got that dress on for?" asked Mrs. Ellison, abruptly.

"Because I'm not going to wear your things any more, Fanny. It's a case of conscience. I feel like a guilty creature, being courted in another's clothes; and I don't know but it's for a kind of punishment of my deceit that I can't realize this affair as I ought, or

my part in it. I keep feeling, the whole time, as if it were somebody else, and I have an absurd kind of other person's interest in it."

Mrs. Ellison essayed some reply, but was met by Kitty's steadfast resolution, and in the end did not prevail in so much as a ribbon for her hair.

It was not till well into the forenoon that the preparations for the picnic were complete and they all set off together in one carriage. In the strong need that was on each of them to make the best of the affair, the colonel's unconsciousness might have been a little overdone, but Mrs. Ellison's demeanor was sublimely successful. The situation gave full play to her peculiar genius, and you could not have said that any act of hers failed to contribute to the perfection of her design, that any tone or speech was too highly colored. Mr. Arbuton, of whom she took possession, and who knew that she knew all, felt that he had never done justice to her, and seconded her efforts with something like cordial admiration; while Kitty, with certain grateful looks and aversions of the face, paid an ardent homage to her strokes of tact, and after a few miserable moments, in which her nightlong trouble gnawed at her heart, began, in spite of herself, to enjoy the humor of the situation.

It is a lovely road out to Château-Bigot. First you drive through the ancient suburbs of the Lower Town, and then you mount the smooth, hard highway, between pretty country-houses, toward the village of Charlesbourg, while Quebec shows, to your casual backward glance, like a wondrous painted scene, with the spires and lofty roofs of the Upper Town, and the long, irregular wall wandering on the verge of the cliff; then the thronging gables and chimneys of St. Roch, and again many spires and convent walls; lastly the shipping in the St. Charles, which, in one direction, runs, a narrowing gleam, up into its valley, and in the other widens into the broad light of the St. Lawrence. Quiet, elmy spaces of

meadow land stretch between the last suburban mansions and the village of Charlesbourg, where the driver reassured himself as to his route from the group of idlers on the platform before the church. Then he struck off on a country road, and presently turned from this again into a lane that grew rougher and rougher, till at last it lapsed to a mere cart-track among the woods, where the rich, strong odors of the pine, and of the wild herbs bruised under the wheels, filled the air. A peasant and his black-eyed, open-mouthed boy were cutting withes to bind hay at the side of the track, and the latter consented to show the strangers to the château from a point beyond which they could not go with the carriage. There the small *habitant* and the driver took up the picnic-baskets, and led the way through pathless growths of underbrush to a stream, so swift that it is said never to freeze, so deeply sprung that the summer never drinks it dry. A screen of water-growths bordered it; and when this was passed a wide, open space revealed itself, with the ruin of the château in the midst.

The pathos of long neglect lay upon the scene; for here were evidences of gardens and bowery aisles in other times, and now, for many a year, desolation and the slow return of the wilderness. The mountain rising behind the château grounds showed the dying flush of the deciduous leaves among the dark green of the pines that clothed it to the crest; a cry of innumerable crickets filled the ear of the dreaming noon.

The ruin itself is not of impressive size, and it is a château by grace of the popular fancy rather than through any right of its own; for it was, in truth, never more than the hunting-lodge of the king's Intendant, Bigot, a man whose sins claim for him a lordly consideration in the history of Quebec. He was the last Intendant before the British conquest, and in that time of general distress he grew rich by oppression of the citizens, and by peculation from the soldiers. He built this

pleasure-house here in the woods, and hither he rode out from Quebec to enjoy himself in the chase and the carouses that succeed the chase. Here, too, it is said, dwelt in secret the Huron girl who loved him, and who survives in the memory of the peasants as the murdered *sauvagesse*; and, indeed, there is as much proof that she was murdered as that she ever lived. When the wicked Bigot was arrested and sent to France, where he was tried with great result of documentary record, his château fell into other hands; at last a party of Arnold's men wintered there in 1775, and it is to our own countrymen that we owe the conflagration and the ruin of Château-Bigot. It stands, as I said, in the middle of that open place, with the two gable walls and the stone partition-wall still almost entire, and that day showing very effectively against the tender northern sky. On the most weatherward gable the iron in the stone had shed a dark red stain under the lash of many winter storms, and some tough lichens had encrusted patches of the surface; but, for the rest, the walls rose in the univied nakedness of all ruins in our climate, which has no clinging evergreens wherewith to pity and soften the forlornness of decay. Out of the rubbish at the foot of the walls there sprang a wilding growth of syringas and lilacs; and the interior was choked with flourishing weeds, and with the briars of the raspberry, on which a few berries hung. The heavy beams, left where they fell a hundred years ago, proclaimed the honest solidity with which the château had been built; and there was proof in the cut stone of the hearths and chimney-places that it had once had at least the ambition of luxury.

While its visitors stood amidst the ruin, a harmless garden-snake slipped out of one crevice into another; from her nest in some hidden corner overhead a silent bird flew away. For the moment, — so slight is the capacity of any mood, so deeply is the heart responsive to a little impulse, — the palace of the Cæsars could not have imparted a

keener sense of loss and desolation. They eagerly sought such particulars of the ruin as agreed with the descriptions they had read of it, and were as well contented with a bit of cellar-way outside as if they really had found the secret passage to the subterranean chamber of the château, or the hoard of silver which the little habitant said was buried under it. Then they dispersed about the grounds to trace out the borders of the garden, and Mr. Arbuton won the common praise by discovering the foundations of the stable of the château.

Then there was no more to do but to prepare for the picnic. They chose a grassy plot in the shadow of a half-dismantled bark-lodge, — a relic of the Indians, who resort to the place every summer. In the ashes of that sylvan hearth they kindled their fire, Mr. Arbuton gathering the sticks, and the colonel showing a peculiar genius in adapting the savage flames to the limitations of the civilized coffee-pot borrowed of Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Ellison laid the cloth, much meditating the arrangement of the viands, and reversing again and again the relative positions of the sliced tongue and the sardines that flanked the cold roast chicken, and doubting dreadfully whether to put down the cake and the canned peaches at once, or reserve them for a second course; the stuffed olives drove her to despair, being in a bottle, and refusing to be balanced by anything less monumental in shape. Some wild asters and red leaves and green and yellowing sprays of fern which Kitty arranged in a tumbler were hailed with rapture, but presently flung far away with fierce disdain because they had ants on them. Kitty witnessed this outburst with her usual complacency, and then went on making the coffee. With such blissful pain as none but lovers know, Mr. Arbuton saw her break the egg upon the edge of the coffee-pot, and let it drop therein, and then, with a charming frenzy, stir it round and round. It was a picture of domestic suggestion, a subtle insinua-

tion of home, the unconscious appeal of inherent housewifery to inherent husbandhood. At the crash of the egg-shell he trembled; the swift agitation of the coffee and the egg within the pot made him dizzy.

"Sha' n't I stir that for you, Miss Ellison?" he said, awkwardly.

"O dear, no!" she answered in surprise at a man's presuming to stir coffee; "but you may go get me some water at the creek, if you please."

She gave him a pitcher, and he went off to the brook which was but a minute's distance away. This minute, however, left her alone, for the first time that day, with both Dick and Fanny, and a silence fell upon all three at once. They could not help looking at one another; and then the colonel, to show that he was not thinking of anything, began to whistle, and Mrs. Ellison rebuked him for whistling.

"Why not?" he asked. "It is n't a funeral, is it?"

"Of course it is n't," said Mrs. Ellison; and Kitty, who had been blushing to the verge of tears, laughed instead, and then was consumed with vexation when Mr. Arbuton came up, feeling that he must suspect himself the motive of her ill-timed mirth. "The champagne ought to be cooled, I suppose," observed Mrs. Ellison, when the coffee had been finally stirred and set to boil on the coals.

"I'm best acquainted with the brook," said Mr. Arbuton, "and I know just the eddy in it where the champagne will cool soonest."

"Then you shall take it there," answered the governess of the feast; and Mr. Arbuton duteously set off with the bottle in his hand.

The pitcher of water which he had already brought stood in the grass; by a sudden movement of the skirt, Kitty knocked it over. The colonel made a start forward; Mrs. Ellison arrested him with a touch, while she bent a look of ineffable admiration upon Kitty.

"Now, I must be taught," said Kitty, "that I can't be so clumsy with impunity. I'll go and fill that

pitcher again myself." She hurried after Mr. Arbuton; they scarcely spoke going or coming; but the constraint that Kitty felt was nothing to that she had dreaded in seeking to escape from the tacit raillery of the colonel and the championship of Fanny. Yet she trembled to realize that already her life had become so far entangled with this stranger's, that she found refuge with him from her own kindred. They could do nothing to help her in this; the trouble was solely hers and his, and they two must get out of it one way or other themselves; the case scarcely admitted even of sympathy, and if it had not been hers, it would have been one to amuse her rather than appeal to her compassion. Even as it was, she sometimes caught herself smiling at the predicament of a young girl who had passed a month in every appearance of love-making, and who, being asked her heart, was holding her lover in suspense whilst she searched it, and meantime was picnicking with him upon the terms of casual flirtation. Of all the heroines in her books, she knew none in such a strait as this.

But her perplexities did not impair the appetite which she brought to the sylvan feast. In her whole simple life she had never tasted champagne before, and she said innocently, as she put the frisking fluid from her lips after the first taste, "Why, I thought you had to *learn* to like champagne."

"No," remarked the colonel, "it's like reading and writing: it comes by nature. I suppose that even one of the lower animals would like champagne. The refined instinct of young ladies makes them recognize its merits instantly. Some of the Confederate cellars," added the colonel, thoughtfully, "had very good champagne in them. Green seal was the favorite of our erring brethren. It was n't one of their errors. I prefer it myself to our own native cider, whether made of apples or grapes. Yes, it's better even than the water from the old chain-pump in the back yard at Ericcreek,

though it has n't so fine a flavor of lubricating oil in it."

The faint chill that touched Mr. Arbuton at the mention of Ericcreek and its petrolic associations was transient. He was very light of heart, since the advance that Kitty seemed to have made him; and in his temporary abandon he talked well, and promoted, the pleasure of the time without critical reserves. When the colonel, with the reluctance of our soldiers to speak of their warlike experiences before civilians, had suffered himself to tell a story that his wife begged of him about his last battle, Mr. Arbuton listened with a deference that flattered poor Mrs. Ellison, and made her marvel at Kitty's doubt concerning him; and then he spoke entertainingly of some travel experiences of his own, which he politely excused as quite unworthy to come after the colonel's story. He excused them a little too much, and just gave the modest soldier a faint, uneasy fear of having boasted. But no one else felt this result of his delicacy, and the feast was merry enough. When it was ended, Mrs. Ellison, being still a little infirm of foot, remained in the shadow of the bark-lodge, and the colonel lit his cigar, and loyally stretched himself upon the grass before her.

There was nothing else for Kitty and Mr. Arbuton but to stroll off together, and she preferred to do this.

They sauntered up to the château in silence, and peered somewhat languidly about the ruin. On a bit of smooth surface in a sheltered place many names of former visitors were written, and Mr. Arbuton said he supposed they might as well add those of their own party.

"O yes," answered Kitty, with a half-sigh, seating herself upon a fallen stone, and letting her hands fall into each other in her lap as her wont was, "you write them." A curious pensiveness passed from one to the other and possessed them both.

Mr. Arbuton began to write. Suddenly, "Miss Ellison," said he, with a smile, "I've blundered in your name; I neglected to put the Miss before it;

and now there is n't room on the plastering."

"O, never mind," replied Kitty, "I dare say it won't be missed!"

Mr. Arbuton neither perceived nor heeded the pun. He was looking in a sort of rapture at the name which his own hand had written now for the first time, and he felt an indecorous desire to kiss it.

"If I could speak it as I've written it—"

"I don't see what harm there would be in that," said the owner of the name, "or what object," she added more discreetly.

"—I should feel that I had made a great gain."

"I never told you," answered Kitty, evasively, "how much I admire *your* first name, Mr. Arbuton."

"How did you know it?"

"It was on the card you gave my cousin," said Kitty, thinking he now must know she had been keeping his card.

"It's an old family name, — a sort of heirloom from the first of us who came to the country; and in every generation since, some Arbuton has had to wear it."

"It's superb!" cried Kitty. "Miles! 'Miles Standish, the Puritan captain,' 'Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.' I should be very proud of such a name."

"You have only to take it," he said, gravely.

"O, I did n't mean that," she said with a blush, and then added, "Yours is a very old family, then, is n't it?"

"Yes, it's pretty well," answered Mr. Arbuton, "but it's not such a rare thing in the East, you know."

"I suppose not. The Ellisons are *not* an old family. If we went back of my uncle, we should only come to backwoodsmen and Indian hunters. Perhaps that's the reason we don't care much for old families. You think a great deal of them in Boston, don't you?"

"We do, and we don't. It's a long story, and I'm afraid I could n't make

you understand, unless you had seen something of Boston society."

"Mr. Arbuton," said Kitty, abruptly plunging to the bottom of the subject on which they had been hovering, "I'm dreadfully afraid that what you said to me, — what you asked of me, yesterday, — was all through a misunderstanding. I'm afraid that you've somehow mistaken me and my circumstances, and that somehow I've innocently helped on your mistake."

"There is no mistake," he answered, eagerly, "about my loving you!"

Kitty did not look up, nor answer this outburst, which flattered while it pained her. She said, "I've been so much mistaken myself, and I've been so long finding it out, that I should feel anxious to have you know just what kind of girl you'd asked to be your wife, before I —"

"What?"

"Nothing. But I should want you to know that in many things my life has been very, very different from yours. The first thing I can remember — you'll think I'm more autobiographical than our driver at Ha-Ha Bay even, but I must tell you all this — is about Kansas, where we had moved from Illinois, and of our having hardly enough to eat or wear, and of my mother grieving over our privations. At last, when my father was killed," she said, dropping her voice, "in front of our own door —"

Mr. Arbuton gave a start. "Killed?"

"Yes; did n't you know? Or no: how could you? He was shot by the Missourians."

Whether it was not hopelessly out of taste to have a father-in-law who had been shot by the Missourians? Whether he could persuade Kitty to suppress that part of her history? That she looked very pretty, sitting there, with her earnest eyes lifted toward his. These things flashed wilfully through Mr. Arbuton's mind.

"My father was a Free-State man," continued Kitty, in a tone of pride. "He was n't when he first went to Kansas," she added simply; while Mr. Arbuton gazed among his recollections.

tions of that forgotten struggle for some association with these names, keenly feeling the squalor of it all, and thinking still how very pretty she was. "He went out there to publish a pro-slavery paper. But when he found what the Border Ruffians really were, he turned against them. He used to be very bitter about my uncle's having become an Abolitionist; they had had a quarrel about it; but father wrote to him from Kansas, and they made it up; and before father died he was able to tell mother that we were to go to uncle's. But mother was sick then, and she only lived a month after father; and when my cousin came out to get us, just before she died, there was scarcely a crust of cornbread in our cabin. It seemed like heaven to get to Erie creek; but even at Erie creek we live in a way that I am afraid you would n't respect. My uncle has just enough, and we are very plain people indeed. I suppose," continued the young girl meekly, "that I have n't had at all what you'd call an education. Uncle told me what to read, at first, and after that I helped myself. It seemed to come naturally; but don't you see that it was n't an education?"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Arbuton, with a blush; for he had just then lost the sense of what she said in the music of her voice, as it hesitated over these particulars of her history.

"I mean," explained Kitty, "that I'm afraid I must be very one-sided. I'm dreadfully ignorant of a great many things. I have n't any accomplishments, only the little bit of singing and playing that you've heard; I could n't tell a good picture from a bad one; I've never been to the opera; I don't know anything about society. Now just imagine," cried Kitty, with sublime impartiality, "such a girl as that in Boston!"

Even Mr. Arbuton could not help smiling at this comic earnestness, while she resumed: "At home my cousins and I do all kinds of things that the ladies whom you know have done for them. We do all our own work, for

one thing," she continued, with a sudden treacherous misgiving that what she was saying might be silly and not heroic, but bravely stifling her doubt. "My cousin Virginia is housekeeper, and Rachel does the sewing, and I'm a kind of maid-of-all-work."

Mr. Arbuton listened respectfully, vainly striving for some likeness of Miss Ellison in the figure of the different second-girls who, during life, had taken his card, or shown him into drawing-rooms, or waited on him at table; failing in this, he tried her in the character of daughter of that kind of farmhouse where they take summer boarders and do their own work; but evidently the Ellisons were not of that sort either; and he gave it up and was silent, not knowing what to say, while Kitty, a little piqued by his silence, went on: "We're not ashamed, you understand, of our ways; there's such a thing as being proud of not being proud; and that's what we are, or what I am; for the rest are not mean enough ever to think about it, and once I was n't, either. But that's the kind of life I'm used to; and though I've read of other kinds of life a great deal, I've not been brought up to anything different, don't you understand? And maybe — I don't know — I might n't like or respect your kind of people any more than they did me. My uncle taught us ideas that are quite different from yours; and what if I should n't be able to give them up?"

"There is only one thing I know or see: I love you!" he said, passionately, and drew nearer by a step; but she put out her hand and repelled him with a gesture.

"Sometimes you might be ashamed of me before those you knew to be my inferiors, — really common and coarse-minded people, but regularly educated, and used to money and fashion. I should cower before them, and I never could forgive you."

"I've one answer to all this: I love you!"

Kitty flushed in generous admiration of his magnanimity, and said, with

more of tenderness than she had yet felt towards him, "I'm sorry that I can't answer you now, as you wish, Mr. Arbuton."

"But you will, to-morrow."

She shook her head. "I don't know; O, I don't know! I've been thinking of something. That Mrs. March asked me to visit her in Boston; but we had given up doing so, because of the long delay here. If I asked my cousins, they'd still go home that way. It's too bad to put you off again; but you must see me in Boston, if only for a day or two, and after you've got back into your old associations there, before I answer you. I'm in great trouble. You must wait, or I must say no."

"I'll wait," said Mr. Arbuton.

"O, *thank* you," sighed Kitty, grateful for this patience, and not for the chance of still winning him; "you are very forbearing, I'm sure."

She again put forth her hand, but not now to repel him. He clasped it and kept it in his, then impulsively pressed it against his lips.

Colonel and Mrs. Ellison had been watching the whole pantomime, forgotten.

"Well," said the colonel, "I suppose that's the end of the play, is n't it? I don't like it, Fanny; I don't like it."

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Ellison.

They were both puzzled when Kitty and Mr. Arbuton came towards them with anxious faces. Kitty was painfully revolving in her mind what she had just said, and thinking she had said not so much as she meant and yet so much more, and tormenting herself with the fear that she had been at once too bold and too meek in her demand for longer delay. Did it not give him further claim upon her? Must it not have seemed a very audacious thing? What right had she to make it, and how could she now finally say no? Then the matter of her explanation to him: was it at all what she meant to say? Must it not give him an idea of intellectual and spiritual poverty in her life which she knew had not been in it? Would he not believe, in spite of her

boasts, that she was humiliated before him by a feeling of essential inferiority? O, *had* she boasted? What she meant to do was just to make him understand clearly what she was; but, *had* she? Could he be made to understand this with what seemed his narrow conception of things outside of his own experience? Was it worth while to try? Did she care enough for him to make the effort desirable? Had she made it for his sake, or in the interest of truth, merely, or in self-defence?

These and a thousand other like questions beset her all the way home to Quebec, amid the frequent pauses of the talk, and underneath whatever she was saying. Half the time she answered yes or no to them, and not to what Dick, or Fanny, or Mr. Arbuton had asked her; she was distraught with their recurrence, as they teased about her like angry bees, and one now and then settled, and stung and stung. Through the whole night, too, they pursued her in dreams with pitiless iteration and fantastic change; and at dawn she was awakened by voices calling up to her from the Ursulines' Garden, — the slim, pale nun crying out, in a lamentable accent, that all men were false and there was no shelter save the convent or the grave, and the comfortable sister bemoaning herself that on meagre days Madame de la Peltrie ate nothing but chokecherries from Château-Bigot.

Kitty rose and dressed herself, and sat at the window, and watched the morning come into the garden below: first, a tremulous flush of the heavens; then a rosy light on the silvery roofs and gables; then little golden aisles among the lilacs and hollyhocks. The tiny flower-beds just under her window were left, with their snapdragons and larkspurs, in dew and shadow; the small dog stood on the threshold, and barked uneasily when the bell rang in the Ursulines' Chapel, where the nuns were at matins.

It was Sunday, and a soft tranquillity blest the cool air in which the young girl bathed her troubled spirit. A faint

anticipative homesickness mingled now with her nightlong anxiety, — a pity for herself that on the morrow she must leave these pretty sights, which had become so dear to her that she could not but feel herself native among them. She must go back to Eriecreek, which was not a walled city, and had not a stone building, much less a cathedral or convent, within its borders; and though she dearly loved those under her uncle's roof there, yet she had to own that, beyond that shelter, there was little in Eriecreek to touch the heart or take the fancy; that the village was ugly, and the village people mortally dull, narrow, and uncongenial. Why was not her lot cast somewhere else? Why should she not see more of the world that she had found so fair, and which all her aspirations had fitted her to enjoy? Quebec had been to her a rapture of beautiful antiquity; but Europe, but London, Venice, Rome, those infinitely older and more storied cities of which she had lately talked so much with Mr. Arbuton, — why should she not see them?

Here, for the guilty space of a heat-lightning flash, Kitty wickedly enter-

tained the thought of marrying Mr. Arbuton for the sake of a bridal trip to Europe, and bade love and the fitness of things and the incompatibility of Boston and Eriecreek traditions take care of themselves. But then she blushed for her meanness, and tried to atone for it as she could by meditating the praise of Mr. Arbuton. She felt remorse for having, as he had proved yesterday, undervalued and misunderstood him; and she was willing now to think him even more magnanimous than his generous words and conduct showed him. It would be a base return for his patience to accept him from a worldly ambition; a man of his noble spirit merited all that love could give. But she respected him; at last she respected him fully and entirely, and she could tell him that at any rate.

The words in which he had yesterday protested his love for her repeated themselves constantly in her reverie. If he should speak them again after he had seen her in Boston, in the light by which she was anxious to be tested, — she did not know what she should say.

W. D. Howells.

A PRAYER IN WEAKNESS.

O FATHER, infinite and near,
My will subdue, my heart control!
With weary, helpless, burdened soul
I cry to thee, and thou wilt hear!

The restless longings of the Past,
The frantic clasp of hands that strained
To clutch a gift thou kept'st, unstained,
For meeker thanks, at last! at last! —

The bitter word, the idle hand,
The blind revolt against thy will, —
Forgive them, Father, ah! if still
My prayer war not with thy command.

O, make them memories dark and dim,
Whose warning visions only meet
My eyes when earth-love seems too sweet,
Or songs of triumph drown my hymn!

M. B. C.

A CRUISE THROUGH THE GALAPAGOS.

ON a lovely day in June, 1872, we were approaching Charles Island in the Galapagos group. A marvellous school of porpoises, to be counted by hundreds, or perhaps by thousands, formed our escort. It was impossible to count them; but the surface of the water, for half a mile around, was broken into foam by their antics. Crowding about the bows of the ship, springing and jumping yards at a time, tumbling over one another, turning somersaults, they seemed to be having a great jubilee. One must be very familiar with the ocean to recognize the fact that there is as gay, as tumultuous, as enjoyable a life for animals in the sea as on land. I once passed many weeks in the Gulf of Mexico; and there, as we floated for hours in our row-boat over the coral reefs lying fathoms below us, and with the help of our water-glass watched the floor of that transparent sea as we might have studied a vast and ever-changing aquarium, I first became aware that a life full of physical enjoyment and the mere delight of living was provided for the tenants of the sea as well as for those of the forest. Among the purple and green flexible coral fans, as they stirred gently with the movement of the water, were swimming bright-colored fishes, sometimes singly, sometimes following each other in zigzags, as if they played a game of hide-and-seek between the branches, sometimes in large schools advancing all together, as if with a special purpose, toward a given point. Occasionally a barracuda or a huge garupa would loom up in the neighborhood of such a crowd of small fry, and instantly they would disperse and be gone among the thousand nooks and crevices of coral growth. There they would be hidden until their enemy had disappeared, when they would come out again and resume their play. The fishes made, however, but a small, though the more

active, part of this submarine population. Lovely sea-anemones, crimson or pale green, opened themselves to the waves, or perhaps to the light; for do not the creatures who live in those limpid waters enjoy the broken, softened sunbeams as they come shimmering down to them? Star-fishes without number, and brilliant ophiurans, all arms and no disk, crimson, purple, and yellow, crawled over the huge masses of coral. These made up the living, glowing picture as you looked down into the water; but the dredge brought up to us many beautiful things which a cursory glance from the surface failed to reveal,—single corals so like flowers you would say a convolvulus-cup had crystallized under the sea, and exquisite shells, *Hyalinas* delicate as blown glass, glossy *Marginellas*, and hundreds of others equally pretty. Even shells, which we are wont to consider very inanimate, are quite active and busy in their native element. I have seen a little *Oliva* from the Rio Plata fold back the edges of the foot upon which mollusks drag themselves along, and, flapping them with a quick, wing-like motion, dart through the water with the rapidity of flight.

Still more novel and unexpected to me than all this vivid life among the smaller marine animals was the playfulness and activity of the huge monsters of the deep, such as whales, or their less conspicuous fellow-citizens, porpoises, seals, and the like. Seeing these animals in numbers, as one meets them in the Pacific Ocean or about Cape Horn, you cannot resist the impression that they have an excellent time in their way; that they romp and frolic and enjoy life and each other immensely.

But to return to the Galapagos. The outline of Charles Island is picturesque, rising into several abrupt heights, the loftiest of which seemed, from the deck

of our vessel, to be a broken crater. A low, shrubby growth, mingled with cactus, covers it. It seemed strange that these islands, lying in the line of the moist trade winds, should be so destitute of verdure. We cast anchor in Post-Office Bay, so named because there was formerly a settlement upon the island, and a mail-box stood on this lonely shore. Passing vessels dropped their letters into it, and they were collected with those of the settlement, and forwarded from time to time. The box seems to have disappeared with the colony; at least we saw no traces of either.

We went on shore later in the day; some to drag the seine, others to geologize, others to shoot, others to botanize or collect in various ways. On landing it was my purpose to reach a small but very symmetrical crater which seemed not more than a mile from the shore; but I found the brambles so thick, and the cactus so thorny, that I was soon discouraged, and, changing my plan, I wandered along the shore for an hour or two. The whole island, as far as I could see, looked like a burned-out furnace. Huge masses of slag, like the slag of an iron-foundry, were scattered everywhere. The beach ridges were built of the same substance broken into fragments; and the soil was but a finer, more pulverized material of a like character. Arid and scorched as the ground looked, a few mangrove-trees had found foothold along the shore, and, throwing down, their long, stilt-like roots, had bordered the beach with a scanty rim of verdure and shade. Under such a shelter I sat on a gnarled mangrove root, and wiled away the time in watching the armies of brilliant red crabs swarming on the rocks and sand, until our collectors assembled at the boats again. We returned to the ship laden with as many specimens as could well be taken off in one day. After dinner we visited a rookery of sea-lions, whose hoarse cries had attracted us from time to time during the day. We could see them lying on a small beach some quarter of a mile from the ship; but as we approached them we found their

numbers much greater than we had supposed. They were seen distinctly on the white sand; but as we neared the shore, the reefs of rock running out from either end of the beach grew alive with them. A hundred glossy, uncouth shapes lifted themselves from the black rocks of which they had seemed a part, and gazed at us, uttering their strange, gruff, hoarse cries. Then they scuttled down into the water, till its surface all around the boat darkened with their heads. As we reached our boat, those that were lying on the sand took fright also, first stretching themselves to look, and then hurrying down to the surf with the awkward, limping movement characteristic of amphibious creatures. On landing, however, we were surprised to find many of them still on shore hidden among the mangrove-bushes, at quite a distance from the water. The shot from Captain Johnson's gun, which killed one of their number at least, frightened them all away. Our half-dozen men had much difficulty in dragging the huge, unwieldy creature down to the water's edge and getting him into the boat. At last, however, we secured our bulky prize; and as we rowed away with him through the surf, crowds of mourners followed us, coming so near as almost to touch the boat, crying and howling, whether in anger, fear, or lamentation we could not tell. At all events, it was a strange funeral procession, to which the twilight fading into night upon the sea, the black rocks fringed with surf, the white sand beach with its dark background of mangroves added a wild picturesqueness.

Returning to the vessel after dark, we found an unexpected guest on board. He was, by his own account, a native of Ecuador, had been in the opposition, and, after seeing a number of his friends and family executed, and being imprisoned himself, he had, at last, made his escape. A friend, who had rented one or more of these islands, offered him a refuge here, on condition that he should plant a part of the island, look after the cattle, etc. At first, he had sixty or

seventy "peons" under him; but, after a time, his friend had withdrawn the greater part of the men to work on another island, promising to return after two months. Many months had now passed away, and he had had no tidings of them; and knowing that a mutinous disposition existed on the vessel, he feared evil had befallen his friend. He and his half-dozen companions had exhausted all their provisions, except such as the island afforded, — fish, wild cattle, and wild pigs. They had neither coffee nor bread nor sugar nor salt nor tobacco left; their shoes were worn out, and their clothes were not in much better condition. Seeing the smoke of our vessel, some of them had come down with their leader from their huts, some four miles away, had succeeded in attracting attention by their signals from the beach, and a boat had been sent for them. They passed the night on board, and the next day returned to their settlement with such supplies in food and clothing as we could give them. Whether the story was true or not, whether the man and his companions were exiles for social or political offences, the situation was dreary and desolate enough to excite compassion and charity.

We remained but two days at Charles Island, and started for our next station, Albemarle Island, on the 12th of June, accompanied on our departure by a crowd of blackfish. They followed our vessel a long distance, playing so close about us that we could look into their great, blunt snouts as they threw themselves out of the water, and watch every movement as they swam alongside. All the afternoon we coasted along the western side of Albemarle Island, trying to make a landing. It was a strange scene, — a barren mountain rising from the sea, the base and slope of which were covered with extinct craters. In a small tract upon the shore, certainly not more than a square mile in extent, I counted forty-eight little craters, some perfectly symmetrical, others irregular, and blasted out on one side. Involuntarily there

rose to one's mind the picture of a vast underground foundry; these craters seemed the chimneys of some huge smelting-furnace in the bowels of the earth, worked by a subterranean Vulcan and his men. At sunset a long, narrow shred of cloud stretched ribbon-like across the whole mountain-side. It was deeply tinged by the setting sun, and shed a red glow beneath it, contrasting strangely with the black streams and sheets of lava which threw themselves down the mountain-side as if they had cooled but yesterday.

Our chart directed us to Iguana Cove; but the so-called cove proved to be a rocky, open shore, against which a heavy surf was breaking. As we could see no chance for landing, we slowed down, and crept along till toward daylight, when we made for Tagus Sound and anchored in a deep, quiet bay, which cannot always have been peaceful as it now is, since it was blasted out by volcanic eruptions. The steep sides, which plunge down into the water and hardly give foothold anywhere, are the walls of an old crater; and the whole ground, consisting of abrupt hills and ravines, seems built of contorted lava sheets. The first day, owing to the heavy surf and difficult landing, I did not go on shore, but contented myself with seeing the great variety of new and beautiful fish caught on board, with watching the large, lizard-like iguanas swimming past, and with feeding the pretty gulls, with soft brown and gray plumage and red bills, which came round the vessel. The next day, the sea having gone down, I joined the shore party. We landed at the foot of a ravine which you would say must once have been the bed of a stream in this burned and parched-up region. We followed this ravine for a little distance, and then, climbing its left bank, we found ourselves, after a short walk, on the ledge of a large crater holding a beautiful lake in its depth. The curve of the banks was perfectly regular, but they broke down to a low ridge toward the sea, and thus formed a symmetrical amphitheatre, instead of a cir-

cle, the ridge being only high enough to hold back the waters of a shallow lake, lying green and crystal clear in the bottom of this broken cup. From this point the view was beautiful, over the lake to the pretty harbor of Tagus Sound, where our ship lay at anchor, and far out to the blue sea beyond. This lake crater is but a smaller one lying within another much larger, which rises in a higher and equally symmetrical amphitheatre above the first.

Following the brink of the lake to its upper end, we struck across the head of the ravine by which we had come. Here we entered upon a truly wonderful lava region. We found ourselves upon a kind of ridge, from which we looked down upon an immense circular field or sea of lava, spreading out over an area of many miles until it reaches the sea-shore. We went down upon this field of lava, and found it full of the most singular and interesting details of lava structure. In some instances a lava bubble was blown up, the side blasted out, and you could see down to the floor of a deep, vertical tube or hole running thirty or forty feet into the ground. I remember one in particular, where a stray sunbeam had found its way to the very bottom, and had lighted up the black walls and floor with a strange brilliancy as if illuminated from within. Memory has a singular persistency and power; as I write of it, I see the light quiver and tremble in that dark recess as when I looked down into it out of the glowing noon.

Frequently we met with large, heavy splashes of lava, evidently thrown up, liquid and burning, into the air, and then falling and spreading by their own weight and plasticity, like cakes of dough. Rounded domes were common, sometimes broken, sometimes whole; but most curious of all were the caves. Wherever the interior of a large mass of lava, once cooled, had become heated again and flowed out, leaving the outside crust standing, this outside crust formed a hollow tunnel or arch. They varied, of course, greatly in size, according to that of the mass of

lava; some being large enough to hold a number of persons standing upright, others barely large enough for one to creep through on hands and knees.

While I stood in the midst of this field of strange, charred ruins, looking about me in blank wonder, I missed my companion, but suddenly heard him calling to me in a stifled voice that seemed to come from below. I looked around vainly, and it was only after a little search that I discovered him standing at the black opening of one of these underground tunnels. Heated and dusty with his walk, a large club in his hand, he seemed the very subterranean Vulcan my fancy had predicted. Climbing over the huge *débris* of the ancient fire-time, I followed his invitation and entered the mouth of the cave, expecting to find, at the least, a one-eyed Cyclops at his forge hewing out a thunderbolt for imperial Jove. But I found only the lunch-basket, more prosaic, but also more acceptable at the moment; while some of the party, resting on the seats formed by the old levels of melted lava along the sides of the cave, were refreshing themselves with claret and water. This cave, or rather open gallery — for it had an entrance at either end — was some thirty or forty feet long, at least ten feet high in the centre, and perhaps six or eight feet wide. The roof was fretted with curious fine incrustations, like delicate coral.

Part of our day's adventures and amusements consisted in a hunt for the red and orange colored terrestrial iguanas which haunt this island in numbers. The ground is burrowed in every direction with their holes. They look like huge lizards, are about two feet long, with large, clumsy bodies; and though they move rapidly enough, they never lose a kind of awkward grotesqueness of appearance. As I was returning through the ravine in advance of my companions, I saw an iguana running very actively around the foot of a tree. I had heard one of our party say that these animals were easily attracted by music, and could be quieted

and caught in that way. Remembering the charm, I began to sing. Suddenly he stood quite still; and, delighted with my own success and with the susceptibility of the uncouth creature, I drew gently nearer, always singing, and beckoning meanwhile — though not without a certain self-reproach for taking such unfair advantage of his love of music — to one of our sportsmen behind to come up cautiously and give the fatal blow. He approached silently and quickly, but suddenly exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Agassiz, he's tied!"

The emotional side of his character was at once explained; his seemingly breathless appreciation of my music was wholly due to the fact that he had twisted his rope round the tree till he could not move another step; and I think a more mortified *prima donna* was never hissed off the stage. Some of our sailors had caught him on coming up, and had tied him there to await our return. The rope having slipped down to the root of the tree, I had not seen it. Notwithstanding my failure, other means were found more efficient, and we succeeded in capturing a number, both alive and dead. We left Albemarle Island with the greatest regret. Indeed, our visits to all these islands were the merest *reconnaissances*, giving time for nothing more than a superficial survey of their geology and zoölogy. Our collections, were, indeed, large and various, because our small corps of naturalists was multiplied by the whole working force of the ship, officers and men joining in the search with a hearty good-will which trebled and quadrupled the strength of the scientific party; but they would have been far more interesting had we been less hurried. Leaving Albemarle on the 14th of June, we passed the 15th at James Island, the aspect of which was greener and more inviting than that of either Charles or Albemarle, probably because the fires of this island were earlier extinguished, and it has had time to put on a garment of vegetation. And yet, even here, one vast lava stream started from the higher

ground, and, though comparatively narrow in its upper course, widened into a broad area below until it reached the sea. These volcanic regions take strong hold of the imagination. So perfectly do they tell the story of past eruptions, that, to the fancy, the blackened field is once more a heaving, palpitating sheet of fire, the hardened stream turns to a flowing river of molten lava, the dead slags are aglow, and the burned-out furnaces are alive again, throwing up flame and smoke as of old. You can track the course of the whole as if it had happened yesterday.

After the steep, rocky walls of Tagus Sound, which hardly afforded a ledge wide enough for a safe and steady spring on shore, the broad sand beach of James Island, presenting a safe and easy landing, was a pleasant change. As I sat under a belt of trees on the beach ridge, a superb flock of flamingoes swept past me, their pink necks stretched, their red wings, tipped with black, glittering in the sunshine. Part of them alighted, some on the water, some on land, and I had the greatest pleasure in watching them. Swimming they are prettiest. They look then like pink swans. Their attitude in the water is full of ease and grace, and they arch their long necks proudly as if they liked to turn the soft, rose-colored plumage in the light. On land they are very attractive also. As I sat hidden by the trees, two of them promenaded near me, walking along the edge of the surf. They stepped high, with a certain dainty caution, an aristocratic deliberateness of movement, which seemed to imply that haste was vulgar. The curve of the neck was no less graceful in walking than in swimming; but in flight, though their color is wonderfully brilliant and shows to great advantage, their position, with the legs and neck stretched out, is awkward. Shall I confess that, beautiful as they were, and seemingly unfit for coarser uses, we dined on roasted flamingo that evening? Very tender and delicate it was, and of a delicious flavor. In the

somewhat monotonous state of our reduced larder, the temptation was irresistible. James Island, however, abounded in game, — ducks, snipes, and other small birds, — so that for a day or two our table was not without its luxuries.

On the 17th we arrived at Jarvis Island, where we passed the afternoon on a beach which was covered with large seals. As we approached they looked curiously at us, and then waddled into the water, remaining, however, in the surf, sometimes coming up on the sand, sometimes rolling over and over in the waves, playing with one another, rubbing their heads together, and indulging in endless gambols and fun. These creatures were quite tame, for we found a little family of them on land who were not in the least disturbed by our presence. A mother had made a kind of nursery for herself and her two little cubs in a green arbor formed by the low-growing branches of a tree a few yards from the beach. Though they looked at us with inquiring wonder, they were perfectly unconcerned at our approach; allowed us to sit down close by them, and pat them, and they would even smell of the bread and crackers with which we tried to tempt them to feed from our hands. It was amusing to watch them in their home; the little ones cuddling up to the mother, quarrelling for the nearest, warmest place with that selfish instinct of dependence and affection which startles us in animals as something strangely human. The "happy family," so often represented in menageries, was to be seen here in nature. Small lizards crawled over the mother seal and ate flies from her back, and little birds hopped close over her head and between her and her little ones, without the slightest fear.

At the farther end of this beach was

a very lofty, picturesque cliff of dark-red rock and soil. Half crumbling, it was full of rifts and broken ledges, which made superb shadows on the rich background of color. I passed a pleasant hour sitting alone under its shade in the soft summer afternoon, and watching the seals at their play in the surf. This was my last experience in the Galapagos Islands. We stopped the next day for a few hours under shelter of Indefatigable Island to mend our engine, but I did not go on shore.

These islands are exceedingly interesting to the naturalist, from their recent volcanic origin, and from the fact that they have a singular and characteristic fauna and flora. Darwin gave the first specific and detailed account of their zoölogy, more than thirty years ago. He first named the large marine and terrestrial lizards which haunt the shores and the interior of some of them. Here some of the best work of his youth was done; and now, at the close of his life, these very islands connect themselves, by an odd coincidence, with his theory of the origin of species. These volcanic islands, of so late a formation that their lava fields still lie black and bare, suggesting the idea that the old fires may break out again at any moment, are inhabited by a fauna specifically distinct from that of the mainland. Whence does this fauna come, so peculiar and so circumscribed? Either it originated where it is found, or else those changes, by whose subtle, imperceptible alchemy it is argued that all differences of species have been brought about, are much more rapid in their action than has been supposed. If the latter be true, then the transition types should not elude the patient student or the alert and watchful spirit of the age.

E. C. Agassiz.

EMANUEL VON FELLEBERG AND HIS SELF-GOVERNING COLLEGE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

GROWING up and educated, to the age of sixteen, in the country, and in the quiet and genial atmosphere of a domestic circle, I was isolated from a thousand temptations that are wont to assail boys in schools and cities. It was a civilizing circumstance, too, that our family consisted chiefly of cultivated women.

But the situation had its serious drawbacks also. It lacked bracing, case-hardening influences. While it nourished self-esteem, it failed to give self-assertion. I was in danger of reaching manhood devoid of that sterling quality, specially prized in England, — *pluck*; and this the rather because of the excessive sensibility which that grave fit of sickness had left behind. I was then little fitted to hold my place in the world as it is.

What effect a sudden transition to the buffetings of some such public school as Eton or Harrow, with its fag-tyranny and its *hazing*, and its squabbles settled by the fist, might have had, I cannot tell. At all events, I think it fortunate that I was spared the trial; and for this I am chiefly indebted to an excellent man, Charles Pictet (de Richement) of Geneva.

An enlightened agriculturist and firm friend of education; an intimate associate of Cuvier, La Place, and other distinguished scientists; one of the editors of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*; a diplomatist, too, trusted by his countrymen, — Pictet had been sent by the Swiss Republic as Envoy Extraordinary to the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and to that of Paris in 1815. In 1817 he visited New Lanark; and he and my father contracted a warm and lasting friendship. They agreed to travel together to London, Paris, and Geneva; and afterwards to visit in Switzerland a certain institution, the most remark-

able of its kind then in the world, of which Pictet had been the historian* from the inception of the enterprise in the first years of the present century. It embraced the various establishments of M. de Fellenberg on his estate of Hofwyl, two leagues from Berne, consisting of a primary school, a college, an industrial school, and workshops for improved agricultural instruments.

That journey had an important influence on all my after life; for my father was so much pleased with all he saw, that, on his return, he engaged a private tutor to teach my brother William and myself German, and sent us to Hofwyl in the autumn of next year, my brother being upwards of fifteen, and I upwards of sixteen years old.

We entered the college, then having rather more than a hundred students, natives of every part of Europe, and from fifteen to twenty-three years of age. But, as it was early in August and during vacation that we reached the place, we found only three or four of its inmates there.

We were placed in charge of one of these, a Prussian two or three years

* Chiefly in the pages of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, or as it was afterwards called, the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. His first letter on the subject is dated December 20, 1807. In 1808 the French ambassador to Switzerland had a public correspondence with Pictet on the subject. Count de Capod'Istria, who was the Russian Envoy to the Congresses of Vienna and Paris, made to the Emperor Alexander, in 1814, an extended report on Hofwyl, which, being widely circulated in book form, brought M. de Fellenberg's ideas into notice all over Europe. There were also published, about the same time, a Report made to the Swiss government by a special commission appointed to that effect; another by M. Hoffman, special envoy of the Princess of Swartzenberg Rudolstadt; observations thereon by M. Thaer, Councillor of State of the King of Prussia; a report by M. Schefold, Commissioner of the King of Würtemberg; and various others. Sundry articles by Fellenberg himself, in German, were translated into French by Pictet, and attracted much attention.

older than I, named Carl Bressler. I shall never forget the considerate forbearance with which this good young fellow treated two raw Scotch lads, childish for their age, and the pains he took to correct in us any habits that might have exposed us to ridicule. One example comes to me.

Walking with him some miles into the country, a large and fierce dog from a neighboring farmhouse suddenly rushed open-mouthed at us. William and I shrank back, and might have run away. But Bressler, stopping us with a word, struck the animal so sharply with a stout cane that he fled, yelling. Then he turned to us.

"Look here," said he, "this will never do. Remember! If you ever show the white feather, you're done for, with us. I give you fair warning."

All we could plead was that we had no canes.

"Yes, that was my fault. You shall have a good *Ziegenhainer* apiece, just as soon as we get back. But, anyhow, you ought to have stood your ground, and kicked the brute, if you could not do better."

I thanked him, adding, "You'll see that this is the last time anybody will have to find fault on that score." (And I kept my word.)

"All right!" Then, after looking me fixedly in the eye: "I think you'll do. I'm glad I had a chance to warn you before the other fellows came. Raw young ones always need drilling."

Before the remaining six weeks of vacation had expired and the college began to fill again, we had already, in a measure, settled down into the ways of the place, and understood pretty much all that was said to us, a few slang phrases excepted.* Then began for me a marvellous life.

Marvellous, because the world and its institutions are *as they are*; because of the much that we might be, compared to the little that we are.

* One especially puzzled me. It was some time before I discovered that "Es ist mir Wurst" had no reference whatever to German sausage, but meant, "What do I care?"

But, in those days, it did not strike me that there was anything marvellous about it. Just from the shelter of a refined and peaceful home, with the sunny hopes and high ideal and scanty experience of youth, I accepted, as but natural and in the due course of things, much that comes before me now, by the light of a life's teachings and by comparison with the realities of after years, more like a dream of fancy, seen under the glamour of optimism, than anything sober, actual, really to be met with in this prosaic world. I say this heedfully, after making what I deem full allowance for the roseate hue that is wont to linger over one's early recollections.

I was speedily inducted into some of the wonders, social and political, of the little republic of which I had become a member.

We of the United States assert that, in our country, the rights of the person are more liberally acknowledged and more strictly assured than in any other great nation. We have beautiful theories of government. We boast of our universal suffrage. We live under a Constitution framed by wise ancestors. We are governed by laws enacted by the consent of the governed.

Yet if a governmental system is to be prized either according to the spirit in which it is administered, or by the practical results obtained through its agency, the democratic *Verein* (Union) of Hofwyl was, in a very small way, more of a success than the American Union with its forty millions.

I found the students living under a *Verfassung* (constitution) which had been drafted by a select committee of their number, five or six years before, adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the whole body, and approved by Mr. Fellenberg's signature. This constitution and the by-laws supplemental to it (drawn up by the same committee) were subject to amendment, Fellenberg retaining a veto; but during the three years I remained at college, scarcely any amendments were made.

This embraced the entire police of

the institution. Neither the founder and president nor the faculty issued any rules or regulations. Our professors had no authority whatever except within their class-rooms. Our laws, whether defining official duties, or relating to household affairs, hours of retiring, and the like, or for the maintenance of morality, good order, cleanliness, and health, were stringent, but they were all strictly self-imposed. A breach of the laws was an offence against the Verein; and as to all such we ourselves had sole jurisdiction. I cannot doubt that Fellenberg kept unobtrusive watch over our doings; but while I remained at Hofwyl he never openly interfered with our legislation or our domestic proceedings, by veto or otherwise.

And while punishment by the college authorities held no place, as restraining motive, among us, neither was any outside stimulus of reward, or even of class rank, admitted. Emulation was limited among us to that which naturally arises among young men prosecuting the same studies. It was never artificially excited. There were no prizes or college honors, no "double-firsts" to be won; there was no acknowledged position, marked by numbers, giving precedence and conferring name and fame; there was not even the excitement of public examinations; we had no Commencement exercises that might have assembled the magnates of Switzerland to criticise or to applaud.

A dangerous experiment it would usually be pronounced; the more dangerous because of the heterogeneous materials that had come together at Hofwyl from half the nations of the world,—Swiss, Germans, Russians, Prussians, French, Dutch, Italians, Greeks, English, and I know not of what other nationalities,—some having been nursed and petted in luxury, others sent thither, probably, because their parents could not manage them at home. The difficulties were the greater on account of the comparatively late age at which students were received,

many of them just from schools where teachers were considered natural enemies, where severity was the rule, and artificial reward the trusted stimulant to exertion. Yet I am witness to the fact that this hazarded experiment was an eminent success. It was a triumph in self-government. The nobler elements of our nature had been appealed to, and the response was prompt and ardent.

I think I may say that I had been nurtured at home in an atmosphere of purity and rectitude, no ignoble motive, as of fear or jealous rivalry, called into play; no bribe offered for behaving well; self-respect encouraged by absence of all mean suspicion. Once, when my father had occasion to leave me in London for a few weeks, William Allen had warned me: "Thee will be exposed to great temptation here, and I am afraid for thee. Our nature is desperately wicked. Thee must resist the Devil; for he is ever tempting youth to its ruin." But all my father had said, in taking leave of me, was, "You've been well trained, Robert; you know what is right, and I'm sure I can trust you till I return." Well do I remember, still, the glow of indignation with which I listened to the one speech, and the blush of glad pride called forth by the other!

But there was no jar to my sensitive nature, even from the first, at Hofwyl. I was trusted there as I had been trusted at Braxfield. Of course I had hardships. I was jostled and bandied about and shaken into place, roughly enough sometimes. But there was no bitterness or ill-will mixed in: that hard novitiate was wholesome, not degrading, and after some months it gradually ceased. There were no coarse incentives, no mean submissions, no selfish jealousies. There was pride, but it grew chiefly out of a sense that we were equal members of an independent, self-governing community, calling no man master or lord: Fellenberg, our president, preferred to be called, and was usually called, *Pflegevater* (foster-father). We were proud that

our republic had no laws but those we ourselves had made. It had its Council of Legislation, its court of judges, its civil and military officers, and its public treasury. It had its annual elections, by ballot, at which each student had a vote; its privileges and honors equally accessible to all; its labors and duties shared by all. In its Council of Legislation laws were repealed or changed; yet our system was stable, few and not radical changes being proposed. And never, I think, were laws framed or modified with a more single eye to the public good, or more strictly obeyed by those who framed them.

Nor was this an unwilling obedience; nothing resembling that eye-service which springs from fear or force. It was given ungrudgingly, cheerfully, honestly. It became a point of honor to conform in spirit as in letter to laws that were our own.

I do not recollect, and perhaps never knew, whether the idea of this self-regulating society originated with Fellenberg or with some of the older students. The memory of several of its founders was as gratefully cherished by us as, in the American Union, is the fame of the Revolutionary fathers. But whether the first conception was theirs or Fellenberg's, the system thence resulting was the chief lever that raised the moral character of our college to the height at which I found it. It gave birth to public spirit and to social and civic virtues. It nurtured a conscious independence that submitted with alacrity to what it knew to be the will of the whole, and felt itself bound to submit to nothing else. It created, in an aristocratic class, young Republicans, and awakened in them that zeal for the public good which we seek too often in vain in older but not wiser communities.

Our system of rule had another wholesome ingredient. The annual election to the offices of the Verein acted indirectly as a powerful stimulus to industry and good conduct. The graduated scale of public judgment

might be read as on a moral thermometer, when the result of these elections was declared. That result informed us who had risen and who had fallen in the estimate of his fellows; for it was felt that public opinion among us, enlightened and incorrupt, operated with strict justice. In that youthful commonwealth, to deserve well of the republic was to win its confidence and obtain testimonial of its approbation. I was not able to detect one sinister motive swaying the votes given,—neither favoritism, nor envy, nor any selfish inducement. There was nothing even that could be called canvassing for candidates. There was quiet, dispassionate discussion of relative merits; but the one question which the elector asked himself or his neighbor was, "Who can best fill such or such an office?" And the answer to that question furnished the motive for decision. I cannot call to mind a single instance, during the years I spent at Hofwyl, in which even a suspicion of partisan cabal or other factious proceeding attached to an election among us. It can scarcely be said that there were aspirants for office. Preferment was, indeed, highly valued, as a token of public confidence; but it was not solicited, directly or indirectly: it was accepted rather as imposing duty than conferring privilege. The Lacedæmonian who, when he lost his election as one of the three hundred, went away rejoicing that there were found in Sparta three hundred better men than he, is lauded as a model of ideal virtue. Yet such virtue was matter of common occurrence and little remark at Hofwyl. There were not only one or two, but many among us, who would have sincerely rejoiced to find others, more capable than themselves, preferred to office in their stead.

All this sounds, I dare say, strangely Utopian and extravagant. As I write, it seems to myself so widely at variance with a thirty years' experience of public life, that I should scruple, at this distance of time, to record it, if I had not, forty years ago, carefully noted down my

recollections while they were still fresh and trustworthy. It avails nothing to tell me that such things cannot be, for at Hofwyl *they were*. I describe a state of society which I saw, and part of which I was.

As partial explanation it should be stated that no patronage or salary was attached to office among us.

To our public treasury (*Armenkasse*, we called it) each contributed according to means or inclination, and the proceeds were expended exclusively for the relief of the poor. We had an overseer of the poor, he being the chairman of a committee whose duty it was to visit the indigent peasantry in the neighborhood, ascertain their wants and their character, and afford them relief, especially in winter. This relief was occasionally given in the form of money, more frequently of food, clothing, or furniture. In other cases, we lent them goats, selected, when in milk, from a flock which we kept for that purpose. Our fund was ample, and, I think, judiciously dispensed.

The article in our *Versassung* relative to moral government provided for the division of the students into six circles (*Kreise*); and for the government of these each circle elected a councillor (*Kreisrath*). These were held to be our most important officers, their jurisdiction extending to the social life and moral deportment of each member of the *Kreis*. This, one might imagine, would degenerate into an inquisitorial or intermeddling surveillance, but in practice it never did. Each *Kreis* was a band of friends, and its chief was the friend most valued and loved among them. It had its weekly meetings; and, during fine summer weather, these were usually held in a grove (*das Wäldchen*) near by. In all my experience I remember no pleasanter gatherings than these. During the last year of my college life, I was myself a *Kreisrath*; and I carried home no memorial more valued than a brief letter of farewell, expressing affection and gratitude signed by all the members of my *Kreis*.

These presiding officers of circles constituted a sort of grand jury, holding occasional meetings, and having the right of presentment, when any offence had come to their knowledge.

Our judiciary consisted of a bench of three judges, whose sessions were held in the principal college-hall with due formality, two sentinels, with drawn swords, guarding the doors. Its decisions were final. The punishments within its power to inflict were a vote of censure, fines, which went to the *Armenkasse*, deprivation of the right of suffrage, declaration of ineligibility to office, and degradation from office. This last punishment was not inflicted while I remained in the college. Trials were rare, and I do not remember one, except for some venial offence. The offender usually pleaded his own cause; but he had the right to procure a friend to act as his advocate. The first public speech I ever made was in German, in defence of a fellow-student.

The dread of public censure, thus declared by sentence after formal trial, was keenly felt, as may be judged from the following example:—

Two German princes, sons of a wealthy nobleman, the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, having been furnished by their father with a larger allowance of pocket-money than they could legitimately spend at Hofwyl, fell upon a somewhat irregular mode of using part of it. Now and then they would get up of nights, after all their comrades had gone to bed, and proceed to the neighboring village of Buchsee, there to spend an hour or two in a tavern, smoking, and drinking lager-beer.

Now, we had no strict college bounds and no prohibition against entering a tavern, though we knew that M. de Fellenberg objected to our contracting the habit of visiting such places. Our practice on Sundays may illustrate this. That day was strictly kept, and devoted to religious exercises until mid-day, when we dined. After dinner it was given up to recreation; and our favorite recreation was, to form into parties of two or three, and sally forth,

stout stick in hand, on excursions of many miles into the beautiful, richly cultivated country that surrounded us, often ascending some eminence which commanded a view of the magnificent Bernese Alps, their summits covered with eternal snow. It sometimes happened that, on such excursions, we were overtaken by a storm; or perhaps, having wandered farther than we intended, we were tired and hungry. In either case we did not scruple to enter some country tavern and procure refreshments there. But whenever we did so, it was a custom — not a prescribed law, but a custom sanctioned by college tradition — to visit, on our return, the professor who overlooked the domestic department of our institution, — a short, stout, middle-aged man, the picture of good-nature, but not deficient in energy when occasion demanded, — it was our uniform custom to call upon this gentleman, Herr Lippe, and inform him that we *had* visited such or such a tavern, and the occasion of our doing so. A benignant smile, and his usual "It is very well, my sons," closed such interviews.

But the use of tobacco — strange, in a German college! — was forbidden by our rules; so also was a departure, after the usual hour of rest, from the college buildings, except for good reason shown. Thus Max and Fritz Taxis (so the youths were called) had become offenders amenable to justice.

The irregularity of which they had been guilty — the only one of the kind which I recollect — became known accidentally to one of the students. There existed among us not even the name of informer; but it was considered a duty to give notice to the proper authorities of any breach of law. Accordingly the fact was communicated by the student to his Kreisrath, who, thereupon, called his colleagues in office together. Having satisfied themselves as to the facts, they presented Max and Fritz for breach of law. The brothers were then officially notified that, on the second day thereafter, their case would be brought up before the

Tribunal of Justice, and they would be heard in defence.

Max, the elder, held some minor office; and the sentence would probably have been a vote of censure, or a fine for both, and a dismissal from office in his (Max's) case. But it would seem that this was more than they could make up their minds to bear. Accordingly, the night before trial, they decamped secretly, hired a *post-kalesche* at Buchsee, and, being well provided with money, returned to their parents.

We afterwards ascertained that our president did not send after them, in pursuit or otherwise, not even writing to their parents, but quietly suffering the fugitives to tell their own story in their own way.

The result was that, in a few weeks, the father came, bringing with him the runaways, and asking, as a favor, that M. de Fellenberg would once more take them on probation, which he very willingly did. They were received by us with kindness, and no allusion was ever made to the cause of their absence. They remained several years, quiet and law-abiding members of our Verein, but neither attained to any office of trust again.

I think this habit of our founder — to let things have their course, whenever interference could be dispensed with — had much to do with the success of his college experiment.

Emanuel von Fellenberg was one of the men of mark who arose during those exciting times when liberty, cheated in France, triumphed in America. He came of a patrician family of Berne, his father having been a member of the Swiss government and a friend of the celebrated Pestalozzi, — a friendship afterwards shared by the son. His mother was granddaughter of the stout Admiral Van Tromp, — the Nelson of Holland, — who was victor in more than thirty naval engagements, and who died in that fatal battle which lost forever to his country the supremacy of the seas. Frau von Fellenberg seems to have inherited her

grandfather's spirit and courage; and to this noble woman her son owed ideas of freedom and philanthropy beyond the age in which he lived, and foreign to the aristocratic class to which he belonged. "My son," she used to say, "the great have plenty of friends: do thou be the friend of the poor."*

Educated at Colmar and Tübingen, the years succeeding his college-life were spent in travels which brought him, at the age of twenty-three, and just after the death of Robespierre, to Paris, where he had opportunity to study men in the subsiding tumult of a terrible revolution.

The result—partly determined, no doubt, by recollection of the atrocities committed during the Reign of Terror, then fresh in all men's minds—was to make the young Fellenberg a Republican, but not a leveller. Appointed to an important military command, he quelled an insurrection of the peasantry in the Oberland; but, true to his mother's injunction, he granted these people terms so liberal that his government refused to ratify them. Thereupon he threw up his commission, and served, for a time, on the Board of Education in Berne.

The one great idea of his life appears to have been, not (as Madame Roland and the Girondists thought possible) to fuse, in the crucible of equality, what are called the upper and the lower classes, but to seize the extremes of society, and carefully to educate them both: the one to be intelligent, cultivated workers; the other to be wise and considerate legislators, enlightened and philanthropic leaders of civilization. I believe he imagined that there would be rich and poor to the end of the world; and he restricted his endeavors to making the rich friends of the poor, and the poor worthy of such friendship. To carry out this last he considered agriculture, when intel-

ligently followed as a calling, to be an essential aid.

On his estate of Hofwyl, purchased in 1809, he commenced first a workshop for improved farm implements; ten years later an industrial school, called the Vehrli School, from the excellent young man who conducted it. It had thirty scholars in 1815, and forty or fifty when I first saw it. The children, from seven to fourteen years old, and chiefly destitute orphans or sons of indigent peasants, were employed in farm work eight or nine hours a day, and had two hours' instruction in summer and four hours in winter. This school became self-supporting after a few years. Besides the ordinary branches, the children were taught drawing, geometry, natural history, and music. We did not see much of the *Vehrli-Knaben* (Vehrli boys), as we called them; but there was the kindest feeling between our college and their school; and I never saw a happier-looking set of children than they. I think M. de Fellenberg considered this industrial experiment of more importance, as a reformatory agency, than our college.

There was, in addition, supplementary to the college, at Diemerswyl, a few miles from Hofwyl, a primary school, for boys up to the age of thirteen or fourteen; but there was little intercourse between us and them.

The habits and tone of all these establishments seemed to have been colored by their founder's democratic leanings. The Vehrli boys, though always respectful, had a look of bright, spirited independence about them. Among us students, in spite of what might have been disturbing causes, the strictest equality prevailed.

Though our habits were simple, the college was an expensive one, our annual bills, everything included, running up to some fifteen hundred dollars each; and thus those only, with few exceptions, could obtain admission whose parents had ample means; the exceptions being the sons of a few of Fellenberg's Swiss friends, in moderate cir-

* *Biographie Universelle*, Article Fellenberg. At one time Fellenberg planned emigration, with several friends, to the United States, but gave up the idea when offered important public service in his own country.

cumstances, whom, when they showed great promise, he admitted with little or no charge. We had among us many of the nobility of the Continent, —dukes, princes, some of them related to crowned heads, and minor nobles by the dozen; yet between them and others, including the recipients of Fellenberg's bounty, there was nothing, in word or bearing, to mark difference of rank.

No one was ever addressed by his title; and to the tuft-hunters of English universities it will appear scarcely credible that I lived several weeks among my college-mates before I accidentally learned who were the princes and other nobles, and who the objects of Fellenberg's charity, my informant being my friend Bressler.

"Carl," said I one day, "what's become of all the nobility you used to have here? I heard, before I came, that there were quite a number."

"Why," said he, smiling, "they're all here still."

"Indeed! Which are they?"

"See if you can't guess."

I named several who had appeared to me to have the greatest consideration among the other students.

"Out!" said he, laughing; "these are all sons of merchants and commoners. Try your hand again."

I did so, with no better success. Then he named, to my surprise, several young men who had seemed to me to command little influence or respect; among them, two sons of the Duke of Hilburghausen, the two princes of Thurn and Taxis, and three or four Russian princes; at which last item a good-natured young fellow named Stösser, a room-mate of ours, looked up from his desk and laughed, but said nothing. "Then," added Bressler, "there's Alexander; he's another prince, nephew of the King of Würtemberg." I had especially observed that this young man was coldly treated —indeed, avoided rather than sought —by his companions.

A few days later I obtained two additional items. Bressler had said

nothing to me of himself as having a title, nor did I suppose he had any; but I happened to see, on his desk, a letter addressed, "A Monsieur le Comte Charles de Bressler." Stösser I found to be a nickname (literally *Zolter*, from a sort of pounding gait he had); and the youth who bore it turned out to be a Russian prince, grandson of a celebrated general, Catherine's Suwarow. Bressler had told me that there were two young Suwarows, but left me to find out that our room-mate was one of them. He (Stösser) had charge of our flock of goats, above referred to; and he took to the office very kindly.

And, as of rank, so of religion; neither introduced among us any disturbing element. We had Protestants, Catholics, members of the Greek Church, and members of no church at all; but I recollect not a single word, nor other evidence of feeling, indicating any shade of coldness or aversion, which had rise in theological differences. It might have puzzled me, after a three years' residence, to call to mind whether those with whom I was intimate as with my own brother were Protestants or Catholics or neither; and long ere this I have quite forgotten. We never debated controversial points of belief. M. de Fellenberg read to us occasional lectures on religion; but they were liberal in tone, and practical, not doctrinal; embracing those essentials which belong to all Christian sects, and thus suiting Protestants and Catholics alike. The Catholics, it is true, had, from time to time, a priest who came, in a quiet way, to confess them, and, no doubt, to urge strict observance of the weekly fast; yet we of the Protestant persuasion used, I believe, to eat as much fish and as many frogs on Fridays as they.

So, also, as to the various nationalities that made up our corps of students; it caused no dispute, it gave rise to no unkindness. Duels, common in most of the German universities, were here an unheard-of absurdity; quarrels ending in blows were

scarcely known among us. I recall but two, both of which were quickly arrested by the bystanders, who felt their college dishonored by such an exhibition. One of these was commenced by a youth fresh from an English school. The other occurred one evening, in a private room, between a fiery Prussian count and a sturdy Swiss. When the dispute grew warm, we pounced upon the combatants, carried them off, each to his own room, on our shoulders, and there, with a hearty laugh at their folly, set them down to cool. It was so good-humoredly done, that they could not help joining in the merriment.

I have heard much of the manliness supposed to grow out of the English habit of settling school-quarrels by boxing. But I do not think it would have been a safe experiment for one of these pugilistic young gentlemen to insult a Hofwyl student, even though the manhood of this latter had never been tested by pounding another's face with his fist. His anger, when roused, is most to be dreaded who so bears himself as to give no one just cause of offence.

But though little prone to quarrel, our indignation, on occasion, could be readily roused. Witness this example.

It happened that three officers of distinction from the Court of Würtemberg, coming one day to visit M. de Fellenberg, desired to see their sovereign's nephew, the same Prince Alexander of whom I have already spoken as no favorite among us. The interview took place in front of Fellenberg's *Schloss*, where four or five students, of whom I was one, then happened to be not more than eight or ten steps distant. The officers, as they approached the prince, uncovered, and stood, their plumed caps in their hands, while conversing with him. The young man, whose silly airs had chiefly caused his unpopularity among us, did not remove the little student-cap he wore, nor say a word to his visitors about resuming their hats.

This was more than I could stand, and I knew that my companions felt as I did. "Alexander," said I, loud enough to be heard by all concerned, "take off your cap!"

But the cap did not stir. We took a step or two nearer, and another of our party said, "Alexander, if you don't take that cap off yourself, I'll come and take it off for you."

This time the admonition took effect. The cap was slowly removed, and we remained to make sure that it was not resumed until the officers, bowing low, took their leave, — carrying, I dare say, to their royal master no favorable report of the courtly manners of Hofwyl.

Such an institution naturally awoke the jealousy of European legitimacy; and it was probably with feelings more of sorrow than surprise that Fellenberg, about the year 1820, received official notice that no Austrian subject would thereafter be allowed to enter the college, and an order that those then studying there should instantly return home. No greater compliment could have been paid to Fellenberg and our college than this tyrannical edict of the Austrian Emperor, — the same Francis who did not blush to declare that he desired to have loyal subjects, not learned men, in his dominions. "Je ne veux pas des savans dans mes États: je veux des bons sujets," were his words.

I don't think, however, that any of us gave promise of becoming very learned men. I am not sure whether classical proficiency did not suffer, in a measure, from the lack of artificial stimulus. I am not sure whether some sluggards did not, because of this, lag behind. Yet the general advancement in learning was satisfactory; and the student, when he entered the world, bore with him a habit of study needing no excipients, and which insured the continuance of education beyond his college years.

Our course of instruction included the study of the Greek, Latin, French, and German languages, the last of which was the language of the college;

history, natural philosophy, chemistry, mechanics; mathematics, a thorough course, embracing the highest branches; drawing, in the senior class from busts and models; music, vocal and instrumental; and finally gymnastics, riding, and fencing. There was a riding-school with a considerable stable of horses attached; and the higher classes were in the habit of riding out once a week with M. de Fellenberg, many of whose practical life-lessons, given as I rode by his side during these pleasant excursions, I well remember yet; for example, a recommendation to use superlatives sparingly, in speech and writing, reserving them for occasions where they were needed and in place.

The number of professors was large compared to that of the taught, being from twenty-five to thirty; and the classes were small, containing from ten to fifteen. Twice or thrice only, during the term of my residence, one of the students, on account of repeated inattention during a recitation, was requested by the professor to leave the room. But this was quite an event, to be talked of for a week. No expulsion occurred while I was there. I do not myself remember to have received, either from M. de Fellenberg or from any of the faculty, a single harsh word during the happy years I spent at Hofwyl.

Latin and Greek, though thoroughly taught, did not engross as much attention as in most colleges. Not more time was given to each than to ancient and modern history, and less than to mathematics. This last, a special object of study, was taught by extempore lectures, of which we took notes in short-hand; and, in after years, when details and demonstrations had faded from memory, I have never found difficulty in working these out afresh, without aid from books.

I look back on one incident connected with our mathematical studies — always my favorite pursuit — with a pleasant impression. My chief college friend was Hippolyte de Saussure, grandson of the eminent Swiss naturalist of that

name, who the first, with a single exception, reached the summit of Mont Blanc. The subject of our lecture was some puzzling problem in differential calculus; and De Saussure propounded to the professor a knotty difficulty in connection with it. The reply was unsatisfactory. My friend still pressed his point, and the professor rejoined, learnedly and ingeniously, but without meeting the case; whereupon the other silently assented, as if satisfied.

"You were *not* satisfied with that explanation," said I to De Saussure, as we walked to our rooms.

"Of course not," was his reply; "but would you have had me, before the class, shame the good man who takes so much pains with us and is usually so clear-headed? We must work it out ourselves to-night."

This trifle gives a glimpse of the relation between professor and student at Hofwyl. There was no antagonism between them. The former was regarded, not as a pedagogue from whom to stand aloof, but as an elder friend with whom it was a privilege to converse familiarly out of college hours. And the professors frequently joined in our sports. Nor did I observe that this at all diminished the respect we entertained for them.

Our recreations consisted of public games, athletic exercises, gymnastics, and — what was prized above all — an annual excursion on foot, lasting about six weeks.

A favorite amusement in the way of athletic exercise was throwing the lance (*Lanzenwerfen*). The weapons used were stout ashens spears, six or seven feet long, heavily pointed with iron; the target a squared log of hard wood, firmly set in the ground, about six feet high, — the upper portion, or head, which it was the chief object to hit, a separate block, attached to the trunk by stout hinges. A dozen or more engaged in it at a time, divided into two sides; and the points gained by each stroke were reckoned according to power and accuracy. We attained great skill in this exercise.

We had a fencing-master, and took lessons twice a week in the use of the rapier, skill in the management of which was then considered, throughout Continental Europe, indispensable in the education of a gentleman. There were many swordsmen in the upper classes who need not have feared any ordinary antagonist. I was exceedingly fond of this exercise; and I suppose our teacher may have thought me his best pupil, for he said to me one day, "Herr Owen, I expect a friend of mine, who is professor of fencing in Zurich, to visit me in a few days. He will expect, of course, to try his hand with some of the class, and I've chosen you to represent us. If you don't hit him first, I'll never forgive you."

"I think that's hard measure," I replied; "he has made fencing the business of his life, and I have n't taken lessons three years yet."

"I don't care. I know his strength. I'd be ashamed not to turn out a pupil who could beat him."

I told him I would do my best. He let me into his visitor's play, as he called it, warning me of the feints likely to be employed against me. Yet I think it was by good fortune rather than skill that I made the first hit. Our professor assumed to take it as a matter of accident, yet I could see that he was triumphant.

Much has been said for and against gymnastic exercises. We spent an hour a day, just before dinner, in the gymnasium. And this experience causes me to regard these exercises, judiciously conducted, as essential to a complete system of education. They induce a vigor, an address, a hardihood, a presence of mind in danger, difficult of attainment without them. While they fortify the general health, they strengthen the nerves; and their mental and moral influence is great. I know that, in my case, they tended to equalize the spirits, to invigorate the intellect, and to calm the temper. I left Hofwyl, not only perfectly well, but athletic.

Our annual excursions, undertaken,

in the autumn of that bright and beautiful climate, by those students who, like myself, were too far from home to return thither during the holidays, were looked forward to, weeks beforehand, with brilliant anticipations of pleasure; which, strange to say, were realized. Our favorite professor, Herr Lippe, accompanied us; our number being commonly from thirty to thirty-five.

It was usually about the first of August that, clad in the plain student-uniform of the college, knapsack on shoulder, and long, iron-shod mountain-staff (*Alpenstock*) in hand, we sallied forth, an exultant party, on "the journey," as we called it. Before our departure Herr Lippe, at a public meeting, had chalked out for us the intended route; and when we found, as on two occasions we did, that it was to extend beyond the valleys and mountain-passes of Switzerland to the lakes of Northern Italy, our enthusiasm burst forth in a tumult of applause.

Our day's journey, usually eighteen or twenty miles, sometimes extended to twenty-five or more. We breakfasted early, walked till midday; then sought some shady nook where we could enjoy a lunch of bread and wine, with grapes or goat's-milk cheese, when such luxuries could be had. Then we despatched in advance some of our swiftest pedestrians, as commissariat of the party, to order supper preparatory to our arrival. How joyfully we sat down to that evening meal! How we talked over the events of the day, the magnificent scenes we had witnessed, the little adventures we had met! The small country taverns seldom furnished more than six or eight beds; so that three fourths of our number usually slept in some barn, well supplied with hay or straw. How soundly we slept, and how merry the awaking!

There were among us, as among German students, there always are, good musicians, well trained to sing their stirring national airs, together with gems from the best operas or the like,—duets, trios, quartets. After our

frugal noonday meal, or, perhaps, when we had surmounted some mountain-pass, and came suddenly, as we reached the verge of the descent, upon a splendid expanse of valley or champaign, stretching out far beneath us, it was our habit to call a halt for music. The fresh grass, dotted with Alpine roses, furnished seats; our vocalists drew from their knapsacks the slender *cahier* containing melodies arranged, in parts, for the occasion; and we had, under charming circumstances, an impromptu concert. I have heard much better music since, but never any that I enjoyed more.

On one of these expeditions we passed, by Napoleon's wonderful road, the Simplon, into one of the most beautiful regions of Piedmont. How amazing the change! How lovely that first night at Baveno! The sweet Southern air; the moonlight on the placid lake, on the softly-rounded, olive-clad hills, on the trellised vines, so picturesque compared to the formal vineyards of France, in such contrast to the scenes we had left behind,—to the giant mountain-peaks of granite, snow-covered, piercing the clouds; to the vast glacier, bristling with ice-blocks, sliding down, an encroacher on the valley's verdure,—all in such marvellous contrast to that region of rock and ice and mountain-torrent and rugged path and grand, rude majesty of aspect,—it seemed like passing, in a single day, into another and a gentler world.

The morning after our arrival we crossed to the Isola Bella, once a barren island of slate rock, then a gorgeous garden, teeming with the vegetation of the tropics. We explored its vast palace, lingered in its orange groves, where I exchanged the few words of Italian of which I was master with a fair and courteous Signora who crossed our path. In returning from this abode of luxurious and elegant leisure, we touched at the little Isola dei Pescatori, a desolate island dotted with rude hovels, occupied only by poor fishermen and their families, who won, from the waters of the lake,

a precarious and scanty subsistence. They seemed far more destitute and careworn than the Swiss peasant on his mountains. Perhaps the contrast, daily before their eyes, between their own cabins perched on the bare, hot rock, and the stately grandeur of that fairy palace, rising from the cool and fragrant groves that sheltered its base and swept down even to the water's edge, may have had something to do with the hard, hopeless air that darkened these weather-beaten features.

Then we made other charming excursions on the lakes,—Maggiore, Lugano, Como,—rowed by young girls with pensive, oval faces, who sang barcaroles as they rowed. I don't know which we enjoyed most,—the sight of these comely damsels, in their picturesque costume, or the rest to our blistered feet. Those blisters *were* a drawback; but what episode in human life has none? We might have had rest on the road by hiring mules for a day; but none of us had been willing to venture on that. What college lad was ever willing to incur, in the eyes of his mates, the charge of effeminacy? So we had drawn worsted threads through the blisters and walked on, the thoughts of the Italian paradise before us, and of the boating on its sunny lakes, shedding hope and comfort over craggy path and rugged pilgrimage.

One of our excursions on Lago Maggiore brought us to the town of Arona, on an eminence near which stands the gigantic bronze statue of that cardinal and saint, Carlo Borromeo, illustrious for more than piety,—of all his compeers, perhaps, the most worthy; for he not only devoted much of his life to reform the morals of the clergy and to found institutions for the relief of the poor, but also, when the plague raged at Milan nearly three hundred years ago, gave unremitting personal attendance on the sick at risk of his life, and spent his entire estate in ministering to their wants. We ascended this memento of a good man, first by a ladder, then by clambering up within one of the folds of the saint's short mantle;

sat down inside the head, and looked out through the eyebrows on the lake, under whose waters lies buried the wide-brimmed shovel-hat which once covered the shaven crown, but was swept off by a storm-wind one winter night.*

Throughout the term of these charming excursions the strictest order was observed. And herein was evinced the power of that honorable party spirit which imposed on every one of us a certain charge as to the good conduct of the whole,—making each, as it were, alive to the faults and responsible for the shortcomings of our little community. Rude noise, unseemly confusion, the least approach to dissipation at a tavern, or any other violation of propriety on the road, would have been considered an insult to the college. And thus it happened that we established, throughout Switzerland, a character for decorum such as no other institution ever obtained.

Nor did influences thus salutary cease with the term of our college life. So far as I know anything of the after-fortunes of my college-mates, they did honor to their *alma mater*,—if older and more learned foundations will not grudge ours that name. As a body, they were distinguished for probity and excellent conduct, some attaining eminence. Even that Alexander of Würtemberg whom we so lightly esteemed seemed to have profited by the Hofwyl discipline; for I heard him spoken of, at a later period, as one of the most estimable young princes of the court he graced. Fifteen years ago I met at Naples (the first time since I left Hofwyl) our quondam master of the goats, now an officer of the Emperor of Russia's household, and governor of one of the Germano-Russian provinces.

* His death seems to have affected men as did that of Abraham Lincoln. Here is the record: "It was such a lament as had been given to no prince or hero within the memory of man. At the first alarm that their bishop was dying, a cry went up in the streets which reached to every house and convent and chamber. Some ran to the churches to pray. Some waited at the gate of the palace for instant tidings. All Italy was mourner for this good man."
—*Amer. Cyclo., Art. Borromeo.*

We embraced after the hearty German fashion,—a kiss on either cheek,—still addressed each other, as of old, with the familiar *du* and *dich*; sat down, forgetting the present, and were soon deep in college reminiscences, none the less interesting that they were more than thirty years old.

So also of the Vehrli institution. It assumed a normal character, sending forth teachers of industrial schools, who were in great request and highly esteemed all over Europe. I found one of them, when, more than forty years since, I visited Holland, intrusted by the Dutch government with the care of a public school of industry; and his employers spoke in the strongest terms of his character and abilities.

It does not enter into my present purpose to consider whether, in the hundred universities that are springing up throughout our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it is practicable to reproduce, under a system of self-government, the noble spirit that animated the Hofwyl College. But one conviction it may not be out of place here to record. I regard such reform as this to be impracticable, unless, in the persons of those who preside over these learned foundations, we can unite, with the highest cultivation, literary and social, not only eminent administrative talent, but, above all, a devotion such as marked the Alsatian Pastor Oberlin, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, or our own Horace Mann. The soul of Hofwyl was its great president and founder; its palmy days ceased with Fellenberg's life. Under the inefficient management of his son and the son's successors, it gradually dwindled into an ordinary seminary, with little to distinguish it from many other reputable boarding-schools to be found throughout Switzerland.

But, while I live, the golden memories of our college, as it once was, can never fade. With me they have left a blessing,—a belief which existing abuses cannot shake nor worldly scepticisms destroy, an abiding faith in human virtue and in social progress.

Robert Dale Owen.

SPECIE RESUMPTION.

THE proverbial diversity of men's minds has a notable exception in the universal harmony of opinion in favor of the resumption of specie payment. The President, the Secretary of the Treasury, the blunt-spoken Treasurer, Congress, the party and commercial conventions, and the free and enlightened press all join in the chorus. Inasmuch as specie payment is called the key-note of commercial soundness and of public and private faith, this accord is a cheering testimony to the general sentiment of integrity. It is agreed with like harmony that resumption shall take place as soon as the country shall be prepared for it. But it is found that every measure to prepare for resumption meets almost unanimous opposition. In all things else, progress toward a condition of good is good; but although the state of specie payment is unanimously thought good, all progress toward it is unanimously held to be bad, and all the methods proposed to hasten it are with one accord pronounced destructive. The fact is so curious as to excite inquiry.

The reason of this hostility to any measure to promote resumption is the common notion that it can be positively promoted only by a withdrawal of part of the paper-money, or, in other words, a contraction of the currency. Contraction is so fearful a thing that no public man dares to propose it. It is one of the mysteries of the monetary problem, that, whilst the contraction of the currency is by all held to be a curse, the appreciation of the currency is accepted as a blessing. Who shall be so rash as to say their effect is the same? But what is appreciation? Simply the increased purchasing power of money. It takes more of labor and commodities to buy the dollar. Debts contracted in cheap money have to be paid in dear. The rise in the purchasing power of money is meas-

ured by the fall in the values of all other things. This is the only real appreciation of the currency.

What is the effect of contraction of the currency? It is the same. It makes money grow dearer. Its purchasing power rises. It takes more of labor and its products to buy the dollar. Debts have to be paid in dearer money. Appreciation is all that can come of contraction. Yet contraction is thought a calamity, and appreciation a blessing. Therefore the financial genius of the country is turned to the contrivance of resumption without contraction. Many reckon this easy by the old banking theory, that one third in specie in bank is a good basis for circulation. They apply this rule to the volume of greenbacks, and they liberally reckon all the specie they guess at in the country. But what has resumption to do with the greenbacks? For the resumption chorals are not more harmonious than were the declarations that these notes were issued upon military necessity,—an extraordinary recourse in the nature of a "forced loan," justifiable only by that common peril which gave warrant to take even the lives of citizens for the public defence. All agreed that a power so arbitrary and so liable to abuse should be laid down as soon as the country was saved.

But since that salvation the Treasury has received from \$450,000,000 to \$600,000,000 a year in taxes. It has had a surplus of from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 a year. It has taken into the Treasury the whole amount of greenbacks several times over. It needed only to cancel so much of them each year as it could spare from its surplus, as they came in by way of revenue, to withdraw all these notes by payment, without the use of a dollar in coin. It has only to receive and hold them, to do the same now. Their withdrawal would leave the banks no medium of redemp-

tion but coin. This would be specie payment as was promised, when the legal-tender notes were emitted.

But this would be redemption of the greenbacks, not resumption. The curious fact is that the popular want is resumption, not redemption. It looks, not to the payment of the "forced loan," but to keeping it out. And so we find that all the talk by which we kept virtuous principles while emitting legal-tender notes has subsided; we have accepted their issue as the permanent function of a party government, and parties will vie with each other in increasing this blessing to the people. Development is the order of creation.

There are \$356,000,000 of greenbacks in authorized circulation, and \$40,000,000 of fractional notes. Some india-rubber warrant has been found for issuing more greenbacks "to move the crops"; but we will reckon for the time when there are no crops to move. The one-third rule would require \$132,000,000 of coin in the Treasury; but as the greenbacks are the "people's currency," this calculation takes in all the coin in the country, which is generally thought to exceed this sum; and it seems reasonable that, if the Treasury shall thus float the greenbacks and fractionals with resumption, thereby furnishing to the banks a specie currency of \$396,000,000 for their medium of redemption, the whole \$732,000,000 of paper-money can be floated on \$132,000,000 of specie. By resting one thing on another thing, in the manner of Irving's Hindoo Cosmogony, our expanded paper-money structure may, after two or three removes, rest on a very narrow base of coin.

In this great country, whose progress is a continual surprise to itself, the experience of the past is no guide for the future. For example, in the era of intermittent specie-paying banks, the proportion of one third coin — when the banks had it — was the lesser part of the specie in the country. The whole bank circulation seldom, if ever, equalled the specie. When it rose to near that

amount, there was a disturbance, and that periodical turn which was called a crisis; and a suspension and a sharp contraction of the circulation took place before payment could be renewed. The one-third rule for greenback resumption ignores the main premise. It has not yet been proved that a paper currency equal to the whole amount of coin can be floated with specie payment.

It is true, no way had been invented for finding out the quantity of coin in a country until we invented one by putting the specie out of circulation. But when we think of the prejudices of the common people in favor of specie, of their habit of getting it for all their hoards, and of that habit of saving which money of intrinsic value promotes, we have to conclude that a reasonable estimate of what was in the hands of the people, added to what was visible in banks and Treasury, prior to 1860, would be more than \$200,000,000.

The wonderful capacity of our country to carry paper-money without payment has made us forget how limited were its capabilities with payment. But the highest point ever reached by the circulation with specie payment was \$214,000,000 in 1857, which caused a crisis, a suspension, and a sharp contraction. It is commonly thought our favored people never felt the pains of currency contraction till Secretary McCulloch withdrew \$4,000,000 a month from an aggregate paper currency of over \$700,000,000, counting only greenbacks, fractional notes, and issued national bank circulation. Pathetic descriptions were given by a leader in the House of Representatives of "the groans of the great West, and of her cries, now, as she feels the life's blood drawn from her veins, and her limbs chafed and swollen by the gyves of contraction," — the very mild reduction of the volume of paper-money, at the rate of little over six per cent a year. But our beloved country's veins and limbs have really been used to more heroic treatment.

According to figures published by the Treasury, the bank circulation of

\$ 214,778,822 in 1857, sank to \$ 155,208,344 in 1858, being a contraction of more than \$ 69,500,000 in one year, which was at the rate of near twenty-eight per cent. That was a contraction to speak of. During the same time the volume of bank loans was contracted from \$ 684,456,000 to \$ 533,165,000. That was another severe pinch. But a virgin soil, a great foreign demand for our crude products, and the rapid growth of industry under a moderate taxation gave wonderful recuperative power against the calamity of a vicious paper-money system. Prosperity brought another increase of bank circulation, which had reached \$ 207,000,000 in 1860; when it was settled by suspension. Yet it is not likely that in either of these inflations the volume of paper-money equalled the specie in the country.

In the historic inflation of 1837 the bank circulation had risen from \$ 61,000,000 in 1830, to \$ 103,000,000 in 1835, to \$ 140,000,000 in 1836, and to \$ 149,000,000 in 1837. Then came the crisis, the suspension, and contraction. In 1843 the circulation was but \$ 58,500,000. Let no one think this contraction and appreciation of money was pleasant; for it would need a whole volume to tell its calamities. But all the sins of paper-money are easily forgotten in this blessed land.

It is not likely that the great bank inflation of 1837 exceeded the specie of the country. In 1849 the flow of gold from California began, and the specie must have largely gained on the volume of paper-money, which increased very slowly till 1853.

An approximate estimate of the specie in this country can now be made, because the most of it is visible in the banks and the Treasury, save that which serves the diminishing gold circulation of California. Nowhere else does it circulate, and the hoarding of specie in small savings has ceased. It is questionable if there are \$ 160,000,000 of specie in the whole country, including the amount circulating in California.

The resumption problem, therefore, is to float our paper-money on something under \$ 160,000,000 of coin in the country, of which the California circulation will contribute nothing to the work. If we judge by the past, this would be impossible; but, as was remarked, the past is no criterion for America.

A more distinguished class of financiers have made the resumption problem easy by a stroke of that simplicity which marks true genius. "The preparation for resumption is to resume." A former Secretary of the Treasury, holding the disputed title of Father of the Greenbacks, made this great utterance. It was advocated by another distinguished but unfortunate public man and writer on political economy, who founded it on a principle deep in the wellsprings of human nature,—that principle which makes man indifferent to whatever he can have for nothing. It was reasoned that, as soon as the holders of paper-money found they could have specie for it, they would cease to want it. Thus, without any preparation, resumption could be achieved by simply placarding the Treasury door with the legend, "Specie Payment is Resumed." Yet it was feared the note-holders might suspect that specie would not continue to be had for the asking, and so with one accord would take Time by the forelock. This admirable method, therefore, was condemned by the administration party, and in a conspicuous manner by its late finance minister.

That officer justified himself by presenting a theory quite as simple, and even more agreeable, and founded on substantial principles universally accepted by our people. His theory frankly grants that our currency is too great at present; but it affirms the wonderful growth of the country, and holds that, if the currency be kept at the present amount, the country will in time grow up to it. The premises of this are such as no American can deny. First, this is a great country. Second, a great country needs a great currency. As it grows greater it must have more.

With increase in population, settlement, industry, production, and trade, there must be an increase of money to make the exchanges. It is as plain as that it takes more blood to keep up the circulation of a man than of an infant. If these premises be granted, then, if the currency be in excess now, we have only to let it be till the growth of the country catches up.

This was declared by the Secretary of the Treasury to be the only way of resumption, save the destructive one of contraction. It is generally accepted by our statesmen and by the press. There are still a few who talk of the ancient monetary principles, and insist that there is no way to specie payment but by reducing the volume of paper-money; but, as they deny the self-evident American truth that a great country needs a currency expanded in proportion, they are regarded as men destitute of patriotism, if not bereft of judgment.

The growing-up process may be called the development theory of resumption. But it proposes to stop the currency development while the development of the country goes on. Thus the development theory of resumption is, after all, only inverted contraction.

A more consistent application of the development theory of paper-money was made by one of our leading statesmen, now representing the country in a diplomatic capacity, in a speech in the House of Representatives, July, 1868, from which we extract briefly here and there, to show its expansive American spirit:—

"Our currency, as well as everything else, must keep pace with our growth as a nation. My plan is to increase our circulation until it will be commensurate with the increase of our country in every particular. . . . Expansion is the natural law of currency, and of a healthy growth as a nation. . . . Five times as much postage is paid today as was paid ten years ago; consequently we need five times as much of a circulating medium to transact this little item of business as we previously

needed. . . . Reduce the currency,—the means of the people,—and, in my opinion, you are fast finding the road to universal bankruptcy, from which may be seen leading repudiation. . . . But, says my hard-money friend, the price of gold proves that we have a redundancy of money. No such thing; if it did, we had less when the war closed than now, for gold was lower. . . . The great cause that made gold go up to 280 was the fact that there was a doubt in the minds of some as to our ability to conquer the South; not because we had too much paper, but too little confidence. And the same thing enters into the price of gold to-day, and any return to a gold basis, before it is settled, will be only at the expense of the people. . . . France has a circulation *per capita* of \$ 30; England, of \$ 25; and we, with our extent of territory and improvements, certainly require more than either. . . . Then, to determine the amount necessary, we must take into consideration the area of our territory, extending across a continent larger than England, France, and Prussia combined, with a network of railroads unparalleled anywhere. Soon the great iron artery will be spanning our whole country, furnishing the great through route to China. With everything yet in its infancy and unfinished, from the cabin in the far West to our magnificent Capitol above us, farms to be opened, and manufactories building, railroads reaching out here and there with a rapidity unknown anywhere else, no calculation can tell how much we need or can use. You have no past to judge from; for nowhere upon the page of history do you find the counterpart of ours, nor can you institute a comparison with our past."

An unappreciated Philistine of Massachusetts tried to contend with this Samson of speech, by a letter published in a Treasury document, showing that he had greatly exaggerated the *per capita* circulation of these foreign countries. But this was not heeded; for a free, enlightened, self-gov-

erning American citizen must not be gauged in his circulating medium by the measure of the stolid subjects of the effete despotisms. It was estimated that not more than one third of the circulation of Great Britain and France was in paper. Two thirds was in coin, which they got by earning it. This is the true measure of the money a country needs, as it is of a man's needs, — what it earns. But if either does not earn it, the most common resource is to emit notes as a substitute. According to the evidence of the senses, our circulation is paper. The orator's declaration that no calculation can tell how much currency we need or can use, means that it would be rash to place a limit, since the country is illimitable. But he has stated the elements from which a calculation may be made. If we multiply the population by the square of the continent, and the product of that by the network of railroads, and add the cost of finishing everything unfinished, from the cabin to the Capitol, and the cost of opening up the continent and the China trade, and allow for the increment, we shall have a sufficient basis to show that we may put all the greenback mills grinding night and day, without any risk of catching up with the need.

It has been shown by writers upon money that the reciprocal nature of the trade of civilized countries reduces the use of money to the payment of balances; that modern improvements have much quickened its circulation; that the medium has been made to do increased service through deposits and checks and bills of exchange and clearing-houses and other contrivances; that various kinds of securities serve some of the uses of money; and that, through these inventions, the use of money grows less with increasing trade. They point, as an example, to Great Britain, whose industrial production and trade multiply at a rate which challenges even American admiration, without any increase of paper-money, or of any currency save what is gained honestly by the profits of trade with

other countries. But, as we remarked, and as was better expressed in the speech we have quoted from, no other country is a criterion for ours, and she is no criterion for herself.

Our public financiers do sometimes, in a splendid general way, refer to the process of this development method of resumption, and calculate on an increase in production that shall turn the balance of foreign trade in our favor, and so stop the outflow of specie. But American experience has uniformly shown that, with the expansion of paper-money, exports diminish and imports increase, and thus the balance of trade grows adverse. This is the natural consequence of increasing "the means of the people" by making paper-money. For what is the use of making paper-money, if it is not to raise prices, and thus make "good times"? And to raise prices by making money plenty is to make it dearer to produce at home than to buy of those peoples whose tyrannical governments have refused to thus increase "the means of the people."

By the bank statement of December 27, 1872, the actual bank circulation was \$336,289,285, — say \$336,000,000. The amount authorized is \$356,000,000, and it is all going out; but we catch this sum on the wing for our use. This, with the authorized greenbacks and fractionals, makes \$732,000,000 of paper-money. How shall we turn the balance of trade in our favor, while we have \$732,000,000 of paper-money? How shall we turn the flow of specie inward, whilst our Treasury policy of depressing gold so as to force an appearance of appreciation of the currency, makes gold the cheapest commodity for export, — except bonds?

A sketch of the current resumption methods would be very imperfect which left out the prevalent belief that, as the territorial area of circulation is increased, its redundancy is diminished by the quantity that pours into the new field. When the South became reconciled to greenbacks, it was thought that so much as she took into her cir-

culation was taken from the redundancy of the circulation in the before circumscribed area. Likewise the purchase of Alaska enlarged the area of circulation, and so will the annexation of San Domingo and the Sandwich Islands. It is impossible to deny a proposition so plain. Yet if this is true, all the currency poured into the circulation of the South was so much taken from the "life's blood" of the North. Four millions a month was but a drop to this wholesale venesection. And the annexation of San Domingo and the Sandwich Islands, and the rest, will only tighten "the gyves of contraction" on the limbs of our own people. Thus all our pleasant paths of resumption come out at the den of this ogre, contraction. Even our manifest destiny has become a diminution of our life-blood.

But, in the wonderful currency experiences of the last ten years, there have been phenomena which confounded all monetary principles, giving an apparent victory to those who affirm that the American Eagle has soared above all the Old World rules and all the lessons of the past, and exploding the idea that there is any relation between the volume of paper-money and its depreciation. Positive proof is found in the fact that, after Lee's capitulation and the sudden fall of the great Rebellion, the gold premium, which on one day, in July, 1864, had touched 185, fell, with various diminishing rebounds, till it touched 23 in May, 1865, from which it rose to 43 in June, and for the rest of that year ranged about 47 to 48 with much steadiness, and for the next three years ranged in the neighborhood of 40. Affirming that in all this there was no material variation in the amount of paper-money, and that this flight of the gold premium was the measure of depreciation and appreciation of the currency, the friends of the Eagle declare it demonstrated that the volume of currency has nothing to do with its value, but that all depends on faith. And inasmuch as the rise of faith in the coun-

try's stability and solvency has appreciated the currency so greatly, they want to know why faith may not overcome the small remaining margin. At first it was alleged that, when the rise of faith should lift our six-per-cent bonds to par with gold, the currency would appreciate with them. There was no natural relation between irredeemable notes and interest-bearing bonds, but it was thought there was a relation in faith. Upon this assumption the famous bill to lift the public credit was passed. But the bonds have risen to par, while the currency remains about as it was when this bill was passed.

It would be foolish to deny that faith is a potent element in paper-money currency and all other affairs of credit. Even in the time when the currency was payable in specie, and when the whole volume was less than the specie, a decline of faith generally brought a suspension of payment. Faith is a vital property when \$732,000,000 of paper-money is to be raised to par with coin. When Congress, after it had promised that the limit of the issue should be \$150,000,000, went on and authorized \$450,000,000; when the war seemed interminable, and increasing in magnitude, and when the brood of national banks had been authorized to pour \$300,000,000 more into the circulation, there was reason enough for a heavy decline of faith and a consequent depreciation. And, besides these natural causes and effects, the situation made an opportunity for that kind of trade in the money market which buys and sells without ownership or transfer, and creates an appearance of demand or supply, of plenty or scarcity, without any realities. But there was no such variation in the purchasing power of the greenback dollar in things in general as would be indicated by the fluctuations of the Wall Street gold market.

The currency depreciation never reached the point indicated by the gold premium of 185. Likewise, when the great Rebellion suddenly collapsed,

and confidence rebounded, and it was thought that the declarations that the legal-tender notes were strictly a war measure would be at once practically verified, and when the Treasury was aiding the reaction of faith by throwing gold upon the market, — then all this force of the unreal speculation was turned the other way, and all these causes carried the gold premium below proportion or reason. But still it was not the measure of the value of the greenbacks. There was not such appreciation of them as would be measured by the fall of the gold premium from 185 to 29, nor such a following depreciation as would be indicated by the rise of the gold premium to near 50. We must learn the amount of depreciation and appreciation of the currency by other measures, if we would demonstrate by it the soundness or unsoundness of accepted monetary principles. In the face of this great fall of the gold premium, the greenbacks appreciated very slowly in the purchase of general commodities and of labor, and this appreciation has long since ceased. We have learned that when we cut loose paper-money from specie redemption, and give it a forced circulation by making it a legal tender, gold and silver do become in a considerable degree "demonetized" — to use a term invented by a former Secretary of the Treasury — and become commodities of commerce, and in some respects lose their quality of a standard of value. This distraction is greatly increased when the Secretary of the Treasury becomes *Ursa Major* in the gold market, and holds a great reserve threatening it.

Yet, if we look into the conditions, we shall find that the wonderful phenomena of the gold market do not conflict with any monetary rules before accepted as sound. We still find that the purchasing power of the paper dollar in wages and general commodities is about in proportion to the volume of the currency. As to the gold premium, the narrow margin of about one

fifteenth of its highest point is found harder to pass than all the rest. It is also generally believed that but for the standing "bear" posture of the Secretary of the Treasury, the premium would range much higher. Not till that threat is taken off the market can it be affirmed that, even with paper-money in forced circulation and with gold demonetized, gold has quite ceased to be the standard of value of the currency and of other things.

But when, in all this reckoning, we speak of the volume of currency, do we comprehend it? The mind commonly stops at the greenbacks and bank-notes; when contraction is spoken of, the mind runs only to the \$44,000,000 of greenbacks retired under Secretary McCulloch. But both the volume and the contraction of the currency have greatly exceeded these items, as we shall show. Secretary McCulloch's Report for 1867 states that the public debt reached its highest point August 31, 1865. He gives its various forms, including these: —

Temporary loan certificates . . .	\$107,148,913.16
Certificates of indebtedness . . .	85,093,000.00
Five-per-cent legal-tender notes . .	33,954,230.00
Compound-interest legal-tender notes	217,024,160.00
U. S. notes (greenbacks) . . .	433,160,569.00
Fractional notes	26,344,742.51
	<hr/>
	\$902,725,614.67
Add national bank-notes returned as in circulation, October, 1865 . . .	171,321,903.00
Circulation of State banks as by same report	78,867,575.00
	<hr/>
Total notes serving as currency	\$1,152,915,092.67

Of this sum \$684,138,959 was in legal-tenders, besides the fractional notes. These items, with the bank circulation, made \$960,693,179.51 of common currency. But the other certificates served the uses of currency for payments by the government, for bank deposits, and for payments in trade, and made the amount of the currency in actual circulation as above stated. At that time the gold premium was 46.

The Secretary's Report for 1868 showed the following currency items on the 1st of July of that year: —

Temporary loan certificates . . .	\$ 797,029.00
Certificates of indebtedness . . .	18,000.00
Five-per-cent legal-tenders . . .	710,603.64
Compound interest notes . . .	28,161,810.00
Three-per-cent certificates . . .	50,000,000.00
Fractional notes . . .	32,626,954.75
Greenbacks . . .	356,141,723.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 468,456,120.39
Add national bank-notes returned as in circulation . . .	299,806,565.00
Total currency . . .	<hr/>
	\$ 768,262,685.39

This shows a contraction in three years of \$ 384,652,207.28. In this the contraction of greenbacks was but \$ 44,000,000; yet the people look to that as the measure of the contraction we have suffered. An inspection of these items will suggest the idea that the noiseless contraction of these various irregular forms of currency would naturally have gone on, and thus would have greatly reduced the inflating material before its full effect, had not financial unwisdom provided a banking establishment to pour \$ 300,000,000 more into the inflated circulation, and to neutralize the further reduction of these temporary forms of debt currency. It was given out that this bank currency was to take the place of the greenbacks, and in some mysterious way was to bring about specie payment. But it only added to the currency inflation, after the war necessity for emitting irredeemable paper-money had ceased, and it has made the chief part of the difficult problem of specie payment.

The question will arise, How could the country stand so great a contraction, with its inseparable concomitants, appreciation of money and falling prices? In the first place, several things prevented an inflation of general prices commensurate with this volume of currency. It had not been issued long enough to have full effect. It was expected that contraction would follow hard on the end of war. War apprehensions prevented the inflation of confidence. The swift fall of the gold premium, upon Lee's surrender, tended to restrain the inflation of prices; and as soon as the war ended, Secretary McCulloch took the flood tide of

revenue and confidence, and paid off various currency obligations, except the greenbacks, at a most heroic rate. His prompt contraction of these forms of currency stopped the paper-money inflation of prices far within the limit they would otherwise have reached. Had it not been for his gigantic blunder of converting from \$ 700,000,000 to \$ 800,000,000 of seven-thirty currency obligations into gold bonds, he might have been called a great finance minister. And had it not been for the new banks then pouring their notes into circulation, his policy of contraction would have brought the country much nearer to the possibility of specie payment, without any pressure, than it now is after all the "bearing" of gold and the increase of bank paper.

In the second place, there was, after the war, a considerable though unequal fall in prices, with attendant loss of the profits due to industry and trade, increase of debt of every sort, and generally a realization by business men of difficulty in making ends meet. Falling prices which are caused by variations in money are always a calamity, as our country has felt. But the amount of contraction of the currency that has been made must astonish those who picture the body politic with a tourniquet twisted on its veins by the greenback contraction of but \$ 4,000,000 a month.

There are still a few who cling to the belief in monetary principles, as applicable to this surprising country. Some of them have been in the Treasury Department, and have vaticinated before the country in official reports. But our government has shown that it has no more use for them than King Ahab had for the unpleasant Prophet Micah, whilst there were four hundred others whose words pleased him better.

The recent session of Congress abounded in resumption plans founded on the American principle, that a great and expanding country needs a great and expanding emission of paper-money; nearly all of them sought the

measure of the proper issue of paper-money in the "wants of the people"; and nearly all proposed resumption, without any diminution of the luxury of paper-money. The simplest application of the American principle was in the proposition to add \$ 25,000,000 to the bank circulation; to add \$ 50,000,000 to the greenbacks for a revenue, the spigot of which should be turned on by the Secretary of the Treasury at his discretion, in "moving the crops," preventing stringency, or checking speculation, abolishing the limitation of bank circulation, and the requirement of bank reserves. All of the plans failed to be adopted. But they showed a prevalence of financial genius which gives assurance of future safety.

The most complete and surprising resumption measure was presented by Mr. Sherman, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance. Its main features are these: 1. The Treasury at New York shall begin, January 1, 1874, to exchange coin or five-per-cent gold bonds, at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury, for greenbacks in sums of \$ 1,000 or any multiple thereof. 2. The Secretary may reissue the greenbacks, either to pay current expenses or to buy or redeem bonds. 3. The limitation of bank circulation shall be abolished July 1. 4. Banks that make a redeeming agency shall be released from the law reserves.

The merits of this plan are ably set forth in Mr. Sherman's speech on presenting it. First, he invokes the national conscience. He starts with the solemn pledge of the faith of the nation to pay, as soon as the public peril was over, the notes which Mr. Sherman has continually characterized as a forced loan. He then gives assurance that these notes shall not be taken away from the people, but shall be reissued, since the people insist on being forced to lend money to the government, and cling to their forced loan with a fondness hitherto unheard of.

The speech declares the impregna-

ble principle, that specie is the only true standard of values, and specie payment the only sound basis of paper-money; but that positive specie payment has an ever-impending danger of panics, because many may want it. The finance chairman says: "All that is needed to complete the system is general specie redemption, but with provision for temporarily suspending specie payments in case of extreme necessity." Specie payment when it is not wanted, with suspension when it is wanted, is the perfect currency system.

Mr. Sherman forcibly describes the evils caused by a depreciated currency; but as the popular taste has become depraved by depreciated money, he promises appreciations and specie payment without any change in its value. For, he says, "there will be no contraction of the currency, no disturbance of real values." Thus the dollar shall appreciate fourteen or fifteen per cent without any change of value. And with specie payment, he says, there will be a flexible currency adjusting itself to the demand; whereas now everything is subject to the shifting value of a fixed currency.

These are but a part of the wonderful virtues ascribed to this plan. It promises to offer coin or bonds for the greenbacks, and to return the greenbacks again, thus giving two for one. It promises the addition of the bank reserve to the circulation. It promises free banking and unlimited paper-money, and proposes to throw the coin into the circulation. It fools the American people to the top of their bent, by offering them the meal of paper-money inflation, wholly concealing the cat of specie payment.

And the finance chairman gives positive assurance of the practicability of his plan by laying down as a fundamental rule, that the notes will not be presented for specie unless they are in excess of the wants of the people. He says, "If, then, these notes are in excess of the wants of the people for a currency, they will be presented for redemption, and ought to be redeemed. If

not, their value will be appreciated to the gold standard, and this in specie payments." Everybody knows that he has no more of these notes than he wants. The people would take a thousand millions more, and still cry, Give! And the principle, that if the paper-money be not in excess of the wants of the people, it will not be presented for redemption, makes the alternative of redemption in bonds, if not all redemption, unnecessary. Surely it makes resumption easy.

The other most notable resumption bill was that of a distinguished financier of the House, Mr. Samuel Hooper. It was more simple. It proposed simple convertibility of the greenbacks at the Treasury at New York, to begin May 1, 1874, after which time greenbacks should be received for customs, and the Secretary might sell six-per-cent bonds to buy coin to keep the mill running, and should re-issue the greenbacks. In this, as in the other case, the greenbacks that flowed into the treasury in exchange for coin were to flow out again, bringing more debt with them, and to repeat the operation *ad infinitum*. The bill also provided for the issue of three-per-cent notes to the banks on call, in exchange for greenbacks, to be held as reserves. This was to induce them not to lend their money to speculators. Having created banks to issue paper-money as a loan to the people, it was now proposed to pay them interest out of the public treasury on their idle money, to prevent their lending it too freely. This method also promised much paper-money inflation with specie payment,—a recognized necessity in plans for resumption; for the popular instinct fears contraction, and is in favor of unlimited paper-money. We should not judge harshly our public financiers, who have to frame their plans for resumption upon this necessity.

The problem of the paper-money expansion is much complicated by the expansion of the American Eagle in our statesmanship and in the palladium of our liberties. He would be a proph-

et without honor in his own country who should say that depreciation of gold by the Treasury operations is no real appreciation of the currency, and, therefore, is no approach to specie payment: he would fare even worse who should say that there is no appreciation of the currency without calamity; that appreciation is an increase in the purchasing power of money in all things which is measured by falling prices in all things; that to cause an apparent appreciation of the currency by depreciating gold, whether it be by making notes legal tender, or by "bearing" the gold market with the Treasury surplus, is only to cheapen gold for export, and thus to drive it from the country, and put specie payment farther off; that the depreciation of gold below the range of 45 to 50 has not been attended with a corresponding appreciation of the currency in its general purchasing power; that the actual depreciation of the currency is now more than double what is marked by the premium on gold; and that all the operations of "bearing" gold below its just ratio to the currency have only sacrificed so much of its value to the Treasury, stimulated its exportation, and reduced the means of resumption.

The American people have had from their infancy a genius for paper-money. It is mortifying to find that the colonial fathers brought it to a more perfect system than we. Regularly, after their frequent Indian wars had made necessary a "forced loan" in notes, they fixed the rate of their redemption according to the depreciation they had experienced. Thus the depreciation was diffused gently as the dew, and at the end the holder got all the value he paid. Thus the good times of expansion were not followed by the terrible pinching of contraction. There was no appreciation, and thus the measure of private contracts was not raised, nor the specie standard disturbed. The colonial fathers were very pious men, and they thought this a just way of levying a "forced loan," and of redeeming a depreciated currency. But

we have a higher standard: we insist on the inflexibility of the obligation of the government, overlooking the fact that we raise the obligation of the \$10,000,000,000 of private contracts by raising the value of the medium of payment. But the mysteries of paper-money have so confused the popular mind that it actually believes this raising of the obligation of contracts makes all richer. It was a serious matter to change the measure of all existing contracts from coin to flying paper: it is vastly more serious to raise the obligation of current indebtedness from flying paper to coin. But we call this tremendous alteration of private obligations public faith.

This is chiefly because we have imagined that the currency can be raised to par with coin, without changing its value, and that the dollar can be appreciated, and yet be as easy to get as when it was cheap. But real appreciation of money is always a calamity. The instinct against contraction recognizes this. Depreciation of money stimulates all the circulation of the body politic. It is rising prices, quickened trade, easy payment of debts, general confidence, and, apparently, general prosperity. Appreciation is the reverse. It restricts the circulation of the body politic, causes falling prices, harder payment of debts, diminishing trade, and general distrust. It is the instinctive perception of the hard consequences of real appreciation which, in the face of all the high professions of public faith, has caused it to be fixed that there shall be no redemption of the greenbacks, no payment, and therefore no real appreciation. It is this that has imposed on the Secretary of the Treasury the miraculous task of converting \$732,000,000 of paper-money (with occasional additions to "move the crops" and to equalize the banking privilege) to specie value and to resumption, by speculative operations on the Wall Street gold market.

There is for our instruction the experience of Great Britain in restoring specie payment after a lesser deprecia-

tion. It tells of contraction and appreciation, and their consequences, — monetary pressure and widespread mercantile ruin. At the last the small remaining margin between paper and gold was overcome by beginning payment, in large sums only, in ingots, somewhat raised in value. An attempt to force specie payment, before contraction had appreciated the notes to par, proved disastrous. But America is such a surprising country that no experience serves her.

The bank circulation before the civil war had been as high as \$214,000,000. In 1860 it was \$207,000,000. We suppose the amount of specie was over \$250,000,000, and the greater part was in the hands of the people. This gave \$457,000,000 as the circulation medium of that time. We suppose \$165,000,000 a high estimate for the specie at this time. Save the diminishing amount circulating in California, it is out of the ordinary channels of circulation or deposit. This seems to leave the \$732,000,000 of paper-money the sum of the circulation. No close comparison can be made of the situation at this time with that in the era of specie-paying bank-paper, because of the peculiar condition of the coin, and because of the law of bank reserves on circulation and deposits. No one can tell how far this law is observed, or how far it holds currency out of circulation. But if we make a rough guess, and set off the doubtful amount withheld from the circulation by the law of reserves, against such incalculable influence as the specie may have in the circulation, and call the \$732,000,000 of issued paper the true volume of the circulation we may find that this increase, as compared with the circulation, with specie payment, is not far above the inflation of general prices. And these have risen with the increase of bank circulation, and are rising. The cost of domestic production in general has been increasing for several years, and is growing with the growth of paper-money. This is the way a country grows up to its currency. But the inflation of prices by paper-money is always uneven and fluctu-

ating. In the reckoning, we must take into account that the operations of the Treasury to depress gold depress in like degree the prices of the exportable products. There never was devised so potent an engine for stimulating imports as that which inflates the cost of home production by paper-money, and "bears" the gold for foreign purchases.

A simpler showing is made by taking the actual amount of paper and specie, and comparing their proportions with those of any time of specie payment, anywhere. Only they who think the expansion of the American Eagle is to bring specie payment will deny that a specie basis is prerequisite, and that conditions must be made which will secure this basis before resumption can begin. To depress the purchasing power of specie drives this basis out of the country. Not only the paper, but the coin, must be made to appreciate. If the appreciation of money be a blessing, the country can have much of it; for by a contraction of the paper-money we can not only bring that to par with coin, but, by restoring coin to its natural channels, we can rescue that from a forced depreciation which drives it from the land.

But it is confessed that the real appreciation of money which comes from contraction, or making it grow dearer, is so repugnant to the popular instinct that no public man dare propose it. It may be that ingenious financiers will invent a plan of banking upon a specie basis, with special encouragement, which shall transfer new transactions to the coin basis, and thus specie payment shall be made to steal upon the people unawares. It may be that, through some endless chain contrivance, which shall carry greenbacks into the Treasury and bring out bonds, contraction shall surreptitiously come upon the country through the promise of inflation. But at this writing the development theory of resumption is the great American doctrine. The country is waiting to grow up to specie payment. And as confidence in the growth of the country is boundless, many are desirous to show their faith in it by pouring the bank reserves into the inflated current, and by adding a large sum in greenbacks, to be issued to "move the crops," or to relieve the chronic monetary stringency, or to regulate general speculation, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sam. R. Reed.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THEY never crowned him, never knew his worth,
But let him go unlaurell'd to the grave.
Hereafter — yes! — are guerdons for the brave,
Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
Balm for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth
Of human love. So let the lilies wave
Above him, nameless. Little did he crave
Men's praises. Modestly, with kindly mirth,
Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate, —
Drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and War's immortal woe;
Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
His spirit is not whiter now than then!)
A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

MY RAILROAD FIGHT IN AND OUT OF COURT.

IN the Atlantic Monthly for December last, I told the story of *The Fight of a Man with a Railroad*; and related how, while travelling on the New York and New Haven Railroad, from New York to New Haven, I tendered in payment for my passage a coupon-ticket marked, "Good from New Haven to New York," and was dragged from the train because I refused to pay my fare in any other form, and subjected to severe bodily injuries. The facts of this case are so familiar to the public that they need not be recapitulated here. The sequel of the contest—a suit for damages which, after four trials, resulted in a verdict of \$3,500 in my favor—is also well known. But some interesting and characteristic facts of the legal struggle still remain to be told; and by way of preface, it should be stated that my suit against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company was an action for damages for physical injuries sustained by me at the hands of its employees; not for its refusal to receive the ticket which I offered, and which I claimed was a legal and sufficient tender. I believed, and still believe, that if I pay for seventy-four miles of transportation on a railroad, I am entitled to such transportation on presentation of the evidence of my payment in the form of a ticket, at whichever end of the route I claim my due. But the basis of my suit was not the denial of my rights as a traveller. I sued the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, demanding damages for its wrongful act in beating and maiming me,—for an assault, in fact. I brought the suit in a Massachusetts court, first, because the superintendent of the New York and New Haven Railroad had said that, if I wished to test the case, "he would give me all the law I wanted, and would show me that the laws in Connecticut were different from those

where I came from"; secondly, because most of the witnesses on my side were residents of Boston and vicinity, and could attend court in that city without much inconvenience; and thirdly, because I believed that the Massachusetts courts represented the highest type of judicial purity.

On the day of the first trial, I entered the court-room laboring under the agitation natural to the novice in legal contests, and worn with the labors of preparation. When the examination of witnesses was begun, I was first called to the stand. I was required, as is the custom, in direct examination, to tell who I was, where I lived, what my business was; and, these preliminary questions having been answered, to give a full history of the collision between myself and the railroad authorities. What was said and what was done I was permitted to tell, under constant interruptions from the counsel for the railroad, with, "Your Honor, I object!" and thanks to these interruptions, and to the slow pen of the judge, which lagged in note-taking, and had to be waited for, I gave, instead of the concise, straightforward, and symmetrical account which I intended to give, confused and piecemeal sketches, which did no justice to my case before the jury. I was wholly unable to show the animus of my antagonists,—the contemptuous insolence which characterized their treatment of me in the earliest stages of the affair, and the reckless brutality which marked its catastrophe. I was allowed to tell the jury that I was ejected from the train and received bodily harm: the law recognizes the fact of an ejection; but it ignores the fact that the victim has "senses, affections, passions," and that the insult was put upon him in the presence of a car full of ladies and gentlemen.

The hasty retrospect of my evidence

which I involuntarily made gave me no courage for the next and severer ordeal, — the cross-examination. The first questions of the counsel for the corporation were gentle, soothing, and seductive; but, finding that I refused the hidden pitfalls into which he would fain lead me, he changed his method, and strove to make me exhibit myself as a "common travelling agent," who had deliberately plotted to swindle the railroad company by trumping up a claim for damages for a pretended injury. He interrogated me as to the particulars of my physical discomforts: on what days did I suffer pain from my injury? at what hours of the day? Did the weather affect my state of health? Then he required me to consider what a mean, contemptible fellow I was, to try to save two dollars and a quarter by using an old ticket. Then he demanded, to know why need I be such a "rough," and get into that disgraceful quarrel, disturbing the other passengers, assailing the railroad officials, and making them leave their business and come all the way to Boston, when I might have paid my fare, and every thing would have been smooth?

On another trial the lawyer who conducted the case in behalf of the railroad company thundered out this command: "Now, sir, look upon the jury and tell them why you broke the rules of that road, — why you attempted to use that ticket! A man of your age and your experience in travelling must have known better. What made you think you could do it?" A hush followed this indignant outburst. Every eye in the court-room was fixed upon me; the spectators straightened themselves in their seats to listen; the reporters lifted their heads, and fingered their pencils nervously; the lawyers within the bar winked at each other significantly; and the presiding judge bent forward in an attitude of grave expectation.

My answer was deliberate, for I had outgrown my original nervousness, and was hardened to the asperities of judicial inquisition: "On general prin-

ciples, when I pay a dollar for a thing, I am entitled to the equivalent of that dollar, whether I buy a railroad ticket or potatoes."

"Ye-e-s," rejoined the lawyer, slowly, and with a sneer in every word, "and when you buy *potatoes*, you think you can take it out in *sugar* or *tea*, if you prefer." He had made a good point, he thought, and he cast about the room a look inviting congratulation.

"No," I said; "I do not think I can take it out in *sugar* or *tea*. But I think, if I buy a barrel of potatoes, it's nobody's business but my own whether I take the head out of the barrel and eat through *that* way, or *tip it the other end up*, and go through *that* way!"

For once I had the whole court with me in a laugh, in which judge, jury, lawyers, and spectators took eager part; and my inquisitor dashed his papers on the table, and dropped into his seat.

During the last trial I had testified that I knew tickets had been used "backwards" on the road, and I believed such usage amounted to a custom. My tormentor asked why I did not bring witnesses to prove such a custom. I replied, that we did introduce a witness for that purpose, but the defendant's counsel refused to permit him to testify, declaring that the *custom* of the road had nothing to do with the case; only the *rule* of the road was to be considered. The counsel denied this, and affirmed that he would not have objected to such testimony, if we had been able to produce it. A gentleman sitting among the spectators rose and whispered to my lawyer; and as soon as I left the witness-stand, he was called and sworn, the opposing counsel watching the proceeding with undisguised curiosity. "Mr. Witness," asked my lawyer, "you have travelled a good deal on the New York and New Haven Railroad, have you not?" "Yes, sir." "State whether or not you ever had any tickets to go in the reverse direction, and how they were marked."

Before the witness could answer, the

counsel for the railroad sprang up and vehemently protested against the introduction of the evidence. The judge evidently did not comprehend the situation, and turned an inquiring look upon my lawyer, who answered it by saying, "Your Honor, the defendants have asked me why we did not call witnesses to prove the custom of using tickets 'backward,' and said that they should not object if we did so. Now we have put this gentleman on the stand to show that he had such tickets—" "Yes, and used them too," interrupted the witness. "Stop, sir!" cried the judge, "you are not to testify until you are told to do so." But the caution was too late; the mischief was done; and again all present, appreciating the humor of this breach of legal etiquette, united in a hearty laugh. It was plainly unnecessary to pursue the examination of this witness further, and he was permitted to stand aside.

The other witnesses for the plaintiff, ladies and gentlemen who were in the car at the time of my ejection, gave their evidence on each trial, clearly and impressively, corroborating my own in all material points, and resisting successfully the diligent efforts of the opposing counsel to lead them into self-contradiction and confusion. They, too, were badgered and brow-beaten, as I had been; and their plight in the grasp of the cross-examining lawyer, though not edifying, was instructive in so far as it proved that the law is no respecter of persons. All the evidence for the plaintiff having been put in, the defendants' counsel opened their case in a brief speech, in which he quietly assumed, and seemed to take the jury into partnership in the assumption, that I had deliberately laid a plan to cheat the railroad company, and coolly stigmatized my suit for redress as a "fraud." He then introduced his witnesses,— "the honest, hard-working men who had been styled 'roughs' by the other side," and whose advent was now witnessed by the spectators with ill-concealed amusement. The contrast, in fact, between the witnesses for the two

sides of the case was too glaring to be ignored.

The first honest witness was as prompt as a well-drilled recruit. He described the incidents of my ejection: the conductor called upon him and some of the other "boys" to take a man out of the car; they attempted to carry out his order quietly, but the man refused to go; therefore they laid gentle hands on him, whereupon the man kicked and struck and bit, and he (the witness) had to take hold of the man's hands to restrain his violence. He swore positively that it took six men to move the man. In answer to an inviting question, he eagerly testified that he saw Mr. Coleman bite one of the boys on the arm,—right through the woollen garment that the man wore. The story was clear, concise, and told with an air of confidence that was quite impressive. "Mr. Witness," said my lawyer, beginning the cross-examination, "you said just now that you saw Mr. Coleman bite one of the men?" "Yes, sir; on the arm. "Which arm?" The witness hesitated; he was well prepared in generalities, but not in details. Presently he answered, "The left arm." "How many men had hold of Mr. Coleman at this time?" "One man was on his left side and another on his right, others had him by his legs, and I was in front." "These men were *abreast* of Mr. Coleman, taking him out squarely through the car, were they?" "Yes, sir." "Will you swear to that positively?" "Yes, sir," said the witness, resolutely. "Careful, now; are you *sure* of that?" "Yes, *sir*; I am *sure* of it." "On which side of Mr. Coleman was the man who was bitten?" Again the witness hesitated, and his face, hitherto calm, grew flushed and anxious. But he answered at last, "The left side, sir." "Will you swear positively to that also?" "Yes, sir; I swear positively to it." "Now, sir," resumed the lawyer, "do you not know that a man of Mr. Coleman's breadth in that narrow car-aisle would completely fill it, so that neither two men nor one could stand at his

side, as you swear they did?" Flustered, but not daunted, the witness explained, "The men were a little *back* of Mr. Coleman"; and witness quitted the stand, leaving the court to meditate on the strange spectacle of a man curving his giraffe-like neck, and fastening his teeth in the *left* arm of a man who stood on his *left* side, and a "little *back* of him!"

Several other honest witnesses gave similar testimony as to the biting, and as to the violent behavior of the plaintiff, and the gentle but firm deportment of the railroad-men; these latter struck no blows, but several were delivered by the plaintiff. The harmony of the witnesses was beautiful. They seemed to have beheld the scenes which they described with a single eye: as to the biting, the arm bitten, and the position of the biter, their agreement was perfect. At this stage of the proceedings a recess was taken. On the reassembling of the court, other witnesses for the railroad were examined; but, strange to say, not one of them could give any particular information as to the biting; they swore that Mr. Coleman *did* bite, but, though they had enjoyed the same opportunities for observation with their predecessors on the stand, they "could n't exactly remember the details." Such is the effect of lunch.

The conductor told a plausible story, modelled carefully on my own statement, but differing in certain points that could be turned against me. It will be remembered that he told me in the cars that the directors had made a "rule," forbidding him to take tickets backward. On cross-examination, my counsel asked him where he was accustomed to turn in his tickets to the company. He attempted to evade the question again and again, but finally answered, with painful reluctance, "In New York." It was further extorted from him that the tickets were turned in at New York whether taken in going to or from that city; *that it made no difference which way my coupon was used*; and, finally, that the directors of the road had

never given him (as he asserted to me) a rule against taking coupons "backwards," but that the superintendent had verbally ordered him not to take them, about three years before! This superintendent, who, with his son, wrenched me from the train at Stamford when I attempted to re-enter it after my ejection, was obliged to swear that it was the exclusive right of the directors to make "rules," and, further, that they never had made a "rule" touching the ticket question; he himself having verbally instructed the conductors not to take tickets "backward," which he had no shadow of authority to do. Thus it seems that the "rule" for the violation of which I had been mildly rebuked by the servants of the railroad, — a violation which was the soul of the defence, its single excuse and answer to my allegations — *was not a "rule" at all, but a mere verbal order given by an unauthorized person.* Yet, in the face of the declaration, by one of the highest officers of the road, that there was no "rule," the judge charged the jury that a "rule" had been broken, that I was a trespasser, and that the railroad company had a right to eject me from the train, employing the necessary force and no more! Such a charge concerns every person in the community; for it seems that any of us, *for disobedience to a non-existent rule*, may be brutally dragged from a railway-car, and, seeking redress, shall be informed by the court that the railway company is responsible only for "excess of violence."

The examination of the superintendent having been concluded, the counsel for the railroad stated to the court that the victim of Mr. Coleman's carnivorous ferocity had been discharged from the road immediately after his misfortune; that diligent search had been made for him, but in vain. By one of those dramatic felicities, so frequent in fiction and so rare in real life, just at this juncture a telegram was brought in announcing that the bitten man had been found, and would

arrive on a train due in ten minutes. The judge granted the delay asked for, and the spectators brightened up in anticipation of new and measurably tragic revelations. The delay was brief. In a few minutes the door of the courtroom was thrust open, and in rushed the witness, breathless with haste. A brisk, bronzed person he was, self-contained and self-satisfied, with locomotive gait, and a habit of gesture suggestive of brake-rods. He mounted the witness-stand, was sworn, and delivered his direct testimony with easy indifference, coupling his sentences as he would couple cars, with a jerk. This is his story in brief: "The conductor c'm out the car 'n' said, 'S man in there want ye t' take out.' Went in the car, and he said, 'That's th' man: put 'im out!' I jes' took 'im up and carried him out through the car out on t' th' platform th' depot, an' took 'n' set 'im down, an' never hurt him a mite." "Did Mr. Coleman bite you?" inquired the counsel for the railroad. "Yes, sir." "Did he bite you on the arm?" "Yes, sir." The lawyer asked him no more questions, evidently satisfied with the effect of his evidence thus far, and possibly remembering that, unlike the other witnesses for the road, he had not enjoyed the benefit of lunch. Remitted to my counsel for cross-examination, the witness, well pleased with his success, and confident in his own powers, met the inquisitorial onset with calm dignity.

"Mr. Witness," said the lawyer, "you were in the car on the day when Mr. Coleman was taken out, were you?" "Yes, sir; I took him out myself." "Ah! you assisted the men to take him out, did you?" "No, sir; did n't have no men; took him out myself." "O, you took him out alone, then?" "Yes, sir; took him out alone." "You swear to that?" "Yes, sir; swear to it." "Nobody helped you?" "No, sir; took him out myself." "Well, sir," pursued the lawyer, "you must be a stout fellow, to handle a man like that. Won't you

please describe just how you took him out?" "Well, I jes' went up to th' man, reached one arm 'round his neck, so fashion, had his head right up here on my arm, 'n' I jes' took 'im right through the car out on t' the platform th' depot, an' set 'im down and never hurt 'im a mite."

Every face was intent upon the witness and not a sound was heard save his voice, though there were premonitory symptoms of laughter. With a suavity delightful to see, the lawyer said, while he scanned the compact frame of the witness, "Why, you must be a powerful fellow!" "Yes, sir; I'm big enough for him." "Well, now, will you be kind enough to tell the jury, did Mr. Coleman strike anybody?" "No, sir; I did n't give 'im no chance; I had 'im." "You swear to that positively?" "Yes, sir." A look of dismay and disgust settled upon the faces of the earlier witnesses for the road, who had graphically and minutely described my violent resistance, my kicks and blows. The spectators giggled, and even the judge relaxed the solemnity of his visage. "Did anybody strike Mr. Coleman?" continued the lawyer. "No, sir; I had 'im and did n't give 'em no chance." "You swear to that, too?" "Yes, sir." "Well, Mr. Witness, when you had Mr. Coleman's head upon your arm, as you described, I suppose you had his face turned a little toward your breast?" The witness, eagerly following this description of the situation and the gestures which illustrated it, his face now flushed and beaded with perspiration (for the work was harder than he had thought it), nodded assent. "Mr. Coleman's mouth, then, would come about there?" inquired the lawyer, pointing to the inside of the arm, next to the body. "Yes, sir; that's just the place where he bit me." "You swear to that positively?" "Yes, sir, positively." All the witnesses for the road, except the conductor, who did not commit himself as to the biting, swore emphatically that the bite was on the outside of the left arm, some of them

placing the bitten man upon the left of the biter; and now comes a third untutored witness, who claimed to be the sufferer and who of course ought to know the place of the bite, testifying with equal positiveness that the bite was on the inside of his arm. Even the counsel for the road could not refuse to join in the universal merriment which ensued.

On subsequent trials all this testimony as to the biting was rearranged. The victim of my ferocity was obliged to share the honor of taking me out with five auxiliaries, and the bite was transferred to his *right* arm. Being a draughtsman, I had measured the car, and was ready with a drawing to show that the new theories of the defence as to the method of taking me out left just three inches for the movement of each stalwart brakeman as he walked at my side.

I suppose that I need give no extended report of the argument of the road's counsel. He took the highest ground,—the ground that the public had no right to question the management of the road; that the company owned it, and had the right to manage it as any other property is managed by a private corporation: that is, he denied the fact that *the public is virtually a partner* in railroad companies, which it creates and lifts into power by grants of franchises and land. Indeed, this distinction between public and private corporations has been carefully ignored by the judiciary of the country; and to this the present alarming domination of railroad corporations is mainly traceable.

I may say, for the encouragement of those who look to the courts for deliverance from a railroad tyranny, whose bonds the judiciary seems willing enough to rivet, that, in every trial, my counsel carried the jury with him, one single juror of the forty-eight excepted. This juror was said to have been formerly an employee of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The action of the several juries, so far as the public is concerned in it, is satis-

factory and cheering; for it indicates unmistakably that the spring of railroad power in our courts is not in the deliberate judgment of intelligent men; but the judges' charges were in effect restatements of the arguments of the counsel for the railroad touching the general question of the rights and powers of railroads. The juries were instructed that the public has no voice in the affairs of railroads; that contracts with passengers were to be made on conditions fixed by one party, the railroad; that if a passenger violated its regulations, an assault upon him by the agents of the corporation was justifiable, though these latter must be careful to avoid excess of violence. The juries were also instructed that if they found that, in this case, the defendants had employed an excess of violence, they must not allow punitive damages, but only such as would compensate the plaintiff for his injuries. Despite these instructions the four juries promptly brought in verdicts in my favor, each one giving heavier damages than its immediate predecessor. On the second trial the jury disagreed, owing to one of its members; I am informed that many of his associates desired to award me \$15,000. The first jury agreed upon a verdict of \$10,000; but one of their number, versed in the ways of courts, suggested that it would probably be set aside, and that I would consequently be subjected to great trouble and expense; so they reduced the figures to \$3,300, which was increased to \$3,500 on the last trial.

Such, briefly sketched, were some of the features of my railroad fight in court. The reader will recollect that I—a man not rich and ill able to afford the time or expense of such a contest with an opulent corporation—was compelled to repeat this fight three times: first, because the verdict of \$3,300 awarded excessive damages for one of the most brutal assaults ever committed, and the infliction of lifelong injuries; and subsequently upon pretexts even more trivial. The judges

ruled that the roads had all the rights in the case, and I had none. They ruled that an order given by an unauthorized person, and confessedly no regulation, *was* a regulation, and that, if I violated it, I must take the consequences. They declared in effect that a railroad ticket was a contract, though it bore no government stamp, and was made by a single party. They suffered the wild and contradictory swearing of the road's witnesses to go unnoticed. But in spite of the judges, and their rulings, the juries were for me.

My fight out of court has been a different matter. The publication of my first article has called forth comments from the press in every part of the country. I have seen more than one hundred notices and articles based upon it, all of which, with three or four exceptions, applaud my course, and express the public sympathy with me in terms which I could not reproduce without seeming to turn to my own honor a matter which I am anxious to regard in an impersonal light. These articles have appeared in the most important journals of the country; I believe that *no* journal of influence has left the case unnoticed; and the country press has treated it as generously and courageously as the great newspapers of the city, which are supposed to be less susceptible to local influences, and more independent to advertisements and free passes. Nothing could be more instructive and interesting than this almost universal expression of public opinion by the public press in regard to the arbitrary and despotic management of our railroads. Many of the journals recur to the subject again and again, and all testify to the fact that every railroad passenger has seen or felt some outrage or oppression against which he has longed to protest.

This fact is even more vividly enforced by the private letters which have not ceased to come to me since the publication of my paper. They are from women as well as men, and from persons in every station of life and

every department of business, in nearly every State of the Union; and they congratulate me, not only upon my personal victory, but also upon my demonstration of the fact that it is possible for an individual to stand up in defence of his rights against a railroad corporation. They recite the tyrannies and meannesses of different railroads, and catalogue the stratagems by which railroad managers bind the hands that should protect the people from their encroachments. If it were possible to print these letters together, they would constitute an indictment whose force would impress even the most easy-going and spiritless citizen. I make an extract from one of them which, brief as it is, carries a tremendous significance. The letter was written by a resident of another State, who, like myself, had dared to sue a railroad. He writes:—

"But I am not yet out of the woods, as the case is again before the lower court, where it is delayed from the fact that most of our judges are disqualified from trying the case: one is secretary of the company; others are stockholders; others, before their elevation to the bench, were regular counsel for the company."

What is true in that State is true in all; the trail of the railroad is over every judicial bench in the country. In one of the great States of the West, a correspondent writes that one of the judges of the Supreme Court permits a railroad corporation, which is party to several suits pending before him, to transport free of charge building material for his new house, thereby saving him from five hundred to one thousand dollars in freight-money. In New York some judges had become openly vendible; in other States they are more coy and circumspect; but in no State are they above suspicion, as judges ought to be. It is a notorious fact that railroad corporations regard the free-ticket system as one of the strongest bonds wherewith they have bound the American people. On the press, on the legislature, and on the judiciary they be-

stow "passes" with lavish hand, well knowing that every man who accepts one virtually assumes an obligation to favor the corporation which gives it. They do not count upon an immediate return, but are content to bide their time. Some day their road may need defence in the newspapers; or it may need an extension of its privileges at the hands of the legislature; or it may be a party in an important lawsuit. For all these contingencies it is prudent to provide.

One of the most curious and interesting of the letters I have received is from a former railroad man, in the West, who gives me his full name and address, and says, "I wish to express my thanks to you for having benefited the country by your victory over a railroad, and by the article just sent forth; *the statements of which I can testify are true, having been a railroad agent in a Western State.*"

From Albany a prominent merchant writes to congratulate me, and to express his own feeling in regard to the "arrogance, tyranny, and oftentimes brutality exhibited by railroad officials and employees"; and from Washington a gentleman, distinguished in literature and society, sends me his thanks. "I have for years," he adds, "called the attention of the public to the extortions and illegalities of our railroads. But it is slow work, because, as you have very well shown, the companies bribe *indirectly*, by propitiation, men who are, some of them at least, too honest to be bribed directly. . . . But let us hope, some day or other, those fellows may hustle or maim a senator by mistake"; or, let me suggest, as even more to the purpose, a judge of the courts.

A letter from a well-known firm in Boston asserts that our merchants are doing business under a worse despotism than exists under any arbitrary government of the Old World. I need hardly say that my correspondents abound on the line of the New York and New Haven Road, and that they one and all hail my success with joy,

and reiterate those well-known complaints of the road.

I may be excused, I trust, for copying finally a letter from a lawyer of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which is remarkable for the practical turn of the writer's sympathy:—

"Accept my sincere thanks for your article in the December Atlantic. I have been intending to write you a letter of thanks for two weeks past, but am now specially moved to do so, as I can add to my own the high commendation of my friend Mr. —, our United States minister to —, who spent last night at my house. If you will accept it, I will send you fifty dollars as an earnest of my thanks, and as my contribution to your good work."

Naturally, I could not accept my correspondent's offer, but I valued it as a movement in the right direction. The impulse which prompted it has already taken a practical shape in the West, where, as I learn, the farmers and merchants have already begun to form unions for their common defence against the railroads. The members contribute to a fund which is to be used in attacking the illegalities of the roads in the courts, and for defraying, at the common cost, the expenses of suits which private persons would not dare to undertake. This is a thoroughly practical movement, and altogether preferable to the secret political organization against the roads which has also been set on foot. Such a party is predestined to be the prey of politicians, who will betray it on the first occasion; but a co-operative society seeking justice in the courts must succeed, even though the judges who make railroad-law preside, with free passes in their pockets. There, with jurors who have never been connected with railroads,—jurors chosen only half as carefully in this view as jurors in murder cases are chosen,—the victim of railroad tyranny is sure of justice at last. No compromises should ever be accepted. A thousand suits at law would do more to right the public than any amount of legislation.

The most encouraging and satisfactory characteristic of my railroad fight out of court is that *it is still going on*, and I trust that it will continue till the insolence of these railroad corporations is curbed, and they are taught their single and true function of common carriers for the sovereign people. They are servants who have usurped the mastery. It is time they relinquished it.

John A. Coleman.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost;
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode,
And gazed at the fatal stars
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe:
"This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,

And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said :
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod ;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead ;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains ;
And the Scribe said : "What misdeed
Have I done, that without need,
Thou doest to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him : "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe !
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the King ;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said :
"Allah is great and just,
We are but ashes and dust !
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered : "Write !"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air

On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied :
"Our pathways here divide ;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near ;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear ;
And no one saw the deed ;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;
And his heart was merry within
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born, —
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said : "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design !
King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,

This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

Henry W. Longfellow.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE story of Henry Timrod, the South Carolinian poet, as his friend Mr. Paul H. Hayne tells it, is about as sad as any tragedy in the annals of literature; and it is darkened by some shadows peculiar to the time and place in which he expiated his purpose of being a poet. He struggled forward to the full use of his powers in a community where, as we understand it, there was a taste for literature and a certain pride in it, but no market for it; and where he paid for his devotion with poverty and privations and hard, uncongenial toil; then, just when he might have hoped for some happier fortune, the disasters of the Rebellion gathered upon his cause and people, and, while the desolation of defeat still weighed heaviest upon them, he died suddenly of consumption. He was born in Charleston, of a German family on his father's side, from whom he inherited a real poetic strain and a most unworldly passion for literature. As a boy, Timrod's father ran away from school and apprenticed himself to a bookbinder, in the fond belief that he could so have constant communion with books; and Timrod, in his turn, forsook his law-studies, and chose to be a private tutor in planters' families for the sake of the greater opportunity for poetry this would give him. Before the war, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields published a little volume for him, which won some notice, and he wrote thereafter other poems of the warmest Southern tint, in which it seems that we of the North were, to his gentle and kindly spirit, tyrants and oppressors, and our brothers and sons, who went South to die for freedom and union, no other than ruffian hordes of hirelings. So it appears that it was a holy war—on both sides; and poor Timrod's execration need not offend us now; some of the verses, it must be owned, were very well turned, and have a true fire and force, as such lines as these can witness:—

* *The Poems of Henry Timrod*. Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by PAUL H. HAYNE. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1873.
Lara: A Pastoral of Norway. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.
The Wishing-Cap Papers. By LEIGH HUNT. Now first collected. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1873.

The Romance of the Harem. By ANNA

"Come with the weapons at your call,
 With musket, pike, or knife;
 He wields the deadliest blade of all
 Who lightest holds his life.
 The arm that drives its unbought blows
 With all a patriot's scorn,
 Might brain a tyrant with a rose
 Or stab him with a thorn."

But these war-poems of Timrod express, as we think, only an exceptional phase of his poetic genius, which was essentially meditative and tenderly lyrical. They made him very popular with his section, however; and at one time there was talk at Charleston of publishing a luxurious edition of his poetry in London,—talk that was presently forever hushed by the din of arms, to the poet's infinite disappointment. So he struggled on as he might, doing gladly any sort of drudgery, literary or other, till the end of the war. In 1864, he married the young English girl who inspired the loveliest poems in his book, and for a while he was not unprosperously placed on a newspaper at Columbia. Then came Sherman and doomsday, and for Timrod nothing after that but want, decay, and death, manfully fought off to the very end by as brave and high a soul as there ever was.

Of the poems in the present volume the sweetest and the best are, as we said, those inspired by his wife. He shows very little, in any of his poems, those influences of contemporary great poets which make minor poets the despair of their friends; but in the poem called *Katie*, he is most freshly, tenderly, and wholly himself. It is a fancy of meeting in England this girl who makes an England everywhere; and these are of the best lines in it:—

"I meet her on the dusty street,
 And daisies spring about her feet;
 Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
 An English cowslip lifts its head;
 And, as to do her grace, rise up
 The primrose and the buttercup!"

H. LEONOWENS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Essays, Sketches, and Stories, selected from the Writings of GEORGE BRYANT WOODS. With a Biographical Memoir. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Harvard University Catalogue. 1872-73. Cambridge: Published for the University, by Charles W. Sever. 1873.

I roam with her through fields of cane,
 And seem to stroll an English lane,
 Which, white with blossoms of the May,
 Spreads its green carpet in her way !
 As fancy wills, the path beneath
 Is golden gorse, or purple heath :
 And now we hear in woodlands dim
 Their unarticulated hymn,
 Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
 Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
 Or see before us from the lawn
 The lark go up to greet the dawn !
 All birds that love the English sky
 Throng round my path when she is by :
 The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
 With music brims the cup of morn,
 And in a thick, melodious rain
 The mavis pours her mellow strain !
 But only when my Katie's voice
 Makes all the listening woods rejoice
 I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
 The passion of the nightingale !”

The Two Portraits, A Year's Courtship, and The Lily Confidante, please us next after this, for the same half-playful qualities of graceful and delicate passion ; and it seems to us that in Timrod died a poet who was capable of enriching our somewhat slenderly endowed love-poetry with pieces in which we should find all that warmth, purity, and idealizing subtlety demanded by the American taste at its best. It would be a coarse injustice to call the cast of his genius amorous ; it merits the nobler word *loving*, and loving in the best sense of a poetic passion for those dear to him by the ties of friendship and nature. This appears in his poems often enough, and in his life as it is cordially and sympathetically written by Mr. Hayne ; and it strikes home to the reader's heart with a pang in that passage of his sister's letter descriptive of his death. He longed to live : “ For hours the struggle lasted, and then came for a space partial quiet and consciousness. He knew that he was dying. ‘ Oh ! ’ I murmured to him, ‘ you will soon be at rest now ! ’ ‘ Yes,’ he replied, in a tone so mournful that it seemed the wail of a lifetime of desolation, — ‘ yes, my sister, but love is sweeter than rest ! ’ ”

— We think there can be no question but the Norwegian pastoral Lars, which Mr. Taylor has just given us, is altogether the finest poem he has written ; and not this only, but one of the purest, most sweetly moralized romances which English verse of this time can show. It has from the beginning the interest of a genuine story ; and this never flags from the moment we see Brita, with the other Norse maidens and Lars and Per, on that Sunday morning

when the trouble begins, through all the after scenes of the duel at the wedding feast where Per is slain, of Lars's wandering far off to Pennsylvania, and his repentance, and marriage there with Quaker Ruth, of his return with her to Norway to preach his new faith in his old home, of his encounter with Per's brother and with Brita, and of his peaceful last days amid foes become Friends in Arendal. Our praise could not express the skill with which all is managed, and one is loath to use one's hackneyed adjectives on a poem which gives such fresh and unalloyed pleasure. The pictures of wild peasant life in Norway and of the tranquil Pennsylvania Quaker homes and meetings contrast every characteristic aspect and property of both, and seem to pour their atmosphere around the reader. The Norwegian scenes are exquisitely studied, the Pennsylvanian scenes are exquisitely felt ; there is that difference, and yet no difference in their poetic value ; and much the same may be said of the peasant and Quaker folks who are introduced. Brita and Ruth are alike fine conceptions of that dependent, puissant feminine character which takes youth with passion and maturer life with compassion and reverence ; but all minor varieties of circumstance and education are vividly marked in the Norse girl, in whose blood the wild, headstrong impulses of her pirate ancestry live, and in the Quaker maiden, chastened almost to heavenly gentleness and purity by the still, thoughtful usage of her people. When Lars and Per stand face to face before Brita at the dance, and her choice of one or other will forbid their deadly feud, her proud girl's heart will not let her choose, and so they fight :—

“ Then both drew off and threw aside their coats,
 Their brodered waistcoats, and the silken scarves
 About their necks ; but Per growled ‘ All ! ’ and
 made

His body bare to where the leathern belt
 Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.
 Lars did the same ; then, setting tight the belts,
 Both turned a little : the low daylight clad
 Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now
 Of life, so warm and ripe and glorious, yet
 So near the beauty terrible of Death.
 All saw the mutual sign, and understood ;
 And two stepped forth, two men with grizzled hair
 And earnest faces, grasped the hooks of steel
 In either's belt, and drew them breast to breast,
 And in the belts made fast each other's hooks.
 An utter stillness on the people fell
 While this was done : each face was stern and
 strange,

And Brita, powerless to turn her eyes,
 Heard herself cry, and started : ‘ Per, O Per ! ’

"When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash
Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench
Of hands that held and hands that strove to strike :
All heard the sound of quick and hard-drawn breath,
And naught beside ; but sudden red appeared,
Splashed on the white of shoulders and of arms.
Then, thighs entwined, and all the body's force
Called to the mixed resistance and assault,
They reeled and swayed, let go the guarding clutch,
And struck out madly. Per drew back, and aimed
A deadly blow, but Lars embraced him close,
Reached o'er his shoulder and from underneath
Thrust upward, while upon his ribs the knife,
Glancing, transixed the arm. A gasp was heard :
The struggling limbs relaxed ; and both, still bound
Together, fell upon the bloody floor.

"Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them
A little ; but the head of Per hung back,
With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,
And all the passion and the pain were gone
Forever."

The passage which we would like to place beside this is too long ; but the reader will easily find the scene where Ruth interposes between Lars and his Quaker rival, Abner Cloud. Both are powerfully painted, but only one is needed here to give the spirit of the poem in its grimmer aspects. There is a very winning and tender description of the meeting of Lars and Ruth, however, which we shall give ourselves the pleasure of quoting, in spite of its length :—

"So Lars went onward, losing hope of good,
To where, upon her hill, fair Wilmington
Looks to the river over marshy meads.
He saw the low brick church, with stunted tower,
The portal-arches, ivied now and old,
And passed the gate : lo ! there, the ancient stones
Bore Norland names and dear, familiar words !
It seemed the dead a comfort spake : he read,
Thrusting the nettles and the vines aside,
And softly wept : he knew not why he wept,
But here was something in the strange new land
That made a home, though growing out of graves.

"Led by a faith that rest could not be far,
Beyond the town, where deeper vales bring down
The winding brooks from Pennsylvanian hills,
He walked : the ordered farms were fair to see,
And fair the peaceful houses : old repose
Mellowed the lavish newness of the land,
And sober toil gave everywhere the right
To simple pleasures. As by each he passed,
A spirit whispered : ' No, not there ! ' and then
His sceptic heart said : ' Never anywhere ! '

"The sun was low, when, with the valley's bend,
There came a change. Two willow-fountains flung
And showered their leafy streams before a house
Of rusty stone, with chimneys tall and white :
A meadow stretched below : and dappled cows,
Full-fed, were waiting for their evening call.
The garden lay upon a sunny knoll,
An orchard dark behind it, and the barn,
With wide, warm wings, a giant mother-bird,
Seemed brooding o'er its empty summer nest.
Then Lars upon the roadside bank sat down,
For here was peace that almost seemed despair,
So near his eyes, so distant from his life

It lay : and while he mused, a woman came
Forth from the house, no servant-maid more plain
In her attire, yet, as she nearer drew,
Her still, sweet face, and pure, untroubled eyes
Spoke gentle blood. A browner dove she seemed,
Without the shifting iris of the neck,
And when she spake her voice was like a dove's,
Soft, even-toned, and sinking in the heart.
Lars could not know that loss and yearning made
His eyes so pleading : he but saw how hers
Bent on him as some serious angel's might
Upon a child, strayed in the wilderness."

The poem abounds in descriptions, which are so justly subordinated to its dramatic interest that the reader will best enjoy their charm in recurring to them after he has read the story. For the same reason it is not easy to detach them from the context for quotation. The unity of Mr. Taylor's work in this poem is the fact that most commends itself to the critical sense ; and after that comes the truth of its character-painting. The treatment of the personages throughout is simple and unforced ; the dramatic rarely or never drops to the melodramatic in them ; they are real, and do the things natural to such people as they are. The tale is told in blank verse of unusual sweetness and strength, colored here and there with Tennysonian tints, it must be owned, but not, as one may say, flavored or perfumed with the potent qualities of the all-pervading laureate, while the whole conception and management of the poem are unlike him.

—Mr. J. E. Babson has taken the pleasure—it would be an abuse of language to call it trouble—of collecting for the first time, from old Examiners and other newspapers and magazines, some of the most delightful papers by Leigh Hunt which we have read. These he has put into a very pretty and portable volume called *The Wishing-Cap Papers*, after those essays in which Leigh Hunt, while in Italy, wished himself into the midst of London streets and suburbs by favor of a magical cap. We are inclined to think that he really did this, without any feigning about it ; and upon trying on one or two of the *Wishing-Caps*, the gentle reader (and no other has any business with them) will agree with us that they do actually transport one to the London of fifty or sixty years ago,—the London of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Keats,—the most lovable London that ever was or will be. The *Wishing-Caps* are only eleven in number, but save for the editor's conscience, all the essays in the book might have been so

called, for they are all akin in spirit. The most of them are sketches of places in that dear old Cockagne which is like a fairy-land to generous lovers of letters and the stage, with reminiscences of authors and actors long since "with God," as Lamb used to say; and the best of them, to our thinking, is that *On the Suburbs of Genoa and the Country about London*. There is mighty little about Genoa, as the reader doubtless imagines, but all that there is about London is delicious; one feels that there ought to be eternally more and more of it. And what is it? Nothing whatever but gossip concerning houses or localities in which divers poets have lived or walked, with personal recollections of Shelley's goodness, and of Keats's telling the author under certain elms in Well-Walk that he was "dying of a broken heart." But the manner, the manner! The gentle, rambling tone, the easy style, the sweet enthusiasm for literature, the tenderness for all mankind,—even Calvinists,—everything that was Leigh Hunt! You get these in the other essays, to be sure, but nowhere else so finely proportioned and adjusted. Yet we would say nothing—how could we?—against such essays as *Twilight Accused and Defended*, *Table Wits*, *Personal Reminiscences of Lords*, *Dr. Doddridge and the Ladies*, or any of the *Wishing-Caps* proper. The only place in which Leigh Hunt seems to have failed himself, is in his *Edinburgh Review* of the life of George Selwyn and his contemporaries. This, too, is full of charming matter; but the easy-mannered muse of the old poet was stiffened almost into a literary lady by the chill propriety of Mr. Editor Napier, who, when Hunt proposed "a chatty article" on the subject named, wrote him "a harsh letter on dignity of style."

We should not take leave of this volume without expressing our sense of the great favor Mr. Babson is doing literature by such collections as this; and we wish that every reader of the editor's brief and self-denying notes could know from what a generous ardor and full knowledge these services are rendered to authors now past helping themselves.

—We do not know of any story in literature more tragical than that which Mrs. Leonowens tells, in *The Romance of the Harem*, of the slave-woman Boon. Our readers will remember it as the woful tale of that favorite of the King

of Siam who fell in love with one of his courtiers; Boon being the courtier's wife who promoted his passion for the favorite because of her own love, far above jealousy, for him. Her unselfishness in this, indeed, carries the tragedy to a height beyond any Occidental ideal; but she is none the less—perhaps all the more—a figure of the greatest nobility, the most exquisite self-devotion; and the hapless favorite by whose mouth the story is told, and who is crushed by Boon's fate, which she had not the courage to share, appeals to the reader's compassion with almost intolerable pathos. If a poet could take that story and treat it with simple greatness, it would be his fortune and his immortality; yet we should tremble to have a poet touch it. Perhaps it is better, after all, that it should be left in the narrative, for the truth of which Mrs. Leonowens vouches. There are many other tales in her book about life in the harem which are hardly less touching and only less perfect than this. Our readers know that of *L'Ore*, the slave of the Siamese Queen, and we can commend the others to them. It is a strange book,—the wonderfully fresh result of unique opportunities; for it is the personal history of many of Mrs. Leonowens's pupils while she was the English Governess at the Siamese Court. It is not this alone, however, but also careful observation of the conditions that surrounded her, and a mass of unsentimentalized fact concerning the present Siamese civilization,—a state which has undergone startling changes since 1872, when Mrs. Leonowens's royal pupil abolished slavery. In view of this event, the chapter on Siamese slavery is peculiarly interesting; and upon some characteristic of servitude almost all the incidents of the Romance turn. It is not all dark; there is, for example, the case of that gentle lady of the harem who freed her slaves, after having read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, because she wished "to be good like Harriet Beecher Stow," and who, with an affecting and reverent simplicity, always signed her letters with the beloved name of that author. It is by the reading of such books as this, which intimately acquaint us with the remote life of other lands and religions, that we are to learn how true to one humanity are the traits of all the different peoples, and to feel the essential unity of the race. It teaches toleration, charity, and modesty, for it teaches that the virtues we call Christian are also Buddhist virtues; and it is in this way not

merely a contribution to literature, it is a benefaction to mankind.

—We printed, three or four years ago, two stories, — *Marrying a Pickpocket* and *The Blue River Bank Robbery*, — both of which we thought showed an unusual talent for construction, and an uncommon promise in the way of realistic fiction. These stories were written by George Bryant Woods, a young journalist of Boston, who has since died in the very spring of manhood, when his successful career was plain before him, when his friends were made, and his public secure, and life opened fairest to him. It was a sad loss, and those who knew of him cannot take up the volume of *Essays, Sketches, and Stories* which has been compiled from his writings without being tenderly disposed towards it by the thought of his early death. But though it is chiefly an earnest of what he might have done, it by no means needs a kindly predisposition in the reader, who will not fail to see the careful observation, the good sense, the temperance of style and thought, with which Mr. Woods wrote. Here are studies, notable for their shrewdness and discretion, of American society and American celebrities; here are criticisms on the principal actors and dramatists of the last ten years, expressed with good temper and good taste, and without a touch of that smartness which is so cheaply achieved in criticism of all kinds, but with a sincere spirit of inquiry as to characteristics and values; here are a correspondent's letters about some old New England country towns, about the Fenian invasion of Canada, about the occupation of Richmond, and the murder of Lincoln. It is nearly all newspaper writing, and has the stamp of evanescence upon it; but it has excellent quality, and it is proof of how much there was in the mind and heart of the author. The five stories with which the volume closes are more meditated work, and they are all proportionately good. *Marrying a Pickpocket* is, more especially, one of the freshest, most ingenious short stories of local life that we know.

—The College Catalogue has of late years, with the constant increase in the number of officers and students, grown from a pamphlet of seventy-five or eighty pages to twice that size. This year it is again more than doubled in bulk by the addition of a hundred and sixty pages of examination-papers. A considerable body of advertisements, also, most of which,

however, are properly enough placed within these covers, still further augment its size. Being thus grown so great, though still wearing the familiar blue livery, it is no longer printed for gratuitous distribution, but is put into the shops, as is done in England with the Oxford and Cambridge Calendars, to be sold like any other book.

Even a superficial survey of the examination-papers suffices to explain and to justify their publication. In no other way could the work the University is accomplishing and the amplitude of its resources, and the efficiency of its methods be so clearly and fully set forth. These papers furnish samples, as it were, of the intellectual food it offers, and their extent and variety is such as really to give one quite a new notion of the extent and variety of human knowledge. No one can look over these pages without a quickening of his intellectual zeal and a new appetite and enthusiasm for the "things of the mind." It is possible, of course, and such things have sometimes happened, for such papers to be fraudulently prepared with the express view of giving the public a false notion of the standard of scholarship which is maintained, and nothing, of course, is easier than to ask questions which nobody is really expected to answer. But *bona fide* papers, like those in hand, afford the best possible information as to the work actually accomplished, and cannot but be of the greatest value to students and to teachers. There are many of these to whom they must come as a revelation of methods and processes of instruction hitherto undreamed of. To that intelligent public, also, which is made up of the University's own sons, who, for the most part, fancy that things are going on pretty much as they went on thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago, these pages are full of instruction.

Not less instructive and surprising are the twenty pages in the body of the Catalogue in which are detailed the various required and elective courses of study for undergraduates, with those prescribed for candidates for honors, and for the new degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy, and Doctor of Science. Whatever may be thought of the so-called "elective" system of study, it cannot be denied that the experiment is here having a magnificent trial. With the freedom of choice allowed, and the variety and extent of the courses among which the student can choose, it

would seem as if the most indifferent might find something to engage his interest and arouse his intellectual fires. It is certainly to be hoped that it may succeed in replacing the school-boy obstructiveness, which is traditional at Cambridge, by a more honest and manly tone, a workmanlike and scholarly spirit, from which in time may spring a real zeal and enthusiasm. Already, we understand, there are some signs of such a result. It is true, at least, that the rank-list exhibits an increasing proportion of names of those who do not "need" to study, and who, under the older dispensation, would have found little inducement to do so. This may well afford some consolation to those who have feared that the enhanced cost of a college education, by driving away that middle class who, though too well off to receive pecuniary aid, are yet not able to live at Cambridge as they are used to living at home, might result in dividing the college into two distinct bodies, the impecunious "digs" and the well-to-do do-nothings. Such a result would be in every way disastrous, and one may pray that the gods who sit in the academic councils may finally avert it. The college training is indeed of incalculable benefit alike to the illiterate poor and to the illiterate rich. The munificent endowments in the shape of scholarships, loans, and other benefactions, all devoted to the support of capable but needy students, afford sufficient assurance that the functions of the college as a means of reaching the higher walks of life from the lower will not cease.

So far as public favor goes, the present policy, both in the college proper and in the professional schools, seems successful enough. In spite of some real and some apparent diminution of numbers in special departments, the several courses of study have never been so much frequented as

now, nor, as we are given to understand, by so hard-working a set of young men. The reorganization of almost every branch of the University, amounting in some cases, as in that of the Medical School, to a complete revolution in the methods of instruction, with increased demands upon the students, has, thanks to the increased efficiency which it has brought about, only served to render the University more attractive to serious and earnest workers. The long list of candidates for the post-graduate degrees in the academical department shows also that literature and philosophy are beginning to feel at home in their ancient seat.

Whatever may be the measure of success attending any special line of policy, however, the University will doubtless grow, year by year, with the growth of the country. While its serious claims multiply, its social advantages are not likely to diminish, and these are felt to be of lasting benefit. Still, the real social advantage of college-life is reaped while a young man is still young, and comes from the very fact that he takes part in a highly organized society, with a well-established code of manners and morals. It is common to call attention to the dangers that come from the toleration among students of certain evils. It is forgotten how many forms of vice and folly are utterly condemned by the same public opinion, and thus removed from the list of possible temptations. Indeed, in view of the risks run, in any large city, by young men who are without any such protection, and are left to fight the world, the flesh, and the Devil as best they may single-handed, college-life, even if it were less exceptionally high-toned and pure than we believe life at Cambridge to be, seems like a haven of safety in the midst of a rocky and tempestuous sea.

A R T.

BOSTON bids fair, by present signs, to prove itself an unsuspected mine of valuable old pictures. Not very long since a portrait by Bartolommeo Passerotti, a Bolognese painter in the latter half of the sixteenth century, was unearthed here; and now we find brought to light a small piece of glossy gloom, in which is imbedded some rich bits

of color, and purporting to be a genuine production by Rembrandt van Rhyn. The Passerotti, which, we believe, is signed and therefore settled in its genealogy, represents the head in life-size of a comfortable Italian, thirty-five or forty years old, perhaps, who looks out reassuringly from the black void behind him, with an aspect of hearty reality

that attracts one's sympathy at once. How far his blooming freshness is owing to the revivifying touch of the restorer, we do not know; but certainly this genial effigy has a strong appearance of being in much the same condition in which the dry air and delicate sunshine of Italy may have left it, after evaporating the moisture of the painter's last additions, three centuries since. The operations of the cleanser have, it is true, left a kind of dusky halo all around the head, which is not in the least consonant with the very human and unsaintly look of good living and good fellowship beaming from the face; but we are not otherwise made especially conscious of the restorer's office. The face itself is long, but well filled out, having an ample forehead, somewhat expanded and increased by the receding growth of the hair, or what may be an early baldness upon its forward fringes. The cheeks display a vigorous red, the nose is powerful, the mouth mainly concealed by a soft mustache of dark brown, and a light chin-beard, unstiffened by the razor, which curls easily about this extremity of the face, growing in the natural fashion. An habitual crease in the cheek runs from the slight upward curve in the wing of the nose down to the corner of the softly bearded lips; and the brown eyes look out obliquely at us, with that certain amused yet humorously reproachful look with which one greets a poor pun, or a witticism not provocative of a fully generous and uncritical mirth. An inscription upon the back of the canvas has led to the belief that the portrait is of Passerotti himself; and a certain superiority in the face — a trace of artistic perceptiveness — seems to substantiate this. Yet withal, too, there is such a sentiment of the good-liver and the man of humor in the features, that we find ourselves thinking rather of him than of the value of the painting, and are inclined to picture him to ourselves as seated in a party of artistic roisterers, trying and tempering his wit with light rural wine, or munching, with those fine jaws, a delicate salad, or a simple piece of bread, perhaps, dipped in the oil of olives. If, however, we detach ourselves from these idle musings, and come to a survey of the technical merits displayed in the work, we shall undoubtedly discover a true gift of color in the maker of this head. The pigment is laid on freely and thickly, the visible ear being but a semi-organized, large blot of flesh-tint; and the cheek is positively buttered with the creamy thick-

ness of pink and white which the painter has thought it necessary to apply here in order to gain his effect. But the tone of the face throughout is fresh, healthy, and harmonious, if viewed at a little distance, as the handling requires; and the broad white linen collar, which lies loosely about the throat, upon the black vest, though not toned to any very low degree, serves rather to set off the coloring of the flesh than to diminish its force. The attention excited by the discovery of this piece, quite worthy of preservation in some safe and accessible place, has been somewhat superseded by the greater notice which the supposed work of Rembrandt naturally attracts. A difference of opinion has, we believe, arisen as to the authorship of it, one view assigning it to Tintoretto. If, indeed, it be from the hand of Jacopo Robusti, it must, we imagine, have been executed with at least the second-best of the three pencils — a golden, a silver, and an iron one — which that Venetian worthy was by his contemporaries fabled to possess. The subject is the presentation of Christ before Pontius Pilate and the people. His figure stands at about the centre of the picture, — a small canvas, some twelve by fifteen inches, perhaps, in extent, — and has apparently been just led out from the entrance into a receding colonnade on the right. Thence also through dimly a number of accessory figures. The Christ is supported by a guard, whose black velvet jerkin and brown buckskin breeches are painted with a rich smoothness in some degree recalling our modern Meissonier; he stands upon a terrace of stone projecting beyond the main building behind, which brings his feet just above the heads of the people in the foreground. On the same level, at the left, and shadowed by a projection of the edifice, appears Pilate, throned, in a general suggestion, at least, of great magnificence, and looking more like a chasubled priest than a Roman governor. The chief light is directly from the middle of the background, — a temperate yellow glow, streaming thence through a break in the dark, pillared, and corniced mass of the governor's palace. A man standing just behind the figure of Christ holds on a slender pole a spot of red, which looks as if meant for a torch; but whether so liberal an illumination is meant to proceed thence, or whether it is the light of sunset that we see, is difficult to determine. It strikes us that this light is not used with Rembrandt's characteristic economy. Hav-

ing massed here a strong and eloquent radiance, the painter has employed it upon the chief group almost too sparingly to bring them into a sufficient superiority of distinctness to that with which less important points are urged upon us by other lights. The person of Pilate, for instance, and that of some one who, just below him, leans upon a balustrade and looks over at the populace, are brought out by some reflected light, which is so strong as to give them a spotty relation to the other portions of the whole. The figures in the foreground, too, both to right and left, break out into a brilliance that hardly seems to consort well with the rest. The poising of light-forces does not seem to have been happy. The drawing of the figures is rude, and some of the faces are but slightly developed; while the distance which must be supposed to intervene between the figures in the foreground and those on the terrace is not indicated by any diminution of size in the latter. Bad drawing, indeed, is characteristic of Rembrandt; but it is difficult to reconcile the incoherent ordering of lights with that complete unity of chiaroscuro which placed him in a position unique among painters. With him, more than with any one who had preceded him, even among the Italians, the identity of light and color became prominent. He especially emphasized in his practice the principle that color depends for its force upon the amount of light which it reflects. Accordingly, every point of color became precious in his hands. His compositions were pitched in a low key; but for this reason, each of the pigments which absorbed a less number of the prismatic rays, that is, the brighter tints, had to be chosen with the greatest nicety of skill. In the picture before us we feel the want of masterful judgment in this choice. Yet Rembrandt himself was sometimes less happy than at others in the attainment of effects coming within the range of his chosen specialty; and it may be that the present little work is one of the less successful efforts. From the disorder of the lights, however, results a certain general confusion, which only gradually disappears as the eye accustoms itself to rest upon the soothing depths of shade and the sober splendor in much of the coloring, apart and for themselves. The figures are too small to exhibit much of the translucent golden excellence of Rembrandt's flesh-tints; and, indeed, they hardly possess this, at its best, at all. As for the people in the foreground, there is

something meagre about them, a want of that variety of character and passion which are found in Rembrandt's etchings.

— SINCE we last noticed the objects exhibited by the Museum Committee at the Athenæum, there have been further acquisitions of great value made by this organization. Two charming tapestries, representing a vintage and a harvesting, and probably of Flemish manufacture, have been hung in the room containing the pottery and porcelain, Græco-Etrurian vases, etc. Their beautiful surfaces, in which some very powerful and interesting figures in Flemish costume contrast rich blue and scarlet and delicate green with the harmonious golden tone of their backgrounds are irradiated by a bit of historic interest which is worth mention. They belonged formerly to Louis Philippe, and were saved from the château of Neuilly, at its burning in 1848, only to be exposed, as it appears, to a more frightful conflagration in Boston, in November last, on which occasion they were withdrawn from a warehouse situated in the centre of the burnt district. Besides these, the museum has been enriched with some fine Dresden porcelain, a good example of which it has previously lacked; a cast of the Eleusis bas-relief representing Ceres, Triptolemus, and Proserpine; and several other minor objects. But by far the most important addition is that of the authentic collection of Egyptian antiquities presented by C. G. Way, Esq., which now occupies another entire room adjoining that devoted to the previous assemblage of objects. As one enters this chamber, peopled with numerous remains of so distant an antiquity, the effect is quite that which hitherto one could only encounter in visiting the museums abroad. Here are ponderous mummy cases of wood, with a pair of hands sculptured on the front, standing upright against the walls between the glass cases filled with smaller relics. Other mummy-cases, made of matting richly figured over with bird and beast and hieroglyphic shapes, lie near, under glass, with the gilding slowly scaling from their faces, in dignified decay. At one point we see a group of bronze figures, large and small, more or less corroded, representing gods and kings; and at another a collection of figures in wood, of a more domestic character. Beside these, a multitude of pectoral talismans mysteriously inscribed, scarabs and nilometers, in black

limestone, cornelian, and lapis lazuli, lie scattered about in their respective compartments, numbered and catalogued. Rows of hideous cat-headed and dog-headed jars, designed to contain the viscera of the dead, suggest comparison with that other array of exquisite fictile vases in the next room, and refer to a time when the powers of nature had not been personified in human shape for worship,—such a time as that in which the Greek Athene was still conceived of as an owl. Certain more graceful and acceptable little bottles of alabaster prove to be the receptacles for stibium, that compound of lampblack and antimony with which the long-since disintegrated Egyptian beauties, among whose toilet apparatus these vases may have stood, were wont to adorn themselves. Then, there is the usual collection of wooden implements; among them combs for the hair, and paint-brushes,—slender sticks of wood frayed at one end,—and paint-boxes in which traces of color still exist.

—THOSE readers who have followed the controversy between ourselves and the critic of *The Nation* concerning the measurement of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare will be interested to read the following state-

ment by a distinguished English sculptor, one of the most skilful and thoroughly educated artists of his time:—

"Having been invited to measure the statue of Shakespeare by J. Q. A. Ward, N. A., I am wishful to state that I find its proportions to be seven and one half heads, namely, that it contains in vertical measurements seven and one half of its own heads. If reduced to the minutiae of actual scales, I believe it would exceed this by perhaps one degree, thus proving the truth of the Italian proverb, which has come down to us from the finest period of art, that a small head is the fault of a great sculptor.

"MARSHALL WOOD."

Seven and a half heads, then, are the proportions of the Shakespeare, as ascertained by Mr. Wood, as well as by Mr. H. K. Brown, both sculptors of eminence and careful study; and *six and a half heads* are the proportions according to a critic who considers himself perfectly competent in so simple a matter as the measurement of statues. We are quite willing to let the public choose between him and these artists.

MUSIC.*

OF some recently published songs by Charles Gounod, one at least is sufficiently instructive in several ways to claim a more extended notice than its intrinsic merits would at first seem to warrant. Everything that M. Gounod does shows him to be a musician thoroughly versed in the ways and means of his art,—at the very

least a man of great musical *savoir faire*. Moreover—his compositions show that exquisitely finished workmanship, that perfection of detail, that one now looks for as almost a matter of course from French composers of the modern school. But in spite of the many evidences he has given of genius, genuine depth of feeling, and natural,

* *Passed Away*. Song. Words by EDWIN SAUNDERS, music by CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

When in the Early Morn. Song. Words by EDWARD MAITLAND, music by CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Aprile. Song. Words by J. BARBIER, music by CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Deep down within the Cellar, old German Drinking-Song. English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

A Mariner's Home 's the Sea. Song. Words by J. P. WOOLER, ESQ., music by ALBERTO RANDEGGER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Gay little Dandelion. Song. Words by GEORGE

MACDONALD, music by G. L. OSGOOD. Op. 1. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Somebody, Sunset. Songs. By GEORGE L. OSGOOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Ten Etudes for the Piano-forte. By ANTON KRAUSE. Op. 5. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Instructive Piano Pieces. Composed and graded expressly for the Stuttgart Conservatory. By S. LEBERT and L. STARK. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

15 Inventionen à 2 voix et 15 inventionen à 3 voix pour piano. Par J. SEBASTIAN BACH. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Mendelssohn's Third Symphony. Paraphrase for Piano-forte. By SYDNEY SMITH. Op. 301. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

spontaneous inspiration, the instinctive, natural (and also *national*) tendency of the man towards the theatrical and artificial in art cannot be overlooked even by his warm admirers. In common with most of his countrymen, his habitual inner artistic life seems to be an artificial one; he seems to be perpetually posing before his public, or, in default of a public, before himself; and one insensibly feels that he cannot trust himself far from a looking-glass. A Frenchman must be either on one side of the foot-lights or the other, either on the stage or the benches; and when anybody does his stage-posing and gesticulating as well as does M. Gounod, we who sit on the benches must applaud with a will. Nay, these Frenchmen do so brilliantly improve upon nature in their artificial art, that for the time being we cannot but be cheated into enthusiasm, and almost believe in Bengal lights and stage lamps as the purest source of light; for do not the very stars themselves pale and grow sickly dim before a bunch of rockets and a couple of streetfuls of painted lamps? But for anything purely artificial to have even a temporary hold upon us, it must be absolutely perfect in all its details, even more perfect than the *reality* that it mimics. However, to leave all mere abstractions, and come down to the case in hand, we heartily wish that M. Gounod had never undertaken to write music to *English* words. The song *Passed Away* is, musically considered, a clever bit of forced sentimentality, worthless, perhaps, from any really high artistic point of view, but in no way inferior to many of his French songs, which any one of an easy-going artistic conscience would be willing to accept as thoroughly charming. The modulations are, for the most part, forced and unnatural, but yet skilfully and even gracefully forced with the light touch of a master. The music perfectly expresses the words; but the text itself is what spoils the whole. Mr. Saunders's verses express a sentiment not altogether new in the annals of poetry, — that of an unhappy swain who offers up to the departed spirit of his mistress a fixed determination never to be consoled till death do them reunite. To a man in this unhappy state of mind commonplace versification is no doubt an innocent anodyne; and after having once made up his mind that he will be of no further use in the world either to himself or anybody else, we cannot blame him for eking out the remainder of his blighted existence

with rhymed soliloquy. But he should not print it! Especially not in the English tongue, in which commonplaces of the lovelorn sort inevitably cut their sublime moorings, and are washed hither and thither in the sea of the ridiculous in aimless wanderings. That M. Gounod, as a Frenchman, should be instinctively attracted by the tender, susceptible nature revealed in all this metrical woe is not surprising. The sentiment, and indeed the expression of it taken as a mental diagnosis, is not one whit inferior to much of the namby-pambier sort of French love-poetry which the world has voted respectable. But M. Gounod has vastly miscalculated his power of discriminating between poetry and doggerel in a foreign language. Mr. Saunders's verses are, in fact, of the most outrageous doggerel.

When in the *Early Morn* is, perhaps, the weakest and most unmusical-like of the composer's productions that we have yet seen. It would hardly reflect credit upon the most commonplace ballad-writer. On the other hand, *Aprile* is, everything considered, the most thoroughly fascinating song of Gounod's that we know. The beautiful, passionate melody is rather un-French in tone, and, strange to say, neither it nor the manner in which it is harmonized have much that is distinctly characteristic of the composer. Only in the inimitably beautiful transition from passionate intensity to most caressing tenderness at the words "*D'arcano ardor mi sento acceso il cor!*" (we are sorry not to be able to quote from the French original) do we recognize Gounod in one of his best and most characteristic moods. The whole song is written with rare spontaneity, every note and phrase seeming to have sprung into being in willing response to an artistic necessity, not to have been forced upon the paper by any mock-passionate "grasping at the thunder," or in accordance with any artificial laws of dramatic effect. Yet the song is much more *effective*, not to mention its being more *pure* in character, than hosts of more elaborately written French love-songs in which the most carefully calculated effects, intended to portray all the various shades of passion, too often bear the stamp of the ingenious art manufacturer, rather than of the heaven-compelled artist.

Deep down within the Cellar is a slightly altered version of the old German drinking-song, *Im Kühlen Keller*, authorship, we suppose, not now discover-

able. What we take to be the original melody is published in Leipzig in a collection of Old and New Students' Songs, with Illustrations and Tunes, edited by L. Richter and A. E. Marschner, in which no hint is given as to the origin of either words or melody. The present edition, furnished with a piano-forte accompaniment and an English version of the text by John Oxenford, has not quite the uncouth, half-tipsy simplicity of the original, is, in fact, rather an expurgated musical version, but is, nevertheless, vigorous and concise in melody and masterly in harmony. The only place where it has really suffered by the change is in the last bar but two of the air, at the words *Ich halt's empor*. The half-maudlin, pot-valiant mock-dignity of the skip from B-flat up a tenth to high D and then to high F, in the original version, is too good to be lost. We can see the jolly toper boastfully holding up his glass, singing his own praises, a little dashed perhaps by the sudden change of register and the unexpected sound of his own voice in a high key, but yet retaining self-possession enough to finish his phrase with *ich trinke, trinke, trinke*, in dignified self-complacency and a hiccup or two down to low F. This effect is much weakened in Mr. Oxenford's version, where the smooth arpeggio from B-flat to D lacks the drastic realism of the original.

Randegger's A Mariner's Home 's the Sea is a good vigorous song; not strikingly original, but well written and effective. The subject is rather a trite one, and belongs rather to the harmonic meeting and "Back-Kitchen" period of song-writing than to these degenerate days, when screw-steamers and a more extended acquaintance with the vasty deep have robbed it of much of its romantic charm. The song is, indeed, much better than its title would at first lead one to think, and may be ranked rather above average concert songs of the vagabond type.

Gay little Dandelion, Somebody, and Sunset, by George L. Osgood, show our sweet-voiced young tenor to be something more than a singer. However much good Mr. Osgood's Italian training may have done him in respect to vocal culture, it has manifestly had little effect upon his writing. It is pleasant to find a singer writing music simply as music, without any eye to producing something merely effective and vocally astonishing, — to find that the virtuoso persistently aims at being an artist, and not merely an acrobat. Mr. Osgood

has evidently written these songs with some higher intent than to *faire briller la voix*. Of the three, the Little Dandelion strikes us as the best. Here, as in Sunset, the strong influence the songs of Robert-Franz have had upon the composer is unmistakable. The melody has a piquant grace, suggestive of the flower balancing itself upon its stem, that is quite fascinating; and the playful, breezy triplets of the accompaniment, together with the unusually fine harmony, give the song a peculiar charm. Sunset is of a quiet, religious character, entirely unpretentious, yet neither flat nor commonplace. In the song called Somebody we feel the influence of Gounod rather than of Franz. In spite of many points of beauty, this song seems not quite up to the mark of the other two. With great singleness of general plan, it somehow wants unity of character, and some of the phrases verge dangerously upon the commonplace. Too many nationalities seem to have got mixed up in the music. Nevertheless, many places show the accomplished musician, especially in the harmonizing; neither is a certain poetic flavor wanting. The best part of the song is the close, where the words, "Through life, says somebody," are repeated three times; first in the brilliant, sunshiny key of A major, then in the more reposeful *innig* key of F (the subdominant key of the song), and lastly in the tonic, C. This change from the first impetuous outburst of joy to a calmer, serener, but deeper expression of feeling is singularly beautiful.

Anton Krause's Ten Piano-forte Studies are most excellent. They are admirably calculated to advance the pupil in reading music, while there is enough in them to develop strength and agility of finger and wrist, and particularly to train the pupil's eye in judging distances on the keyboard. Musically they are unusually interesting. We notice with pleasure that Messrs Russell and Company are republishing in sheet form many things from Lebert and Stark's Piano-forte School, written and arranged for the use of the Conservatory at Stuttgart. This will be a godsend to our piano-forte teachers, especially to those who have to do with young beginners, and whom a few more years of the eternal Kuhe, Beyer, & Co., "easy and graceful transcriptions" would undoubtedly drive to distraction. The same firm have published an excellent edition of Sebastian Bach's two-part inventions and three-part

symphonies for piano-forte. We would earnestly counsel all young pianists, who are of a kindly disposition towards Bach and to whom the "well-tempered clavier" presents too many technical difficulties, to study these little two-voice compositions. As a study for acquiring perfect independence between the two hands they are unsurpassed, and as musical compositions they are really delightful. The three-voice inventions, or "symphonies" as they are called in the great Leipzig edition of Breitkopf and Härtel, are more difficult, from the additional *obbligato* part, but are musically all the more fascinating. To the contrapuntal student these inventions are invaluable examples of polyphonic writing in the purest style, though not conforming at all to the strict fugue and canon forms.

We hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that Mr. Sydney Smith has made a Paraphrase of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. At first sight this reducing a fine symphony to a *potpourri de salon* strikes one as rather a desecration, to be deplored by the sincere art-lover. But after all, when we properly consider it, there seem to be no good reason why a symphony should not be made a medley of, as well as an opera; unless, indeed, it be that there are so many poor popular operas, which it is no serious matter to chop up for parlor consumption, and so few really fine sym-

phonies that can be treated in this manner. Possibly some interest in the higher music may be created in persons of weak musical digestion, to whom a "whole symphony" is a tough dose, by these diluted abridgements of the too strong original. Mr. Sydney Smith, in common with some few other pianist composers, has held a sort of middle ground between Thalberg, the founder of the school and its one shining light, and such men as Spindler, Oesten, and other more purely mechanical sheet-music purveyors. Sydney Smith's transcriptions and *salon*-pieces have had great vogue in school exhibitions and like occasions, and are to be found on the music racks of most æsthetically minded young ladies, to the terror and boredom of musicians, whom his imitations of Thalberg fail to delight, in spite of his really clever handling of the instrument. He is, in fact, the burnt stick of the Thalberg rocket, interesting only to him upon whose head it happens to fall. In the transcription in hand he has done as well as might have been expected, and no better. As a simple piece of piano-forte writing, the piece is capital, the instrument exceedingly well treated, and the execution not difficult; as a mere piece of transcribing, it is in high degree commendable; but as a treatment of the Scotch Symphony, it is simple butchery, wanting in coherence, fervor, and good taste.

SCIENCE.

IF we have delayed somewhat too long the mention of Dr. Bastian's learned and powerful treatise on the "Beginnings of Life," it has been because of a natural reluctance to approach so vast a subject, on which so much is to be said, while yet so little can be said that is thoroughly satisfactory. If the half of Dr. Bastian's positions are destined to become substantiated, his work will mark an epoch in biology hardly less important than that which was marked by Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." Unfortunately, the kind of proof which is needed for Dr. Bastian's main thesis is much more difficult, not only to obtain, but also to appreciate properly when obtained, than the kind of proof by which the hypothesis of natural selection has

been converted into a scientific theory. In the latter case what was needed was some principle of interpretation which should account for the facts of the classification, embryology, morphology, and distribution of plants and animals, without appealing to any other forces than such as are known to be actually in operation; and it was because the theory of natural selection furnished such a principle that it met with such ready acceptance from the scientific world. On the other hand, the fate of Dr. Bastian's theory of archebiosis depends upon the issue of a series of experiments of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty, — experiments which are of value only when performed by scientific experts of consummate training, and which the soundest critic

of inductive methods must find it perilous to interpret with confidence, unless he has had something of the training of an expert himself. For, however simple it may seem to the uninitiated to shut up an organizable solution so securely that organic germs from the atmosphere cannot gain access to it, or cannot even be imagined to gain access to it, this is really one of the most desperate tasks which an experimenter has ever had set before him; yet to such rigor of exclusion is the inquirer forced who aims to settle the question by the direct application of what logicians call the method of difference. And thus the question at issue is reduced to that unpromising state in which both parties to the dispute are called upon to perform the apparently hopeless task of proving a negative. When living things appear in the isolated solution, the adherents of the germ-theory are always able to point out some imaginable way in which germs might have got in; and on the other hand, when the panspermists adduce instances in which no living things have been found, the believers in archebiosis are able to maintain, with equal cogency, that the failure was due, not to the complete exclusion of germs from without, but to the neglect of some other condition essential to the evolution of living matter.

But Dr. Bastian strikes out from this closed circle of rebutting arguments with a boldness which deserves success. He takes very strong ground in maintaining that the notion that the atmosphere is forever swarming with the germs of bacteria and vibriones, ready on all occasions to penetrate the pores of glass bottles, to creep in through the capillary neck of a flask from which the air has been expelled by boiling, and to sustain a heat sufficient to disintegrate all known forms of life, is a pure hypothesis, unsustained by a solitary fact, save those in the interpretation of which it is itself taken for granted. Half its force is, indeed, taken away from the germ-theory, when it is stated after this straightforward manner. For Spallanzani to assume that the air is always loaded with such germs was a very happy guess; but what is to assure us that it was a true one? and, above all, why are we to go on acquiescing in it as if it were a demonstrated fact? The only facts to sustain it are such as admit equally well of a totally different explanation. The germ-theory only maintains its ground as a tradition; and were the scales

of prejudice turned ever so little in favor of archebiosis, the germ-theory would be no longer appealed to, and would almost immediately be forgotten. Obviously, these are hardly the characteristics of a valid scientific hypothesis.

From this point of view, one set of Dr. Bastian's experiments is of striking significance. Two similar flasks, the one containing a boiled "Pasteur's solution" and the other a boiled infusion of turnip, are placed beneath the same bell-jar and allowed to stand for a few days. It is found that the "Pasteur's solution" will remain free from bacteria for an indefinite length of time, while bacteria are always speedily developed in the turnip infusion. Now, the advocates of the germ-theory cannot maintain that atmospheric germs were excluded in the one case but not in the other; for the two flasks are treated in precisely the same manner, and the possibility of any accidental difference of treatment is eliminated by the frequent repetition of the experiment. Nor can it be urged that all germs of life were destroyed by boiling in the case of the "Pasteur's solution," but not in the case of the turnip infusion; for both have alike been subjected to a temperature considerably higher than that which is admitted to be fatal to every form of life; while here, again, repetition of the experiment negatives the supposition of any accidental variation in the process. We are, in short, debarred from assuming any physical condition in the one case which is not present in the other. The only imaginable retreat for the panspermists is in the assumption that the "Pasteur's solution" is an unfavorable medium for the development of introduced bacteria-germs, while the turnip infusion allows such germs to develop freely. Another experiment, however, cuts off this line of retreat. When bacteria are introduced into "Pasteur's solution," they multiply with great rapidity and soon render the liquid turbid. In view of these striking facts, but one conclusion would appear to be tenable: the bacteria must originate *de novo* from organizable matter, and their presence in the one case and absence in the other must depend solely on the difference in constitution between the two liquids. The one contains the materials essential for the origination of life, while the other does not. "We can only infer," says Dr. Bastian, "that, whilst the boiled saline solution is quite incapable of engendering bacteria,

such organisms are able to arise *de novo* in the boiled organic infusion."

It is not more than three years since Professor Huxley described the doctrine of the panspermists as "victorious along the whole line"; yet it is now undeniable that, owing to such experiments as those just cited and others of like implication, that doctrine has been put upon the defensive, with a rather poor prospect of being able to maintain its ground. Until these conclusions have been thoroughly refuted, the probabilities must be regarded as decidedly in favor of archebiosis.

By "archebiosis" Dr. Bastian means the genesis of living matter *de novo* in the absence of living parentage. The bacterium is supposed to be, as it were, *precipitated* from the solution in much the same way that a crystal is precipitated. As Professor Huxley observes, "It is not probable that there is any real difference in the nature of the molecular forces which compel the carbonate of lime to assume and retain the crystalline form, and those which cause the albuminoid matter to move and grow, select and form, and maintain its particles in a state of incessant motion. The property of crystallizing is to crystallizable matter what the vital property is to albuminoid matter (protoplasm). The crystalline form corresponds to the organic form, and its internal structure to tissue structure. Crystalline force being a property of matter, vital force is but a property of matter." When, therefore, the constituent proximate elements of lowest organisms are brought together under suitable conditions, they unite to form bacteria or vibriones or ciliated infusoria, the resulting forms being determined by the operation of principles analogous to those which govern the production of crystals.

However the question may be decided as to the possibility of archebiosis occurring at the present day amid the artificial circumstances of the laboratory, there are few who will deny that archebiosis, or the origination of living matter in accordance with natural laws, must have occurred at some epoch in the past. Let us take note of some of the facts which bear upon this question.

When our earth, refusing to follow in their retreat the heavier portions of the solar nebula, began its independent career as a planet, its surface was by no means so heterogeneous as at present. We may fairly suppose that the temperature of that

surface cannot have been lower, but may well have been much higher, than that of the solar surface at the present time, which is estimated at three million degrees Fahrenheit, — or more than fourteen thousand times hotter than boiling water. At such a temperature there could have been no formation of chemical compounds; so that the chief source of terrestrial heterogeneity did not exist, while physical causes of heterogeneity were equally kept in abeyance by the maintenance of all things in a gaseous state. We have now to show how the mere cooling of this gaseous planet, consequent upon perpetual radiation of heat into surrounding space, must have given rise to the endless variety of structures, organic as well as inorganic, which the earth's surface now presents. The origination of life will thus appear in its proper place, as an event in the chemical history of the earth. Let us see what must have been the inevitable chemical consequences of the earth's cooling.

In a large number of cases, heat is favorable to chemical union, as in the familiar instance of lighting a candle, a gas-jet, or a wood-fire. The molecules of carbon and oxygen, which will not unite when simply brought into juxtaposition, nevertheless begin rapidly to unite as soon as their rates of undulation are heightened by the intense heat of the match. In like manner, the phosphoric compound with which the end of the match is equipped refuses to take up molecules of atmospheric oxygen, until its molecules receive an increment of motion supplied by the arrested molar motion of the match along a rough surface. So oxygen and hydrogen do not combine when they are simply mingled together in the same vessel; but when sufficiently heated they explode, and unite to form steam. In these and in many other cases a certain amount of heat causes substances to enter into chemical union. But it is none the less true that an enormous supply of heat causes such violent molecular undulation as to render chemical union impossible. Since the mode of attractive force known as chemism acts only at infinitesimal distances, the increase of thermal undulation, which at first only causes such a molecular rearrangement as to allow mutually attracting molecules to rush together, must at last cause such a separation of particles that chemism will be unable to act. This inference from known laws of heat is fully verified by experiment

in the case of all those compounds which we can decompose by such thermal means as we have at command. Speaking generally, the most complex compounds are the most unstable, and these are the soonest decomposed by heat. The highly complex organic molecules of fibrine and albumen are often separated by the ordinary heat of a summer's day, as is witnessed in the spoiling of meat. Supersalts and double salts are decomposed at lower temperatures than simple salts; and these again yield to a less amount of heat than is required to sunder the elements of deutoxides, peroxides, etc. The protoxides, which are only one degree more complex than simple elements, withstand a still higher temperature, and several of them refuse to yield to the greatest heat which we can produce artificially. No chemist, however, doubts that a still greater heat would decompose even these. We may picture to ourselves the earth's surface as at the outset composed only of uncombined elements, of free oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, etc., and of iron, copper, sodium, and other metals in a state of vapor. With the lowering of this nebular temperature by radiation, chemical combinations of greater and greater heterogeneity became gradually possible. First appeared the stable binary compounds, such as water and the inorganic acids and bases. After still further lowering of temperature, some of the less stable compounds, such as salts and double salts, were enabled to appear on the scene. At a later date came the still more heterogeneous and unstable organic acids and ethers. And all this chemical evolution must have taken place before the first appearance of living protoplasm. Upon these statements we may rest with confidence, since they are immediate corollaries from known properties of matter.

When it is asked, then, in what way were brought about the various chemical combinations from which have resulted the innumerable mineral forms which make up the crust of the globe, the reply is that they were primarily due to the unhindered working of the chemical affinities of their constituent molecules as soon as the requisite coolness was obtained. As soon as it became cool enough for oxygen and hydrogen to unite into a stable compound, they did unite to form vapor of water. As soon as it became cool enough for double salts to exist, then the mutual affinities of simple binary compounds and single salts, vari-

ously brought into juxtaposition, sufficed to produce double salts. And so on, throughout the inorganic world.

Here we obtain a hint as to the origin of organic life upon the earth's surface. In accordance with the modern dynamic theory of life, we are bound to admit that the higher and less stable aggregations of molecules which constitute protoplasm were built up in just the same way in which the lower and more stable aggregations of molecules which constitute a single or a double salt were built up. Dynamically, the only difference between carbonate of ammonia and protoplasm, which can be called fundamental, is the greater molecular complexity and consequent instability of the latter. We are bound to admit, then, that, as carbonic acid and ammonia, when brought into juxtaposition, united by virtue of their inherent properties as soon as the diminishing temperature would let them, so also carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, when brought into juxtaposition, united by virtue of their inherent properties into higher and higher multiples as fast as the diminishing temperature would let them, until at last living protoplasm was the result of the long-continued process.

While by following such considerations as these into greater detail the mode in which protoplasm must have arisen may by and by be partially comprehended, it is at the same time true that the ultimate mystery — the association of vital properties with the enormously complex chemical compound known as protoplasm — remains unsolved. Why the substance protoplasm should manifest sundry properties which are not manifested by any of its constituent substances, we do not know; and very likely we shall never know. But whether the mystery be forever insoluble or not, it can in no wise be regarded as a solitary mystery. It is equally mysterious that starch or sugar or alcohol should manifest properties not displayed by their elements, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, when uncombined; it is equally mysterious that a silvery metal and a suffocating gas should, by their union, become transformed into table-salt. Yet, however mysterious, the fact remains that one result of every chemical synthesis is the manifestation of a new set of properties. The case of living matter or protoplasm is in no wise exceptional.

In view of these considerations, it may

be held that the evolution of living things is a not improbable concomitant of the cooling down of any planetary body which contains upon its surface the chemical constituents of living matter. It may, perhaps, turn out that we can no more reproduce in the laboratory the precise group of conditions under which living matter was first evolved than we can obtain direct testimony as to the language and civilization of our pre-historic ancestors. But, just as it is conceded to be possible, by reasoning upon established philological principles, to ob-

tain trustworthy results as to the speech and culture of the pre-historic Aryans, so it must be admitted that, by reasoning upon known facts in physical science, we may get some glimpse of the circumstances which must have attended the origin of living matter. By following this method new light will no doubt eventually be thrown upon the past history of our planet, and a sound basis will be obtained for conjectures regarding the existence of living organisms upon some of our neighboring worlds.

POLITICS.

THE last session of Congress may, like most other things, be looked at from a good many different points of view; and as the present moment in politics is not one of absorbing interest, it may be as well to turn back and consider briefly the impression produced by the proceedings of the national legislature in different quarters.

Judging from the press, then, of the effect of the proceedings of the last session of Congress on the public mind, in the first place, the foreign critic has been led to draw very unfavorable conclusions as to the merits of republican institutions. The foreign critic's reasoning is something of this sort: A hundred years ago, the United States were colonies of England, and had a quasi-aristocratic system of society. The forms of life were simple, compared with those of our time, but the government of the colonies was in the hands of skilled political families, who managed matters so well that they were enabled, after the separation from the mother country, to form a good, conservative constitution, not only for the federation, but for the single States. By and by, the democratic fever seized on the people, and in one State after another the suffrage was made universal, offices elective, and elective too for short periods, the system of rotation was introduced, and conservatism went by the board. What results have unrestricted suffrage, a rotatory civil service, an elective judiciary, in other words republicanism, produced? In the State governments they have produced Barnards, Cardozos, Pomeroyes, Caldwelles; in Washington the system of which they are all

parts has begot Credit Mobiliers, protection, and salary jobs, Oakes Ames and Butlers; in Louisiana and Florida, society is on the verge of anarchy; throughout the entire country there is a universal cry of corruption, fraud, and crime, charges against everybody in office or aspiring to office, every man's voice lifted against every man's reputation, and a general carnival of slander and libel. The inference is, that the American people are not fit to govern themselves; and if they are not, with all their experience, no people are. These criticisms are most openly expressed in England, but they are only less openly expressed in France and Germany, because, in those two countries, journalism does not occupy the place that it does in England.

If we turn to our own press, its discussion of the proceedings of Congress has been remarkable for more reasons than one. It might have been anticipated that the Credit Mobilier investigation, to take the principal event of the session as an illustration, would have been investigated outside of Congress in a partisan manner; that Republican newspapers would have defended the corruption, because the members involved were for the most part Republicans; that Democrats would have made the occasion one of party triumph, because the original exposure of the bribery was made last summer in the columns of a Liberal Republican newspaper. The discussion, however, has by no means been conducted in a partisan spirit, and it is curious to observe how unanimous the press has been in condemning, not only the original swindle of

the Credit Mobilier, and the prevarications and perjury of members of Congress, but also the timidity of Congress in refusing to deal with the question in a straightforward, honest way. To be sure, there has been now and then a newspaper which has defended the proceeding, and even extolled Oakes Ames and James Brooks, on the score of patriotism and honesty. But these were exceptions. As a general rule, the press has treated Democratic and Republican members alike; and as this is the first case for many years in political discussion in which party interests have been subordinated to public interests, the fact is worth noticing. We may be pretty sure, that when the public gives such convincing evidence that it is beginning to discriminate between the two, and to look on its legally chosen representatives as a foreign body, of unpopular and suspicious character, that the day is not far distant when a change in the *status quo* must take place.

That the last session of Congress was a public scandal is generally admitted. What is the moral drawn from the fact by domestic criticism?

The press comes to the conclusion that politics are corrupt, even corrupter than we had previously supposed; that the system of subsidies and protection has finally ended in imbuing people with the notion that it is corporations, mills, steamship and railroad lines, that are really represented in Congress, instead of themselves; that the politicians have come to be a real class, elected by a class, representing a class; and legislating in the interest of a class; that the country is on the high road to destruction, unless these things can be stopped; and that the only way to stop them is, first, by working for the election of honest representatives to Congress; second, by being honest ourselves; and third, through a union of honest men, wherever found, throughout the country, combining without regard to party to secure a change. In fact, the only difference between foreign and domestic opinion on the subject is that foreign opinion points to republicanism and democracy, as the sources of all our evils, while we stop short of that final step, and say that, by stopping the immediate causes of degeneration, we can reanimate the body politic, and make it again a healthy organism.

Are we right? Can it be done? The grounds on which the foreign opinion rests are these: the character of a government depends on the character of the govern-

ing body, whatever it may be; if the sovereign is a king, on the king's character; if the sovereign is an aristocracy, on the character of the nobles who compose it; if the sovereign is a people, on their character. A popular government will be good only so long as the individuals who compose the population lead, in the main, simple, honest, quiet lives, and take a deep interest in government. As soon as the system of society becomes complex, the occupations of the population highly diversified, and wealth has begun to introduce distinctions, popular government begins to be an impossibility. A mixed crowd of men, some of them devoted to money-making by the pursuit of law, some to money-making by the pursuit of commerce or trade, others by the pursuit of art or letters, or any of the thousand pursuits to which the variety of modern life has given rise, does not take much more interest in good government than it does in anything else. Now and then, perhaps, on some great occasion, when a gigantic abuse has been discovered, or when a popular passion is stirred to its depths, the people may, by supreme exertion of the will, effect a momentary revolution; but, in ordinary time, the people will no more govern themselves than the individuals who compose the people will make their own hats, mine their own coal, slaughter their own beef, weave their own clothes, or carry their grain to market on their own shoulders. Just as there are hatters, miners, butchers, manufacturers, and common carriers, so there will be politicians, who will do the work of government. Universal suffrage will have no other effect than this, that it will be regarded by the politician as a piece of machinery which must be put in running order, before he can make his possession of power secure. When this state of affairs exists, popular government is evidently at an end, though its form may linger on for a long time. The government does faithfully represent something, but what it represents is the popular incapacity to deal with political questions.

This argument is a very old one, and it all ends in the old view of the world's affairs taken by the philosophical writers who flourished in Athens and Rome, and later by the *religiosi* of the Middle Ages, whose chief aim was to persuade their followers to abandon earthly struggles, hopes, joys, doubts, and fears, for the sake of philosophical calm or heavenly peace. Mundane affairs, they used to say, move in a vicious

circle. First, simplicity and virtuous republicanism; then, with the growth of wealth, corruption and the decay of republican ideas. Then the rise into power of demagogues, who, with a specious pretence of a desire to serve the public, in reality manage the public in their own interests. By and by the demagogue is succeeded by the tyrant, and the tyrant begins to govern in real earnest. The tyrant's possession of power soon insures his own corruption; he outrages law and justice and liberty, and the best among his subjects resist him. After a struggle they gain the day, and, meanwhile, the struggle itself has developed among the subjects an amount of self-restraint, self-respect, and regard for law and right, which convinces them of the necessity of establishing some form of self-government. Popular rule returns, and the tale begins again. It is all a juggle; men are puppets worked for an unknown object by an unseen conjurer.

Stoical morality and religion have not, in these days, that strong hold on people's feelings that we can apprehend anything but extreme danger from the spread of such beliefs as these. A general belief among men of education that no struggle against evil in the government of the world was worth making because it could only in the end result in the production of some other and new kind of evil, would only lead to one conclusion, — a wide-spread materialism, indifference, or cynicism. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," would be the only answer necessary to make to importunate reformers, if, indeed, there should any longer be reformers; for of what use is it to be a reformer at all, if, indeed, the eternal law of action and reaction in the moral world means that whatever good be done, evil of an equal amount will come of it? Would it not be better, on the whole, to play the part of tempter? Who knows of how much good Satan has been the indirect cause?

It is not for the purpose of expressing our belief in this philosophy that we refer to it. It can, we think, be shown to be shallow and incomplete; but it deserves attention from the fact that the country has reached a period in its growth when, to a certain class of minds, such speculations are becoming extremely tempting, and, if unresisted, are sure to lead to results of the worst kind.

The reason we do not believe in this cynical view of politics is the same which

has led the world generally, or the educated part of it, at least, to give up the old cynical view of man himself. Every man, in his progress from childhood to the grave, passes through much the same stages a government passes through. Childhood is the age of simplicity, and gradually leads to youth, the age of independence; as soon as independence comes, temptation of every kind comes with it, — the temptations of wealth, of appetite, of sloth, of ambition. It used to be thought that the invariable result of these temptations was a moral fall, after which the victorious passion might in the human frame be supposed to represent the usurping tyrant in the body politic. Then, with another generation, the work began again. This view of man was a good while ago given up, and it is now generally admitted by most sane-minded people that a man may grow up, flourish, and descend into the grave, without illustrating the doctrine of depravity by his career. The question, in the case of each individual man is, Has he enough moral force, enough character, to resist? It is the same with governments. The people of any country will have a good government just as long as they have in themselves virtue, public spirit, industry, strength, and courage. Whether the form of government is an empire, or a republic, or a monarchy, or that extraordinary, anomalous form which exists in England, and for which there is in reality no name, depends on other circumstances. But, in modern times, the character of the government depends on that of the people themselves.

While it is perfectly true that the complexity of life produced by the increase of wealth and the division of occupations places politics in a less prominent position than that which they occupy in simple conditions of society, it should also be remembered that, with the general advance of civilization, the business of government itself becomes different. The object of government, about which so much has been said and written, is, in barbarous times, simply the securing of power to the governor. In our day, the object of government is universally admitted, even by those who care least about it, to be the advancement of the general good. Even wars are carried on, whenever it is possible, under a moral cover; the administration of justice is not any longer the settlement of casual disputes between subjects, as it undoubtedly was in the days of the *Aula Regis*; the courts are simply re-

garded as judicial agents of society for a certain well-known and defined purpose. Executive officials are regarded as social agents for another purpose, and legislative for a third. The taxing power was once, as it still is in Asia, a means of raising revenue for the support of a powerful individual or body of individuals. The taxing power, nowadays, is simply a device for carrying on the various pieces of intricate machinery which serve, each in its place, some end in the social order. In short, government is now, in fact, at least in this country, what a century ago it was only in theory, the servant, or rather agent, of the people, and its character will be determined by that of the people; and we do not believe that the government is going to destruction, notwithstanding many Cincinnati Conventions and Fifth Avenue conferences, Credit Mobilier failures and salary jobs, merely because we think there is in the country an enormous amount of vital moral energy and earnestness which will, in the course of time, make itself felt by the government, and end by achieving the reform of many abuses which now seem to be growing worse and worse every year.

If we look back a little, we certainly see some ground for hope. Twelve years ago this spring, the United States was a slave power. Twelve years before that, the slave States had a far closer and surer hold on the government than any corporation, custom-house, or whiskey ring, or administration ring has ever had since. There were as many millions of capital invested in slaves, and in industries to the success of which a continuance of slavery was then honestly supposed by many people to be essential, as there are now in all the industries, schemes, enterprises, or jobs which employ the lobby at Washington, debauch the civil service, and corrupt Congress. To the good people who, twenty-five years since, prayed for the deliverance of the country from the curse of slavery, the condition of affairs looked far blacker than it does now to any one. A mere handful they were, too. They had no money. Capital was against them, the law was against them, government and social opinion were against them. They had really nothing on their side except their own conviction of its righteousness, and foreign sympathy. They had not even the cordial co-operation of the slaves whose freedom they desired to secure. Yet they triumphed so completely that not a slave is to

be found now on American soil, and hardly a man who will confess that he once was a believer in slavery. To be sure, this victory was obtained at the cost of a war; but this makes the case only the more singular proof of the fact that the country will go far, very far, in the support of what it believes to be right. The popular dislike of war was one of the obstacles which was constantly thwarting the efforts of the abolitionists. The war for the suppression of the Rebellion is, we believe, almost the first instance in history of a people sacrificing hundreds of thousands of lives and thousands of millions of money for a purely moral object; for we may leave the selfish object of the preservation of the Union out of the account, since the Union might have been preserved perfectly well without the war, by one of the many compromises which were so artfully suggested, and so indignantly rejected at the beginning of the struggle.

The most cheerless pessimist must confess that there is something encouraging to the cause of reform in the history of the slavery struggle. The reforms which we now desire to be introduced into the government are certainly very different from that which the abolitionists fought for: they are, however, like it in this respect,—in which all reforms are alike,—that they cannot be introduced without the existence in the country of a number of people who are filled with the desire to do something to make the country happier and better, and whose main interest in government is to improve it. The antislavery struggle proved the existence of such a body of people; and sooner or later we may rely on it that other people, filled with the same desire, will come forward to take their places and do the new work which this generation finds before it.

The Cincinnati movement ended in disaster, last summer, but it had one good result, which all those who avow an interest in reform ought to notice: it proved the existence of a small class of sincere reformers, who are not only capable of making a bold attack on the party in power, but who are also ready, in the interest of reform, to turn on their own *soi-disant* fellows and ruin them; who are not interested in the reform movement because it seems to afford an avenue to place and profit, but because it is a real reform movement; and who leave it the moment it ceases to be true to the object of its existence.

